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THE BOOK OF PUBLIC SPEAKING



THE DOOR OF PUBLIC SPOILING

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AND
MIDLOTHIAN, P.C., K.G., K.T.

THE BOOK OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

EDITED BY
ARTHUR CHARLES FOX-DAVIES
OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

VOLUME I

LONDON
CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, W.C.

1913

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P R E F A C E

THE art of public speaking is one thing—eloquence is another. Often one hears successful examples of the former far removed from the latter. The mere ability to speak fluently is not uncommon, but far more important than the mere flow of language is the power of putting forward convincingly the views and opinions which the speaker desires to impart. When to that ability is added the gift of polished and fluent diction, the added attraction of real eloquence, then one has the orator, although there are singularly few in the present age who can truthfully lay claim to that distinction.

By the very nature of things real eloquence must be a diminishing quantity, and the dominating factor driving to that end is the growing cult of unemotionalism broadening widespread down through the Universities and Public Schools to the great middle-class. To-day the appeal is to the intellect, to the reason of one's audience.

The growing change in the fashion of our speaking is nowhere more plainly evidenced than in our Courts of Law. Advocates are practised and professional speakers paid on each occasion to achieve by their powers of speech a particular end. It must be a foregone conclusion that they will endeavour to use the methods of speech which experience shows to be most successful. Only those who frequent the Courts can properly realize how seldom one hears the least attempt to employ the effect of mere language. Sheer earnestness sometimes carries an advocate before a jury into the appearance of a resort to eloquence, but such a state almost always is unintentional and unpremeditated. It is only in the ordinary public political meeting and when there is a tendency for the intellect to be subordinated to the loyalty of party feeling, that enthusiasm can be raised by the emotionalism of eloquence.

The growth of cynicism and the repression of emotion are having a striking effect on public speaking in this country. The oratory of half a century ago is dead; the tearing eloquence of the Midlothian campaign has given place to the reasoned skill of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Bonar Law. Lord Rosebery is a lonely survivor of that greater age, unless Mr. Redmond can be bracketed with him.

In politics there have been great orators of every party ; there have been, as there are, great statesmen and great men of all shades of political opinion, but ever and always, for turgid eloquence, one must look to the more democratic schools of thought ; for the very caution produced by the knowledge and experience which breed Conservatism must of necessity check and control exuberance of language. Serious speaking with a purpose, however, tends every day more and more to pass into the hands of a few professional speakers. Politics are rapidly becoming machine-made and standardized ; and political speaking, as the months fly by, comes more and more under the influence of the party machines and party organizations, and of the recognized political speaking clubs. Politics—one of the few things men are serious about—form almost the only object of public meetings. To the written, rather than the spoken word, do we increasingly entrust the advocacy of all other subjects. Such other public speaking as exists—debate at the meetings of public bodies hardly reaches that level—may be broadly described as “ after-dinner speaking.” To be earnest on such an occasion is a mistake : a serious speaker is a bore, and usually so regarded. In this we are far behind, or else far in advance, of our cousins across the Atlantic. There, after dinner the heaven-born orator holds forth at length, and, strange to say, he gets listened to. In America, if the amateur orator is not to hand, a professional speaker is hired. We hire a musician or an expert in funny stories, and a long toast-list is only less anathema than a succession of long speeches. The result is that in England a type of speech has been evolved which is a type more difficult of attainment than any other. As a rule it needs careful preparation, which nevertheless it must not indicate in any way. It must be brief ; it must be witty ; it must be clever ; it must be delivered fluently, without a trace of hesitation ; it must be to the point ; and it needs to be as light in its persiflage as the *soufflé* which has preceded it. To some Irishmen, but to no others, such a speech comes naturally. To the majority of men it comes only by experience, only by careful thought ; but it is because that, the most successful form of speech in this country, is the product of study and practice, that the opportunity is open to anybody who will take the trouble to acquire the reputation of a clever speaker. I know I am laying myself open to contradiction, but in my own experience the most successful after-dinner speeches have been those in which the speaker

has employed genial and extravagant raillery of others who have been present, in such a manner that whilst all present have been amused, the person dealt with has felt no trace of resentment. To deliver such a speech needs more preparation and care than is entailed in the delivery of a serious one. Unfortunately, speeches of that kind are seldom if ever reported.

But every now and then some public festival or banquet produces speeches worthy of preservation, worthy of remembrance apart from the fleeting effects of time and place and personality. Such occasions in England are rare, though twice annually, at the Lord Mayor's Banquet and at the Academy Banquet, the speeches are of a high order. The *Book of Public Speaking* attempts to make a collection of some of the most notable speeches of modern times. At the outset the effort was made to eschew party politics, but it has been found that the result would have been that noted speakers were represented by second-rate efforts on colourless subjects, or, in some cases, such speakers must have been wholly excluded. The final decision has therefore frankly admitted purely "party" speeches where this has seemed advisable, and the perhaps disproportionate number of American speeches, or speeches delivered in America, is the natural result of the greater importance which non-political public speaking has attained in that country. The admission of "party" speeches opens the door to "party" bias, but these volumes are not a "party" encyclopædia, and when all the volumes are regarded as a whole, I think it will be found that there is a fair adjustment. But let me state plainly what this collection of speeches pretends to be. It is not a collection of models, like examples in a copy-book, but it is a collection of effective and usually notable speeches which have been delivered by well-known and clever speakers. It is a collection of speeches worthy of study. Imitation is not recommended; but study of these speeches is advised, that the student may discover the why, the how, and the wherefore of their success, for in and through that study will come the knowledge of the essentials of success in public speaking. Given that knowledge, practice and experience will then produce the effective and successful public speaker.

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A. C. FOX-DAVIES.

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THE BOOK OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

THE CONDUCT OF AND PRO- CEDURE AT PUBLIC MEETINGS

BY ALBERT CREW

*of Gray's Inn and the South Eastern Circuit, Barrister-at-Law,
Lee Prizeman 1908; Author of "The Conduct of and
Procedure at Public and Company Meetings."*

PART I

IN dealing with the subject of Meetings there are four questions which require consideration, viz.: What is a public meeting? What is the right to freedom of discussion thereat? What is the right of public meeting? What is the procedure which should generally regulate the proceedings of public meetings, *i.e.* how should meetings be conducted?

I. WHAT IS A PUBLIC MEETING?

A public meeting may be defined as any meeting *bonâ fide* and lawfully held for a lawful purpose, and for the furtherance or discussion of any matter of public concern, to which the public, or any particular section of the public, is invited or admitted, whether the admission thereto be general or restricted.

This definition would probably include any meeting called

for any political, municipal, or other purpose to which the public is admitted, whether by ticket or otherwise, and also many meetings of a non-partisan type, such as bazaars, public lectures, and the like; but not committee or shareholders' meetings, to which the general public is not usually admitted.

A public meeting held indoors is not necessarily or indeed usually held in what is regarded in law as a public place. If a public building is hired or lent without payment to any association, society, or other section of the community for the purposes of a meeting, it becomes in law, for the time being, a private place. Halls, hotels, schoolrooms, and similar places are regarded legally as private places when meetings are held therein. Where a meeting is held in private places, as defined above, those present are there on the invitation of the conveners and promoters of the meeting, and by their leave and licence only. They have no more right of access to such premises, and consequently no more right to remain on them when requested to leave by the conveners and promoters of the meeting, than if they had been invited to a private house by its occupier.

In case of refusal to leave, when called on to do so by the chairman (who for this purpose represents the promoters of the meeting) or stewards duly authorized by the conveners, such persons become trespassers. These recalcitrant persons may after a reasonable interval be removed, whether they have paid for admission or not, and even where the money so paid is not returned. Provided they have been removed without undue violence, the authorized stewards who so acted are not liable in damages for assault. This is the Common Law right of expulsion, which may be exercised in the event of continued disorder and interruption of a public meeting. The expelled victim who has paid for admission to the meeting could, of course, bring an action for breach of contract, but not for damages for expulsion. In any case it is desirable that such expulsion should be carried out with discretion and reasonable care.

Should a person annoy or disturb a meeting, by crying out "Hear, hear," putting questions to a speaker, or making observations on his statements, it may be justification for his removal from a meeting; but, unless the disturbance amounts to a breach of the peace, a chairman is not justified in giving such person in charge to the police.

The practice of the police with regard to keeping order

inside public meetings varies. In London they are not usually allowed to enter political meetings at all. The police may be placed on duty at the entrances of, or in the streets near to, public buildings where a meeting is held, for the purpose chiefly of regulating traffic and the prevention of obstruction of the thoroughfare. They do not enter the building or interfere with the meeting unless called upon to suppress an actual breach of the peace, or to take into custody any person charged with an offence of which they can take legal cognizance. The practice of London is followed by Liverpool, Bristol, and other large towns. Other places, *e.g.* Manchester and Birmingham, have different police regulations.

It is no business of the police to eject trespassers from private places, *e.g.* those who are interrupting or acting disorderly at a meeting. They may, in their capacity of private citizens, assist to eject them, but they are under no obligation to do so. The police are bound, however, to intervene in the case of an actual breach of the peace.

The Public Meetings Act, 1908, imposes a penalty for endeavouring to break up a public meeting or inciting others to commit such an offence.

Section 1 of this Act, which is intituled "An Act to prevent Disturbance at Public Meetings," enacts that "any person who at a lawful public meeting acts in a disorderly manner for the purpose of preventing the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called together shall be guilty of an offence, and, if the offence is committed at a political meeting held in any parliamentary constituency between the date of the issue of a writ for the return of a Member of Parliament for such constituency and the date at which a return to such writ is made, he shall be guilty of an illegal practice within the meaning of The Corrupt and Illegal Practice Prevention Act, 1883 (46 and 47 Vict. C. 51), and in any other case shall, on summary conviction, be liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds, or to imprisonment not exceeding one month."

Section 2 enacts that—

"Any person who incites others to commit an offence under this section shall be guilty of a like offence."

A public meeting held upon a highway may be a lawful public meeting, and as such is protected from interruption and disturbance by the Public Meeting Act of 1908.

What is a Meeting?

The word "meeting" naturally implies a concurrence or coming to face of at least two persons; strictly, unless there is a coming together of two or more persons there can be no meeting even if the one person present is a proxy for others.

In special circumstances, however, the word may have a meaning different from the ordinary meaning. When there is only one member of a Society or class of shareholders, a meeting would be properly constituted by the sole presence of that one member.

A Committee may, however, consist of one person only—a committee being defined as a person or persons to whom powers are committed which would otherwise be exercised by another body.

II. THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION

As regards the right to freedom of discussion, the law permits any one to say and publish what he likes, but if he makes a wrongful use of this liberty he is liable to be punished either in damages or by imprisonment. In certain circumstances he may, however, be protected, should he make use of defamatory statements, when they are privileged communications, made on a privileged occasion and fairly warranted by it. Such statements are immune from the liability which is attached to slander, provided they were made *bonâ fide* and without malice.

Fortunately the law imposes some limitations to the liberties and rights of free speech. Ordinarily, unless privilege can be claimed, if a man makes and publishes defamatory statements concerning another, he is liable to an action for slander, and may consequently be mulcted in damages and even imprisonment, should the words be blasphemous, seditious, or obscene.

Publication consists in making such statement to some person other than the person defamed. When, however, members of a society or body meet together, and in the course of the proceedings make untrue defamatory statements, they are immune in certain cases from any liability therefor, that is, when such statements and occasions are privileged and the persons making them are protected by the fact of community of interest.

To claim this immunity, the statements must have been made in the honest belief that they were true, made *bonâ fide* in performance of a duty, or with a fair and reasonable purpose of protecting the interests of the person using the words, or made in the discharge of some social or moral duty, or in the interests of the society or body to which the member belongs—in such relations of life the law regards it as important that people should speak honestly without fear of legal action. The speaker must not have abused his position or the occasion on which such words were uttered, and he will lose the benefit of the privilege if he has used the words maliciously, or has unnecessarily published such words. If a person, whose duty it is to make a statement to certain persons, calls in other persons to whom he owes no duty to make the statement in order that those other persons may hear it, there would be evidence of malice in his making it in the presence of others who might promulgate it. Malice is not merely personal spite and ill-will, but includes every unjustifiable intention to inflict injury on the person defamed and every wrong feeling in a man's mind. When a person by anger or some other wrong motive allows his mind to get into such a state, or through gross and unreasoning prejudice casts aspersions on other people, not caring whether they are true or false, he is rightly held to have abused the occasion, and to lose the privilege which he might otherwise have claimed.

The presence of reporters or other people does not necessarily destroy the privilege of the occasion unless the person whose duty it is to make the statement to certain persons expressly invites the press or even calls in other persons to whom he owes no duty to make that statement. If an opportunity is sought to make charges in public, which might have been made in private, it would afford strong evidence of malicious intention and would therefore deprive those otherwise privileged statements of that immunity from liability which the law attaches to them, when made with honesty of purpose. A privileged communication, only sufficient for the purpose, must be made in measured language, and there must be no want of proper caution in publishing such statement to the world at large.

Every unauthorized publication to the detriment of another is in point of law to be considered as malicious, and a report sent to the press would thereby lose the privilege

which might otherwise be attached to it. Unnecessary publication therefore ousts any plea of privilege.

In case of privileged communications, malice must be proved in order to make them slanderous, and its absence is presumed until such proof is given. Newspaper reports of a meeting are, of course, not privileged, though if the reporters are present in accordance with regular custom, *i.e.* without the express invitation of the person who has made defamatory statements thereat, a speaker will in the circumstances stated above be protected.

A communication made *bonâ fide* upon any subject-matter in which the party communicating has an interest, or in reference to which he has a duty, is privileged if made to a person having a corresponding interest or duty, although it contain incriminating matter which, without this privilege, would be slanderous and actionable, and this though the duty be not a legal one, but only a moral or social duty of imperfect obligation. The duty or interest on which the privilege is founded must exist. Such communications, if fairly warranted by any reasonable occasion and honestly made, are protected for the common convenience and welfare of society. The protection of the privileged occasion is not lost, although there may have been no reasonable grounds for the belief in the statement made.

III. THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING

As regards the right of public meeting, the question is admirably and lucidly discussed in Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*. He remarks that the English law does not recognize any specific right of public meeting either for political or for any other purpose. The right of assembling is nothing more than the result of the view taken by the Courts of individual liberty of person and individual liberty of speech. Interference, therefore, with a lawful meeting is not an invasion of a public right, but an attack upon the individual rights of definite persons who are members of the meeting.

An assembly, convened for a lawful object, assembled in a place which it has a right to occupy and acting in a peaceable manner which inspires no reasonable or sensible person with fear, is a lawful assembly. The lawfulness of the object of meeting does not of itself make the meeting lawful, since there may be reasonable fear that such assembly

may cause a breach of the peace, in which case the meeting would become an unlawful assembly and may be dispersed. Necessity governs the case and is the only justification for interfering with the legal rights of other people. Should there be anything unlawful in the conduct of the persons convening or addressing a meeting, and such unlawful conduct is of a kind which may reasonably provoke opponents to a breach of the peace, the speakers and the members of the meeting may be held to cause a breach of the peace, and thus the meeting may become an unlawful meeting.

In *Beatty v. Gillbanks* it was held that a meeting assembling with a lawful purpose and with no intention of carrying out such purpose in an unlawful manner is not rendered unlawful because the promoters know that it will be opposed, and that even a breach of the peace may be committed by their opponents. "What has happened here is that an unlawful organization (the Skeleton Army) has assumed to itself the right to prevent the appellants (the Salvation Army) and others from lawfully assembling together, and the finding of the justices amounts to this, that a man may be convicted for doing a lawful act if he knows that his doing it may cause another to do an unlawful act. There is no authority for such a proposition" (per Field J.). On the other hand, a breach of the peace, caused by the members of such meeting, would make the meeting unlawful.

The general characteristic of an unlawful assembly is a meeting of persons who either intend to commit or who lead others to entertain a reasonable fear that the meeting will commit a breach of the peace. An assembly with intent to commit a crime by open force is necessarily an unlawful assembly.

There is no right to hold a meeting at a place merely because such place is open to the public. Roads, streets, and even commons, which every man may use, are not necessarily available for the purpose of holding a meeting.

The crowd who collect, and the speakers or promoters or conveners of the meeting who cause a crowd and thereby block up a highway, may probably create a nuisance and become liable therefor, since it is an interference with the ordinary person's right to use the streets, roads, and common in the way permitted to him by law. Highways are dedicated to public use, but they must be used for passing and going along them, which legal mode of use negatives the claim

of speakers and others to use them as places for public meetings.

It has been held that the claim on the part of persons to assemble in any number and for so long as they please to remain assembled upon a highway, to the detriment of others having equal rights, is in its nature irreconcilable with the right of free passage, and there is no authority whatever in favour of such a claim. The fact that a public meeting is held upon a highway does not necessarily make the meeting unlawful. Whether it is unlawful or not depends upon the circumstances in which it is held, *i.e.* whether or not an obstruction is caused and such meeting comes within the purview of the Public Meetings Act, 1908.

Some meetings may be quite lawful in themselves, though the holding of them may be against the public interest, especially when they may result in deeds of violence and even in the shedding of blood. It is probably not within the power of magistrates to prevent such meetings being held. The unwisdom of such meetings is very apparent, and generally when such dire results are likely to follow the promoters take a prudent course in abandoning their meetings.

"But neither the Government nor the magistrates," says Dicey, "solely on the ground that a public meeting may provoke wrong-doers to a breach of the peace, may prevent loyal citizens from meeting together peaceably and for a lawful purpose. . . . The matter which is worth notice is the way in which the rules as to the right of public meeting illustrate both the legal spirit of our institutions and the process by which the decisions of the Courts as to the rights of individuals have in effect made the right of public meeting a part of the law of the Constitution."

A lawful meeting which causes in fact a breach of the peace on the part of the opponents of the meeting may be dispersed by the magistrates if the peace can be restored by no other means. If the members of the meeting refuse to disperse the meeting becomes an unlawful assembly.

HOW TO MAKE AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH

BY THE RT. HON. T. J. MACNAMARA

I AM no believer in "the born orator." Of course some people have a much readier vocabulary than others. They can, as they go along, invest their thoughts with appropriate expression with the utmost ease and readiness. They can move smoothly forward while others limp painfully along. Yes, but unless there has been plenty of good hard reading, plenty of good clear thinking, and plenty of good honest preparation, the speech of your "born orator" will simply be grandiloquent emptiness. Whenever I hear a man say that he is going to trust to "the inspiration of the moment" I know that I am going to listen to a speech that isn't going to add very much of value to the discussion.

Therefore, here as elsewhere, let it be understood that the first essential is hard work. The man who is going to make a good speech must first of all immerse himself in his subject. He must read all there is to be read about it; he must think about it; he must talk about it. And particularly must he master completely the view of the other side. Naturally, if he is accustomed day by day to make speeches on public affairs, his mind will become stored with information on current topics; and therefore the amount of detailed preparation required will be less. But even here I always feel a cold shudder run down my back when I see one of the speakers of the evening jotting a few notes down on the back of an envelope during the Chairman's opening remarks.

So far, I am dealing with the set speech. The debating reply is different, and calls for different qualities. And of these more later.

The first thing to do, then, if you are to make a set, and prepared speech on a given topic, is to read all there is to be read about it. The next thing is to talk about it whenever you are in the company of a fellow human being willing to listen to you. The exchange of views which conversation affords is invaluable. The truth of the old proverb that two heads are better than one is never better exemplified than in the preparation of a speech. The members of my family and my intimate friends have rendered me enormous assistance in the preparation of speeches—though I can't doubt they occasionally voted me an insufferable bore.

Very good. Having made a careful study of all that has been said or written upon the subject, the next thing is to think out the framework of the speech. You will consider the lines along which you will go, the points you will make, the conclusions you will enforce. Jot these down in a series of heads, and then sit down to *write the speech out*. Whenever time offers write the speech out fully. If we could all find time to do that—even the most practised platform performers amongst us—our speeches would be so much better phrased, so much more closely knit together and reasoned, so much more worthy of the audience which has taken the trouble to come to hear us.

Having written the speech down, see what can profitably be struck out. In all probability it is too long, contains too many points, and will bewilder rather than educate or convince. Most speakers, even the most experienced, try to cover too much ground. The real art lies in selecting for enforcement just those three or four significant points upon which everything else depends. And in the exercise of that art I know no man who excels Mr. Asquith.

Now comes the work of translating the written speech into "speaking notes." A very great deal will depend upon the way this is accomplished. If you can spare the time you should make two or three separate sets of "notes," each succeeding set more condensed than the former. Use quarto-sized sheets of paper, write on one side only, and write boldly and clearly. Your preliminary "notes" should really be the text of the speech, with all the less important words omitted. Your final "notes" need not be much more than the barest outline of the points you intend to make. Mark each note off by a line drawn across the paper. You will find it is a good plan to use red ink as well as black. I often use red alternately with black for my "notes." I find it more easy for the eye

to pick them up when thus written. Learn by heart the striking phrases of the speech. You will then deliver them far more effectively and forcibly. Do your notes over again and again until the eye becomes so accustomed to them that it can take in the whole pageful at a glance.

But while I lay great stress upon the necessity for hard work and care in the preparation of your "notes," I would beg of you to try and depend upon them less and less as your speech-making proceeds. You may easily become so much a slave to them that you will lose all capacity for spontaneous statement. You may find yourself incapable of expressing any thought save that set down on your tablets. That will cripple you seriously and render you hopelessly unable to take an effective part in a debating reply. Your mind will become petrified by too much reliance upon your "notes."

Undoubtedly the presence of your "notes" on the table will prove a most effectual preventive of nervousness in your early days. But, as I say, do not become too much enslaved to them. If you have a quick and retentive verbal memory you may learn your speech by heart. People would be astonished if they knew how many efforts of spontaneous oration have been laboriously committed to memory beforehand. Perhaps the most effective living exponent of the value of learning by heart is Mr. Bonar Law. It is positively uncanny to watch Mr. Bonar Law talking away—and talking very well indeed—at high speed and without a note before him. I always admire this performance. But I can't help thinking that much of the wonder of it really belongs to great industry and a quick and retentive memory. I do not speak disparagingly of all that. Quite the contrary. It is entirely in keeping with my general proposition that here as elsewhere hard work is the only road to success.

But now I turn to the delivery of the speech. First of all, put your "notes" frankly on the table in front of you. Don't roll them up in your hand as though you were ashamed of them—keeping them behind your back save for a furtive and hasty glance at them when you begin to get flurried.

It is most amusing to watch the attitude of many speakers towards their "notes." It is quite clear that they are shamed-faced about them. They obviously think it an evidence of weakness to have to come armed with notes at all. I don't know why. They try ineffectually to roll them up in the palm of the hand, but only succeed in depriving themselves of easy

access to them. Put them frankly down on the table and have done with it. Better still, get a flat box, say two feet high, put that on the table, and put the notes on the box. If you must have a reading-stand let it be a flat one; the sloping music-stand is a trap for the unwary. (Demosthenes himself would have looked ridiculous gathering up his scattered notes from the floor.)

Begin quietly, incisively, and slowly, and above all be natural and unaffected. Don't strive after effect and don't "mouth." Simply talk, but talk slowly and impressively. Try not to look severe if you can help it. A pleasant manner will put you into touch with your audience quicker than many eloquent periods. Move forward slowly and give each word its due weight. If you think any point hasn't gone home, repeat it. And don't be afraid to pause frequently to let your points sink in. Speakers as a rule do not realize the value of the pause. They know all about the subject themselves and they fall into the mistake of imagining that their audiences are similarly equipped. The fact is the speaker is really a teacher in an adult school. He must adopt the method of the teacher—without, of course, being pedantic. And he will be well advised if he takes very little indeed for granted.

I remember some time ago speaking for an hour to a working-class audience on the Insurance Act, with all the simplicity of method of the old school-teacher. In my audience was a very distinguished and justly renowned lawyer. He left the meeting with me and made a comment, the justice of which I at once recognized. He said, "Do you suppose the people understood what you meant by 'Reserve Values'?" The phrase was one I had used several times, and without explanation. I assumed that my audience knew what it meant, as I did. They did not; and my assumption left the contingent parts of my speech more or less unintelligible.

Remember that the voice will play a leading part in the success or failure of your speech. As I say, begin quietly, and always keep plenty in reserve. Above all, never shout. If you want to emphasize, let it be by intensity rather than loudness. If you know how, you can make a whisper far more startling than the loudest whoop. If you ever have the good fortune to hear Mr. Lloyd George speak you will at once know what I mean. His most moving passages are no louder than the main current of his discourse. But unconsciously he puts an intensity—I know no other word for it—behind

the passages he feels most, and the effect upon his audience is instantaneous. Intensity is replied to by intensity. I remember a peroration of his that impressed me very much at the time, and I have often thought of it since. He had been recounting what he hoped to do in the field of Social Reform with the income which would be placed at the country's disposal by the Budget of 1909-10. The audience consisted of a couple of thousand working men in one of the poorer parts of South London. He concluded something like this: "In my country, when the people look out of a morning and see the mist rolling away above the mountain tops, they say, 'It is going to be a fine day.'" Leaning forward with a smile upon his face, and with marked but quiet emphasis and great deliberation, he said: "*Gentlemen, it is going to be a fine day.*"

I have often recalled the scene. Just a small man, a small but very musical voice, and a hopelessly commonplace sentence upon which to sit down. And yet a scene of enthusiasm the like of which I have rarely seen equalled at the close of any speech. I recall the incident now for a purpose. If you must perorate—and for the life of me I don't see why—let it be simple and unaffected. And if you must perorate in poetry, let it be not more than four lines, learn them by heart, and study their delivery well beforehand.

And this brings me to the question of gesture. I don't think you should study gesture. Let it take care of itself. Of course there is no need to stand stock-still like a lay-figure. If you do that you will rob your speech of much of its effectiveness. But, on the other hand, don't set out to accompany your words with appropriate gesture. If you do you will not disguise the staginess of it all, and your opinions will be discounted. Just be natural, and before you know where you are the probability is that you will find yourself clenching your fist and smiting the table quite sufficiently for the peace of mind of your audience. If you must go in for scientific training I would rather you took courses of lessons in voice-production than in histrionics. Gesture will always depend on the temperament. You may learn a few tricks with the arms, hands, and head, but they won't help you much. The only gesture in my opinion which enhances the value of a speech is the natural and unconscious gesture.

Be careful, when you undertake to make a speech, to ascertain precisely how long you are expected to speak, and who and how many the other speakers must be. There is nothing

more disconcerting than to come with a carefully prepared speech of half an hour's duration and find that you will be allowed five minutes. Indeed I know nothing that will tax the resources of the practised speaker more shrewdly than this will. In such a case as this he will probably be well advised not to take the notes of the speech he intended to make out of his pocket.

Under no circumstances should you assume a self-depreciatory air. It is curious how many people open a speech with something like this: "I haven't the faintest idea why I have been asked to speak to this Resolution. I can imagine no one less qualified to do so than myself." Now that's all nonsense. If you really felt that, you ought to have sent an apology. The fact is you are nervous and self-conscious. But you needn't tell everybody. They'll probably find it out quite soon enough.

But don't let nervousness disconcert you. Quite the contrary. Indeed, if you have never been nervous on the public platform you have never made a really effective speech. If you have no susceptibility in your nature you can give up public speaking. You may be clear, lucid, forcible, and even convincing. But the man who follows you and can touch the hearts as well as the heads of his audience, will—even though he be nervous as a kitten—have beaten you on the show of hands. All our great orators confess to their moments of nervousness even after many years of platform experience.

As regards the substance of your speech let us say a word. Let the diction be as simple as possible, and don't wander off into long and involved sentences. If you do the probability is that you will tire your audience without completing your sentences. Remember, you have neither Mr. Gladstone's marvellous command of language nor his magnificent power of clear, consecutive thinking. Let your illustrations be homely and apposite; and if you feel the need to lighten the texture of your discourse with an anecdote, do for goodness' sake let it arise naturally. Don't start out determined to drag in a particular story. That is most inartistic. Humour is admirable if not overdone. But unless you are a professional humorist don't start out determined to be funny. And unless you are fairly experienced and know your audience, be sparing with the oratorical question. If you start out with "Why am I here to-night?" you must not be surprised if some one impishly replies, "The Lord only knows." You will find the oratorical

question grow upon you. Only the other night a roguish member of my own family explained at the supper-table the number of times he could have "laid me out"—to use his own expression—by replying to the oratorical questions I had put in a speech at a meeting from which we had just come. He appeared to contemplate ruefully his lost opportunities.

Be very careful how you handle interruptions; and remember they are quite as likely to come from a friend who is trying to help you, as from an enemy. I have never been able entirely to practise what I preach in this respect. Instinctively I treat all interruptions as hostile. It is a great mistake. I must have offended many an honest friend by this failing.

Never argue with an interrupter. If you don't think you can give him a Roland for an Oliver in the shape of a short, sharp retort, let the interruption go unnoticed. If you can get home with a really clever and apt retort, do. Your stock will go up at once as a speaker. English people greatly relish a prompt return. Many a man owes more to a nimble-witted reply to an interruption than to many laboured orations. But you must always be good-tempered. Never sneer, and never hit below the belt. If you are not prepared to tackle an interrupter who evidently means to disconcert you, politely ask him to defer his questions until your speech is ended, when, if you can, you will be glad to answer him. This may not satisfy *him*, but the sense of fair-play is so strong in the average English audience that he will see the wisdom of accepting your suggestion.

But now a word or two on the debating reply. Excellence as a debater is, in my opinion, the last word in public speaking. You may excel in a set oration given a certain amount of time for preparation, a certain amount of practice, and certain fairly commonplace qualifications. But to excel in debate is quite another story. You need great experience, great assurance, great readiness; and it is here you will break down if you become too much the slave of your "notes" on other occasions. You will have become so accustomed to lean on your "notes" that you will go to pieces without them. For of course in debate you can only scribble down a few points from the preceding speech or speeches: and here the facility of discrimination is invaluable. Most practised speakers listening to a speech can follow it in such a way as to reply more or less effectually to it point by point. Some few can

at once analyse it as a whole, expose its fallacies, lay bare its false premises, and ridicule its weak conclusions. They can, in a word, riddle the whole fabric of a speech with a single shaft of scorching criticism. I have always considered Mr. Asquith and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the greatest of the debaters to whom I have listened. Mr. Balfour does not come far behind them, though his method is not so direct. Mr. Lloyd George, like Mr. Balfour, is a brilliant debater; though I think for sheer weight of powerful and direct reply—always phrased in striking and impressive terms—the palm must be awarded to Mr. Asquith.

I am afraid it is no good trying to teach you how to become a good debater. You may have great experience as a speaker and then fail in the thrust and parry of debate. You need, as I say, to be as quick as lightning, cool and collected to a degree, and as ready with your tongue as a bus-driver. To reply to a big debate in the House of Commons, to reply effectually, and to wind your speech up on the stroke of eleven—even though the time at your disposal may vary between twenty-five and forty minutes—is unquestionably the most severe test of all-round capacity to which any public man can be subjected. And I am always filled with admiration when I remember how well the task is almost invariably performed.

The other day I saw in one of the papers a series of "Don'ts" for public speakers. I wonder if I—with all apologies to the man who excogitated the idea—can set down a few.

Don't rely on the belief that you are a born orator. Hard work is the only precursor of success here as elsewhere.

Don't fail to study with great care the other side of the proposition you propose to present.

Don't expect to say anything worth listening to if your only preparation is to scribble a few notes on the back of an envelope during the time the Chairman is introducing you.

Don't shout, don't wave your arms about like a windmill, and don't upset the water bottle.

Don't ever get a "cheap" laugh. Don't call an interrupter an ignoramus or a fool. Neither of these is precisely the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

Don't scratch your head or rub your nose more than you can help. Don't fumble with your watch-chain, and don't pull your waistcoat down more than two or three times.

Don't quote poetry unless you know it by heart, and then quote very little of it.

Don't perorate. Or if you do, let it be short, simple, and unaffected. Remember the ridiculous is always on the heels of the sublime.

Don't ever expect any sane audience to listen to you on any subject for more than an hour. Except on very special occasions you should never speak more than from a quarter to half an hour.

Don't go on after you have finished. Sit right down. Many a first-class speech is spoiled because of the inability of the speaker to sit down.

Don't, if you mean to succeed in politics, get the reputation of being funny. That will be fatal.

Don't talk too fast. Your audience is probably where you were when you began to read the subject up.

Don't deliver the speech you intended to deliver if called on after ten o'clock p.m.

Don't reply to a vote of thanks with more than "Thank you very much indeed." No matter how enthusiastic the audience may have been over your speech, it doesn't want another—just yet.

Don't lean against the table with your legs crossed. Don't stand with one foot on your chair. In fact let the chair alone.

Don't attempt to cut-shout a noisy meeting. At the first lull in the storm get in a quick, quiet, arresting sentence, and follow it up quietly and rapidly every time you see an opening.

Don't get fidgety if the Secretary leans over and whispers to the Chairman. And don't show annoyance if any members of the audience should get up and go out.

Don't forget that a speech you timed for half an hour will usually run into forty minutes.

Don't do more than take a very occasional sip from the glass of water on the Chairman's table. And don't do that when the action, taken in conjunction with the statement you have just made, is calculated to raise a laugh.

Don't, if a time-table has been arranged, allocating a certain amount of time to your speech, under any circumstances exceed your limit. It is most unfair to the others.

Don't fail to appreciate the significance of the emphasis when the Chairman calls upon you *briefly* to support the motion.

Don't, when your speech has already run into considerable length, mistake a gentle but well-sustained tapping on the

floor with feet, walking-sticks, and umbrellas, as necessarily a mark of approval. It is more likely to denote impatience.

Don't assume that a silent, attentive audience is unsympathetic. It may be paying you the highest tribute when it refrains from breaking in upon your remarks with applause.

Don't leave your notes on the Chairman's table when the meeting is over. You may want them again.

Don't, if you can avoid it, hand any manuscript down to the reporters' table. Let somebody else do it for you.

Don't fussily correct every small mispresentation of your view in the Press. Remember the art of severe condensation is not an easy one.

Don't forget that in the heat of controversy it is very easy to impute wrong motives.

Don't let your enthusiasm for a cause lead you to believe that the advocates of the other side must necessarily be evilly-disposed persons.

Don't forget that a man may vehemently oppose your view and still remain a Christian gentleman.

Don't forget that you are not the Chairman. It is he, and not you, who is responsible for the conduct of the meeting. Defer to him in everything.

Don't be personal under any circumstances.

Don't try to explain away an indiscretion by blaming the reporter.

Don't, if at a public meeting, ever go on the assumption that no reporters are present. It won't help you afterwards to explain that you were not aware that reporters were present. That, I consider, is the feeblest form of excuse.

Don't lose your temper. Whatever befall, keep smiling.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

[His Majesty King George V, then Prince of Wales, on his return from a tour of the Empire, was entertained at the Guildhall, December 5, 1901, and there delivered the following speech.]

IN the name of the Queen and the other members of my family, on behalf of the Princess and for myself, I thank you most sincerely for your enthusiastic reception of this toast, proposed by you, my Lord Mayor, in such kind and generous terms. Your feeling allusion to our recent long absence from our happy family circle gives expression to that sympathy which has been so universally extended to my dear parents, whether in times of joy or sorrow, by the people of this country, and upon which my dear mother felt she could ever reckon from the first days of her life here amongst them. As to ourselves, we are deeply sensible of the great honour done us on this occasion, and our hearts are moved by the splendid reception which to-day has been accorded us by the authorities and inhabitants of the City of London.

I desire to take this opportunity to express our deepest gratitude for the sympathetic interest with which our journey was followed by our fellow-countrymen at home, and for the warm welcome with which we were greeted on our return. You were good enough, my Lord Mayor, to refer to his Majesty having marked our home-coming by creating me Prince of Wales. I only hope that I may be worthy to hold that ancient and historic title, which was borne by my dear father for upwards of fifty-nine years.

My Lord Mayor, you have attributed to us more credit than I think we deserve. For I feel that the debt of gratitude is not the nation's to us, but ours to the King and Government

for having made it possible for us to carry out, with every consideration for our comfort and convenience, a voyage unique in its character, rich in the experience gained and in memories of warm and affectionate greetings from the many races of his Majesty's subjects in his great dominions beyond the seas. And here in the capital of our great Empire I would repeat how profoundly touched and gratified we have been by the loyalty, affection, and enthusiasm which invariably characterized the welcome extended to us throughout our long and memorable tour.

It may interest you to know that we travelled over 45,000 miles, of which 33,000 were by sea, and I think it is a matter of which all may feel proud that, with the exception of Port Said, we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. Leaving England in the middle of March, we first touched at Gibraltar and Malta, where, as a sailor, I was proud to meet the two great fleets of the Channel and Mediterranean. Passing through the Suez Canal—a monument of the genius and courage of a gifted son of the great friendly nation across the Channel—we entered at Aden the gateway of the East. We stayed for a short time to enjoy the unrivalled scenery of Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, the gorgeous displays of their native races, and to see in what happy contentment these various peoples live and prosper under British rule. Perhaps there was something still more striking in the fact that the Government, the commerce, and every form of enterprise in these countries are under the leadership and direction of but a handful of our countrymen, and in the realization of the high qualities of the men who have won and keep for us that splendid position. Australia saw the consummation of the great mission which was the more immediate object of our journey, and you can imagine the feelings of pride with which I presided over the inauguration of the first representative Assembly of the new-born Australian Commonwealth, in whose hands are placed the destinies of that great island continent.

During a happy stay of many weeks in the different States, we were able to gain an insight into the working of the commercial, social, and political institutions of which the country justly boasts, and to see something of the great progress which it has already made, and of its great capabilities, while making the acquaintance of many of the warm-hearted and

large-minded men to whose personality and energy so much of that progress is due. New Zealand afforded us a striking example of a vigorous, independent, and prosperous people, living in the full enjoyment of free and liberal institutions, and where many interesting social experiments are being put to the test of experience. Here we had the satisfaction of meeting large gatherings of the Maori people—once a brave and resolute foe, now peaceful and devoted subjects of the King.

Tasmania, which in natural characteristics and climate reminded us of the old country, was visited when our faces were at length turned homeward. Mauritius, with its beautiful tropical scenery, its classical, literary and naval historical associations, and its population gifted with all the charming characteristics of old France, was our first halting-place, on our way to receive, in Natal and Cape Colony, a welcome remarkable in its warmth and enthusiasm, which appeared to be accentuated by the heavy trial of the long and grievous war under which they have suffered. To Canada was borne the message—already conveyed to Australia and New Zealand—of the motherland's loving appreciation of the services rendered by her gallant sons. In a journey from ocean to ocean, marvellous in its comfort and organization, we were enabled to see something of its matchless scenery, the richness of its soil, the boundless possibilities of that vast and but partly explored territory. We saw, too, the success which has crowned the efforts to weld into one community the peoples of its two great races. Our final halting-place was, by the express desire of the King, Newfoundland, the oldest of our colonies and the first visited by his Majesty in 1860. The hearty seafaring population of this island gave us a reception the cordiality of which is still fresh in our memories.

If I were asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown and of attachment to the old country; and it was touching to hear the invariable references to home, even from the lips of those who never had been or were never likely to be in these islands. And with this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of the consciousness of strength; of a true and living membership in the Empire, and of power and readiness to share the burden and responsibility of that membership. And were I to seek for the causes which have created and fostered this spirit, I should venture to attribute them, in a very large degree, to

the light and example of our late beloved Sovereign. It would be difficult to exaggerate the signs of genuine sorrow for her loss and of love for her memory which we found among all races, even in the most remote districts which we visited. Besides this, may we not find another cause—the wise and just policy which in the last half-century has been continuously maintained towards our colonies? As a result of the happy relations thus created between the mother country and her colonies we have seen their spontaneous rally round the old flag in defence of the nation's honour in South Africa. I had ample opportunities to form some estimate of the military strength of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, having reviewed upwards of 60,000 troops. Abundant and excellent material is available, requiring only that moulding into shape which can be readily effected by the hands of capable and experienced officers. I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root in both Australia and New Zealand—and that is the cadet corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets, armed and equipped, and who at the expense of their respective Governments are able to go through a military course, and in some cases with an annual grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume, in these days of army reform, to do more than call the attention of my friend, the Secretary of State for War, to this interesting fact.

To the distinguished representatives of the commercial interests of the Empire, whom I have the pleasure of seeing here to-day, I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that THE OLD COUNTRY MUST WAKE UP if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we have had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand: the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were abundant signs of this need. Boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And these can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence, which, alas! too often is the lot of many in the old country. But one

condition, and one only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is, "Send us suitable emigrants." I would go further, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the motherland to her children by sending to them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen, or at all events pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.

EARL OF ROSEBERY

WELCOME HOME

[Speech delivered before Oversea Delegates to the Imperial Conference of British Journalists at the inaugural sitting of the Conference on June 7, 1909, held at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, London, at which the delegates were entertained by their confrères of practically the whole morning and evening Press of the kingdom; Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, being President of the Conference.]

THE Earl of Rosebery, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said: My Lord Burnham, my Lords and Gentlemen,—I have had the great honour entrusted to me of proposing the health of "Our Guests," coupled with the name of Sir Hugh Graham, of Montreal. [Cheers.] I confess that I feel overwhelmed by the importance of this occasion. It is not only that in this vast hall, speaking to so many remote tables, I feel something like a prophet in the desert—a minor prophet [laughter] speaking to a number of believers in scattered oases. [Laughter.] I daresay that I shall not be able to make myself heard; I confidently expect that I shall not. But, at any rate, gentlemen, coming from so far, I am sure you will be merciful to one who has to address you under such trying circumstances. There is another reason which fills me with a sense of awe. It is the enormous importance of the gathering I am speaking to. We have had conferences before—many of them; conferences of great importance, at which the Prime Ministers and Ministers of the Empire have met together to consult on the great matters of policy which concern the Empire. It is no disparagement to those gatherings to say that I hold that this is more important still. [Hear, hear.] I have the greatest respect for Prime Ministers and Ministers; but, whatever their splendour may be when they are in the ascendant, they are essentially transient bodies

[laughter]—except, I believe, in Canada [laughter]—while good newspapers are or should be eternal; and the power of a great newspaper, with the double function of guiding and embodying the public opinion of the province over which it exerts an influence, is immeasurably greater than that of any statesman could be.

I say, then, that this is a meeting of vast importance. It reminds me, indeed, of one of the few recollections I have of my classical education at Eton. Those who, like me, have pursued the same arduous course may remember the description of the cave of King Æolus—the cave in which all the winds of heaven were embraced, and over which King Æolus held sway. At a touch or sign from him these gales swept out of the cavern, either as hurricanes to spread wreck and devastation all over the world, or in the form of balmy breezes to bring blessings and health wherever they might attain.

Well, I to-night am in the cavern of the winds of the Empire. I do not pretend—God forbid that I should pretend—to be the King Æolus who controls these powers. That would rather belong to my noble friend on my right in the chair. [Laughter.] But I may, at any rate, claim to feel as a humble, a timid, and a perhaps—[A Voice: “A Derby winner”]. One hardly feels like a Derby winner on this occasion. If the gentleman who has interrupted me has ever been in the position of being a Derby winner, he will agree that you can hardly conceive anything so remote from that as addressing a meeting in this large hall. I would rather claim the privilege of being a humble and unworthy guest of King Æolus. Well, I am quite sure when these winds go forth, when these powers are exerted for the Empire on your return from this island, they will be exerted for the benefit of the Empire. [Cheers.] Now, Lord Burnham, it is my duty, I suppose, to make a speech, and not immediately to sit down, but if I carried out my own sense of the occasion, if I carried out what I believe to be what is required on this occasion, I should confine myself to two words and then sit down. They are the only two essential words. They are the simplest and, perhaps, the sweetest that can be heard by mortal ear, and yet they are the only two words in which I would sum up what I have to say to our guests from beyond the seas to-night—“Welcome home.” [Loud cheers.]

Yes, gentlemen, that is the motto of this occasion—“Welcome to your home.” [Renewed cheers.] Some of you, many

of you, have never seen your home, and you will see something in the course of the next fortnight which I will not boast of, but which in its way is unmatched in the world. [Cheers.] You will see an ancient and a stately civilization. You will see that embodied in our old abbeys and cathedrals, built in the age of faith and surviving to testify that that faith is not dead in Britain. [Renewed cheers.] You will see it in the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and St. Andrews and Aberdeen—shrines of learning which are venerable not only from their antiquity. You will see as you pass about the country—you will see the little villages clustered about the heaven-directed spires, as they have clustered for centuries, and you will see the ancient mother of all Parliaments, the most venerable progenitor of free institutions—the House of Commons. [Cheers.]

I cannot promise you an even greater pleasure in seeing the House of Lords, because that will not be sitting during the period of your visit. [“Oh, oh,” and laughter.] And throughout the country you will see those old manor houses where the squirearchy of Great Britain have lived for centuries, almost all of them inhabited long before the discovery of Australia, and some even before the discovery of America—a civilization, a country life, which I advise you to see on your present visit, because when you next come it may not be here for you to see it. [Laughter.] Speeding onwards from these more rural scenes, from all this which is embodied history, and which represents the antiquity and tradition of a thousand years, go on to the teeming communities which represent the manufactures, the energy, the alertness of commercial life in Great Britain.

And, last of all, surrounding all, and guarding it, you will see a prodigious armada, a prodigious but always inadequate armada. All of these, gentlemen, are yours as much as ours. Your possessions, your pride, and your home. What do you bring to us? That is quite as important; it is, indeed, more important to us than what you can take from us. You bring, I trust, the youth of your vigorous communities; you bring the candour of acute criticism, the frankness of speech which belongs to your young dominions across the seas; you bring to us, I hope, the freshest news, the most recent information as to all the aspirations and policies of the communities amongst which you live; you bring, I suspect, the same message which you quoted just now, and which the Prince

of Wales brought back and condensed in those admirable words, after a tour round the Empire: "Wake up, old country!" I hope you come to tell us all the most recent news about the dominions beyond the seas.

I am aware that there is ample representation here of the different parts of the Empire, including Canada, Australia, the Cape, and India. I am quite aware that there is an ample representation from the Press of India on this occasion, but they will forgive me if I do not address myself to them, because what I have to say to that eastern country, that ancient civilization, will be of a different scope from that which I address to the representatives of the newer parts of the Empire. But I will say this word to the Indian delegates—I do hope they will not go away without having given some guidance to our democracy as to the right method of governing and guiding that ancient civilization of India, comprising numberless races, numberless religions, and an inscrutable whole of native populations which seem to understand us much better than we can be said to understand them.

Well, gentlemen, after all, the best you can bring us is the knowledge of yourselves and your communities, because we never can know enough about them. [Hear, hear.] The other night I ventured to dream a dream—which is a very favourite practice of retired politicians. [Laughter.] And thinking of that vast armada, the surplus of which is so constantly scrapped at what seem so wholly inadequate prices to the taxpayer [laughter], I could not help imagining how admirably some of these large ships might be used, not for the purposes of war, but for the purposes of peace. I thought to myself that, if I were the lay-disposer of events in this country, I should like Parliament to vote supplies for two years, and then pack itself up in three or four of these obsolete war-ships and go for a trip in order to find out something about the Empire. [Prolonged applause.] You may object at once to my scheme, and say: "But how would the country be governed while all the Ministers were absent?" [Laughter.] I reply with confidence that the people would be governed much as they are now [laughter]—by the heads of the permanent departments. [Laughter.] And I am not sure that some of us would not feel an even greater confidence in the welfare of the country if it were under that permanent and well-ordered control. [Laughter and cheers.]

Well, but should I include the House of Lords in this

expedition? [Laughter.] I think the House of Lords might accompany them on condition of paying their own expenses. [Laughter.] For that, I may explain to Colonial visitors, is the great distinction between the House of Lords and the House of Commons—the House of Commons votes the taxes and the House of Lords pays them. [Loud laughter and cheers.] Therefore, I think my proposal would place them on an equitable basis. [Renewed laughter.] Whatever their present relations may be, I should not be afraid of putting them in the same vessels, because I am confident that the wholesome discipline of the ocean would soon shake them down to a condition of parity, if not of amity. [Laughter.]

Now, let us imagine how our scheme would shape up. I would take them first to Newfoundland, on a visit of homage to our most ancient and historic colony, where even our legislators would be able to find some constitutional problems which have been solved nowhere else. [Cheers.]

I would take them to Canada, and I would give them many months in Canada [hear, hear]—partly for the sake of Canada, and partly for the feeling that the holiday should be a leisurely one. I would give them a long time in Canada. They have an immense dominion to rove over there. They might see many things which were new to them. They would see that even under the most advanced democracy a Prime Minister may hold his own against the successive buffets of innumerable General Elections. [Laughter.] They may see that in Canada wealth is not a crime [laughter]—because some of the most glowing specimens of that obnoxious creature, the millionaire, have been produced on that soil of liberty. But I will not pause to point out the varieties both of political and physical sport in which our legislators might indulge in Canada.

I would take them on to New Zealand, and there in New Zealand they would see most of the policies at which they aim, and which they are endeavouring to construct for this country, being carried out under the advantages of a virgin soil and the absence—the total absence of tradition and complexity.

I would take them on to Australia—that most marvellous of continents, where everything is abnormal—the marsupials, the duck-billed platypus—and point to the fact that a population of about two-thirds of the population of the capital of this country is able to maintain seven Legislatures, seven capitals, and seven Ministries without any serious inconvenience. [Laughter and cheers.] In our country we have always found

one of each of these to be sufficient, and it shows the vigour of the young continent that it could supply such a multiplicity of these onerous blessings; and if my expedition was disposed to take its leisure, it might indulge in the permanent sport of Australia, the hunting for a Federal capital.

Then they should return through South Africa, where they would see the greatest success of the Imperial Government of Great Britain. [Hear, hear.] The greatest and the most recent success—where a bold and magnanimous policy has healed the seams of war, and from the blood gallantly shed on both sides in the recent war, which might well have been a stream of unending division between two contending populations, has extracted the cement which has united a new Empire. And if my excursionists were not tired out, and if they were not too ardently summoned home—which I don't think would be the case—if our excursionists were not tired out, they might proceed northward through Africa, avoiding Uganda, so as not to disturb the privacy of the late President of the United States [laughter], and, proceeding northwards, they might take their way home by Egypt, where they would see what British government, wisely directed, can do to rescue order from chaos. [Cheers.] The dream I recently dreamed is, I know, impracticable. I know that the fact that Parliament is sitting, and constantly sitting, is one of immeasurable consolation to every British taxpayer [laughter]—and I am quite certain nobody could be found in England willing to lose the advantages of the society of our Parliament and of our legislators for a single month, much less the eighteen months which I contemplated in my trip.

But there would be counterbalancing advantages with regard to the acquaintance they would make with the Empire with which they have to deal. To pass from that, I notice that you have—of course, I know that you have—solid and practical topics to deal with on this occasion. You don't come here on a coffee-house tour. You have come to see the old home and to do much practical work. I have looked at the list of your topics, and I must say it was with a feeling of sensible relief that I saw that Tariff Reform was not among them. [Laughter and cheers.] It is not, of course, that I doubt that that interesting topic would have been exhaustively dealt with, but I understand it is desired that this should be a peaceful conference, and perhaps it is as well with that object that that particular topic should be eliminated. [Laughter.] Then

we come to the question of the closer communication between the Empire. That, sir, is one of the most vital of all. [Hear, hear.] It is perfectly certain that if you are to build up the Empire—or a treble Empire bound up in one, as I think it is—if you are to build up the Empire you can only do it by the freest knowledge of each other's wants and ideas [hear, hear]—that the whole opinion and the thought of the Empire, which should circulate like blood through the body politic, should, like blood, chiefly circulate through the heart. [Cheers.]

I remember, when I was travelling about trying to make myself acquainted with these great dominions, when I was in Australia—which, I am sorry to say, I computed to-day was twenty-five years ago—I thought that cricket bulked a little too largely in the news that reached me from the ancient country; and I remember, when I was in Canada—which, I am ashamed to say, is even longer ago—some thirty-six years ago—I thought that the news which reached Canada from the Mother Country did not, somehow, pass through a wholly favourable and friendly channel. [Hear, hear.] Well, of course, all that is changed now. [Hear, hear.] I do not know the existing state of things, but I am quite certain that no such abuses exist as I remember on that occasion. But if you want to bind the Empire close together, your first and your main means must be by the cheapest methods of communication. [Cheers.]

The unwearied Mr. Henniker Heaton [cheers] has sent me some very interesting papers bearing on this subject, but I do not think they are suited for an occasion such as this, but are more for your serious discussions in conference. I pass, then, from the question of communication, merely making this remark in passing—no one can have lived as long as I have without seeing the enormous improvement in our British Press with regard to the news from the Empire beyond the seas. [Hear, hear.] Thirty or forty years ago you were satisfied with a jejune announcement that some Prime Minister, whose name you had never heard, in some place with which you were imperfectly acquainted, had recently resigned office, and had been succeeded by somebody else; but I think you may give us this credit, as regards our English and Scottish Press, that you will find ample, well-informed articles on all subjects relating to colonial affairs, which show both an interest and an enthusiasm which is extremely gratifying to the Imperialist. [Cheers.]

Now, gentlemen, you will forgive me if I come next and at once to what is by far the most vital topic that you will have to discuss at this conference, or which concerns our Empire as a whole—I mean that of Imperial defence. [Cheers.] I do not know that in some ways I have ever seen a condition of things in Europe so remarkable, so peaceful, and in some respects so ominous, as the condition which exists at this moment.

There is a hush in Europe, a hush in which one might almost hear a leaf fall to the ground. There is an absolute absence of any questions which ordinarily lead to war. One of the great Empires which is sometimes supposed to menace peace is entirely engrossed with its domestic affairs. Another great Eastern Empire which has furnished a perpetual problem for European statesmen has taken a new lease of life and youth in searching for liberty and constitutional reform. All, then, forbodes peace, and yet, at the same time, combined with this total absence of all questions of friction, there never was, in the history of the world, so threatening and overpowering a preparation for war. That is the sign which I regard as most ominous. For forty years it has been a platitude to say that all Europe is an armed camp, and for forty years it has been true that all the nations have been facing each other armed to the teeth, and that has been, in some respects, a guarantee of peace. And now what do we see? Now, without any tangible reason, we see the nations preparing new armaments. They cannot, indeed, arm any more men upon land, so they have to seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up this enormous preparation as if for some approaching Armageddon. And yet this is in a time of the profoundest peace. We live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch a *latens bellum*—a silent warfare, in which not a drop of blood is shed in anger, but in which the very last drop is extracted from the body by the lancets of the European statesmen. I admit there are features of this general preparation for war which must cause special anxiety to the friends of Great Britain and of the British Empire.

But I will not dwell upon this to-night. I will only say this, that I will ask you, while in this country, to compare carefully the armaments of Europe with our preparations to meet them, and give your impressions to the Empire in return. I feel confident in the resolution and power of this country to meet any reasonable conjunction of forces, but when I see this

bursting out of navies everywhere, when I see one country alone asking for 25 millions of extra taxation for warlike preparations; when I see the unprecedented sacrifices which are asked from us on the same grounds, I do begin to feel uneasy as to the outcome of it all, and to wonder where it will stop; and if it is merely going to bring back Europe into a state of barbarism, or whether it will cause a catastrophe in which the workmen of the world will say: "We will have no more of this madness and foolery which is grinding us to powder!"

Gentlemen, we can and we will build *Dreadnoughts*, or whatever the newest type of ship may be [loud cheers]—as long as we have a shilling to spend on them or a man to put into them. [Renewed cheers.] All that we can and will do, but I am not sure that even that will be enough, and I think it may be your duty to take back to your young dominions across the seas this message and this impression: that some personal duty and responsibility for national defence rests on every man and citizen of the Empire. [Loud cheers.]

Yes, gentlemen, take that message back with you. Tell your peoples—if they can believe it—the deplorable way into which Europe is relapsing into militarism and the pressure that is put upon this little England to defend itself, its liberties—and yours! [Loud cheers.] But take this message also back with you—that the Old Country is right at heart; that there is no failing or weakness in her; and that she rejoices in renewing her youth in her giant dominions beyond the seas. [Cheers.] For her own salvation she must look to herself, and that failing her, she must look to you! [Cheers.]

Well, gentlemen, I would ask your pardon for having detained you so long. [Voices: "No, no!" and "Go on!"] I know that whatever may be the outcome of this visit you will return strengthened to your high functions as the guides of your communities in matters of the nation. And you will return, I hope, convinced of the necessity of the mission of that communion of Commonwealths which constitute the British Empire. Having come, I hope, believers in that faith, you will return to your homes missionaries of Empire [cheers]—missionaries of the most extensive and most unselfish Empire which is known to history. [Cheers.]

I will end as I began. After all, I may speak to you for hours, and I can only sum up what I have to say in the two simple words with which I began, "Welcome home!" Welcome home, to the home of your language, your liberties, and

your race. Welcome home to the source of your parliaments, your free institutions, and of this immeasurable Empire. Welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your Sovereign and mine, who is not merely the King of Great Britain, but the King of Hearts. [Loud cheers.] Welcome home to this and to anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you. Welcome home! [Loud cheers.]

“MARK TWAIN”

WOMAN, GOD BLESS HER!

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), at the 77th anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1882. Joseph M. Fiske, President of the Society, was in the chair. Mr. Clemens spoke to the toast “Woman, God bless her!”]

THE toast includes the sex, universally; it is to Woman comprehensively, wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman when dressed for home, or to go out shopping or calling, doesn't wear anything at all but just her complexion. [Laughter.] That is all; it is her entire outfit. [Laughter.] It is the lightest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. [Laughter.] It has often been mistaken for mourning. [Laughter.] It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion; it wears well, is fast colours, doesn't show dirt, you don't have to send it down-town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for and the rest of the dozen “mis-laid.” [Laughter.] And it always fits; it is the



MARK TWAIN

(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)

perfection of a fit. [Laughter.] And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always "done up." When you call on a Fan lady and send up your card, the hired girl never says, "Please take a seat, madame is dressing; she'll be down in three-quarters of an hour." No, madame is always dressed, always ready to receive; and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. [Laughter.] Then, again, the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what each other has got on; and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. [Laughter.]

Such is the dark child of savagery, as to everyday toilet; and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion—who often has "nothing to wear"; and thus these widely-separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, everyday toilet; but on State occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings—and, with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms [laughter]; at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes [laughter]; at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. [Laughter.] Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

Now we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress—as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress; and some would lose all of it. [Laughter.] The daughter of modern civilization dressed at her utmost best is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense.

All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs from the remoter home of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries; her watch is from Geneva, her card-case is from China, her hair is from—from—

I don't know where her hair is from ; I never could find out. [Much laughter.] That is, her other hair—her public hair, her Sunday hair ; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. [Laughter.] Why, you ought to know the hair I mean ; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brick-bat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle ; any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car, and go and pick up a hairpin ; but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange ? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. [Laughter.] She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman, as to costume. I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects—as mother, wife, widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone helloer, queen, book-agent, wet-nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. [Laughter.]

We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho till we come again. First in the list of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—why, dear me, I've been talking three-quarters of an hour ! I beg a thousand pardons. But you see, yourselves, that I had a large contract. I have accomplished something, anyway. I have introduced my subject. And if I had till next Forefathers' Day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and appreciatively as so gracious and noble a theme deserves. But as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began—and say, without jesting, but with all sincerity, " Woman—God bless her ! " [Applause.]

EARL OF ROSEBERY

DEBATING

[Speech delivered by Lord Rosebery November 14, 1910, at Liverpool University. Lord Derby, Chancellor of the University, presiding, introduced him as the "only orator of the day."]

GENTLEMEN :—I confess I am somewhat taken by surprise by the scene in which I find myself. Appearances and invitations are always deceptive. [Laughter.] I understood when I received the invitation from your Vice-Chancellor that in some small unfinished room of the Union I should meet a few leading students and discourse to them privately [laughter]—I understand that interruption ; you are all leading students [laughter and cheers]—and that there I should discourse to them for five minutes on the merits of union ; and here I find myself in a great hall loaded up to the roof with an enthusiastic audience, and, as if that is not enough to appal the most audacious, I am introduced by you, my Lord, in terms that would make me wish to retire to my bedroom rather than to face this audience. [Laughter.]

It is a sufficiently severe trial when you take an old fossil from one of the dustiest shelves of our National Museum and place him on a platform and then announce to the audience that he will soon emit sweet sounds. [Laughter.] I deem it a sufficient trial to awe any human being and to make him wish to retire from this platform. The purpose of this function has, I understand, been changed since I first undertook to come here. We were to lay a foundation-stone—that was in the middle of July—and then, owing to an event which put the whole nation into mourning, that ceremony was postponed, and now I find that I am invited at some moment of these proceedings to unveil a figure and a tablet, both of

which are at present shrouded [laughter], because the enterprise and those who are concerned in the Union have already raised that structure far above the necessity for any foundation-stone [cheers], and I hope that the same energy and munificence that has enabled those walls to be raised will enable the Union to be completed within no distant time. [Cheers.]

Now, gentlemen, what is a University Union? ["Ah!" and laughter.] I am not asking a riddle. [Laughter.] I am asking you to consider what is the meaning of a University Union. We know what a trade union is [Oh!]; but a University Union is something, to those who have not been at a University, of a mystic character. A University Union, in its origin, of course, dates back to the two famous societies of Oxford and Cambridge, where they first appeared. I remember very well Lord Houghton, at a festival of the Cambridge Union, giving a short history of that society which is not without interest and piquancy on such an occasion as this. He said that in those early days when he was an undergraduate, I suppose somewhere about 1830 [cries of "Oh!" and laughter]—is there anything peculiarly distasteful in that date? [laughter]—somewhere about the year 1830 they met in what he called a cavernous room at the back of a public-house [Oh!], the name of which I forget, but in which all the great minds of that generation, which included Tennyson and Arthur Hallam and men of that description, strove intellectually with each other and carried on their debates without any disparagement from the locality in which they met. [Laughter.]

It was not, I think, until 1866, on the occasion on which Lord Houghton made this speech, that they were able to get into any such building as you are contemplating for yourselves. I do not know if they remained at the back of the public-house; but at any rate they had another home. These were not men whom you could despise. Tennyson and men of that generation were perhaps the most brilliant that the University of Cambridge has ever known. Of course, I do not say, being a son of the other University, that the University of Oxford could not name a great many better [laughter]; but they were the best names of which the University of Cambridge could boast.

Lord Houghton gives a very interesting account of the transactions which occurred in connexion with that Union. There was at the Union of Oxford, which was also, I fancy,

in very uncomfortable quarters, a young Liverpool undergraduate of the name of Gladstone at that time [prolonged cheers], and he and his friend Sir Francis Doyle, who was not merely a poet, but a professor of poetry, which is quite a different thing [laughter], challenged the Cambridge Union to an intellectual tournament with them as to the comparative merits of Shelley and Byron. Cambridge upheld the cause of Shelley and Oxford defended the cause of Byron, and the deputation set out from Cambridge in the month of December, in bitter cold, but warmed by the generous enthusiasm of the University of Oxford, to maintain the cause of Shelley.

The leader of the party was not one of the eminent names I have mentioned then at Cambridge, but a man named Sunderland, who was acknowledged by all those brilliant beings to be by far the leading genius of them all, and who, by some mysterious fate, from the moment that he left Cambridge, where he dazzled every one, disappeared altogether from the sight of man. I do not know what the result of the debate was between Shelley and Byron carried on at Oxford between those two competing factions. I do not know whether it very much matters to the history of the world what it was. [Laughter.] At any rate, it was a chivalrous enterprise, and I should rather like to think that the age of chivalry had not altogether passed. [Hear, hear.] At some future and not distant date we may see a deputation from the Union of Liverpool setting out to combat the Union of the University of Manchester on the same great critical question as to the merits of Shelley and Byron. [Hear, hear.]

Now we come to Oxford. Of the Union of Oxford I confess I know very little, because, though I was a member, I was a silent but a subscribing member. [Laughter.] That, after all, without disparagement to any other sort of member, is the best member that any association can have, because I have always observed in the warfare of life that people are very much readier to talk than to subscribe. [Laughter.]

I was then a silent but subscribing member, and therefore I only heard from the galleries one or two debates, and these have not left the slightest trace on my memory. [Laughter.] The fact is, I am afraid I did not belong to a very brilliant generation at Oxford from that point of view. I only heard one orator at the Union, and he has remained, I think, unknown ever since, so I will not mention his name. [Laughter.] I always understood that at that Union, and

at most other University Unions, the great questions of interesting debates were not on the familiar point as to whether Charles I was rightly executed or not, but on questions of private business—whether such and such a newspaper should be taken in, and whether cigars should be allowed in the library. [Laughter.] I believe the Oxford of my time raged entirely round the admission of a newspaper to the Union. It was a newspaper that is now dead, over the ashes of which I still cast a tear ; it was *Bell's Life*. [Great laughter.] It ranged over the whole world of sport, from racing down to knur and spell, a mysterious game which had the advantage of a place in the paper, and I think, owing to these too catholic tendencies in the matter of sport, it eventually came to an end which I shall always deplore. But whether it was ever admitted to the Oxford Union or not I cannot tell to this day. [Laughter.]

That being so, I suppose that many of you present will be inclined to think that the principal function of a Union is debating. I am not disparaging debating, but I rather hope that that will not be the characteristic of your Union. It is not for me to undervalue the faculty of debating—indeed, I think it exercises an undue and disproportionate influence in the affairs of men. What we want in our country and in our history is action and not speech. [Cheers.] Though I am inclined to think that the art of speaking is extremely valuable as a means of influencing your own generation and your time and your own fellowmen, I confess I have the humblest opinion of it as any permanent agency for good.

When I think of the many millions of sermons, the many millions of speeches—political, legal, complimentary, and every kind—that have been poured forth in the last century on suffering mankind, and on the extremely small tangible result that remains of all this flood of oratory which has been expended, I think you will agree with me that I am justified in my scepticism as to the great value of and effect of oratory. The speeches you can read a week after they have been delivered can be counted on the fingers of your hand, while as to the sermons—but I see that is a delicate subject [laughter]. I see some divines present, and delicacy forbids me to say more on that. [Laughter.] But I think you will admit that it is true of all the many speeches and sermons you have listened to, and as you grow up you will be fortified in this, that of the speeches and sermons uncommonly little remains

after a short interval ; and therefore, when I have been sometimes asked for advice by students as to how they should learn to speak, I have always refused to give any, first, because I do not know any advice to give, and secondly, because I would not encourage them in the art of speaking. It is quite true that, as it is a very handy means of influencing your fellowmen, it will always be practised, because a man prefers to be well known and esteemed, and notorious even, in his generation than to wait the extremely uncertain result of posthumous fame with posterity.

I suppose, gentlemen, you are going to debate, though I earnestly urge that is not the most important part of the function of your Union ; but I have now a very strenuous piece of advice to give with regard to your debating, which I earnestly hope you will accept. It is that on the door of your debating-society room you will inscribe in large letters, "No one is bound hereafter by any opinions he may express within these walls." [Laughter and cheers.] Let your debate be dialectic and not the expression of a confirmed and chastening faith which you will be very unwise to declare so prematurely. Ten years hence you will think probably on all subjects very differently to what you do now. Politics that are the result of reading history and of study are very apt not to stand the friction of the world, and therefore I believe there is nothing more fatal for a young man—or a young woman either—while they are in a position of what we used to call *in statu pupillari*, to take the responsibility of party politics, or of politics in any form, before they have the possession of the vote, which is the only thing that necessitates their practical dealing with politics. I believe there is nothing so unwise or so fatal as for young people in that position to tar themselves with a particular brush and call themselves politicians before they are fitted to have a practical acquaintance with politics. [Hear, hear.]

I do not want you not to take up any sides you may like in the debate, but I do implore you earnestly not to take them as definite and lifelong opinions by which you are to be bound, not to compromise your intellectual exercises, the intellectual and political future of your lives. [Cheers.] Politics at best are a gruesome study. [Laughter.] We like them much better at eighteen than we like them at fifty-eight [laughter and "Oh, oh!"], but at any rate they are a study that does require a practical acquaintance with mankind and the affairs

of mankind, and cannot be acquired, I think, by any study in the classroom or the University. I have known many men compromised by having joined political clubs in London at twenty or twenty-one years of age and finding themselves in a very disagreeable position when they became twenty-five. If you rise to eminence, as I hope you all will if you wish to, you may find it extremely disagreeable to refer back to the records of your University debates.

I remember very well, because I was then grown up—it was in 1866—when Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the House of Commons, brought forward the Parliamentary Reform Bill, and Mr. Disraeli, his great protagonist, who sometimes committed faults of taste, but, I think, never repeated them [laughter]—I am saying it quite seriously—had the folly, as I think, to taunt Mr. Gladstone with a high Tory speech he had made at the Union of Oxford when he was an undergraduate, and when he expressed the very highest Tory opinion on the subject then before the House of Commons. It resulted, I may say, in a triumph for Mr. Gladstone, because he gave Mr. Disraeli a most severe trouncing. I remember one expression. Mr. Disraeli was then the leader of the Conservative Party, and was supposed to have been rather a Radical in his youth—a supposition which is combated in the very interesting life of him just published by Mr. Monypenny; however, he had been supposed to be a Radical in his youth, and I remember that Mr. Gladstone said, “The right hon. gentleman, secure in the recollection of his own consistency, taunts me.”

In the event it turned out all right for Mr. Gladstone, but I honestly think that when he rose to move the Reform Bill in 1866 he would much rather he had not made that speech to the Union. And I believe, though I live so much out of the world that I do not know whether it is true or not, that even some eminent living politicians would find themselves in something of the same position if the debating records of their University and Union were to be examined; and therefore I trust, on every ground that I have urged upon you, you will undertake to hold yourselves unbound by any opinion you may express in your debates in the Union.

I said that in a short time you will hear enough of politics; you will find yourselves in the most stormy clash that politics can produce. All the winds will blow from every quarter, and you will have the flood, the hurricane, the

storm and hail which are characteristic of political contests ; and what I hope is that you will not go out and break any windows [laughter], but that you will find in the University of Liverpool an ark of safety from which you may serenely and dispassionately look out on the typhoon that is raging around you. [Cheers.] I did not come here to talk about politics, and if I did I suppose I should have been turned out long ago. That would have been too mild—I should have been torn limb from limb and thrown into the river. [Laughter.]

But I said something about waiting before you tar yourself with any party brush or brand yourself by any party brand. I do not myself see any great necessity for you to do either. That, I admit, is an unpopular point of view, and it is not unlikely to lead to my expulsion from this hall, but there is no necessity for anybody, however deeply interested they may be in politics, to take the brand of either political party, because, if you ask me on my honour and my conscience, my faith in that matter is that the welfare, the stability—nay, the salvation—of Great Britain does not rest on either political party, but on that great impartial mass which belongs to neither and which gives a judicial decision at every election. [Cheers.] I am afraid you, my Lord Derby, will say you did not bring me here to denounce the party spirit, but perhaps you may derive some consolation when I say that it is to both parties that my remarks apply, and not to one alone.

I would like to emphasize the point again that debate is only a subordinate function of any Union. In the absence of a collegiate life in the University of Liverpool, its students all the more need a centre to which they may rally and from which they may derive inspiration. I hope that this Union will be regarded by the wealthy citizens of Liverpool as at least as valuable and as worthy of their encouragement as any other part of the University. [*Lord Rosebery now unveiled the figure above the tablet.*] Why have you chosen the Sphinx as their own? The Sphinx is the most formidable and awesome figure, to my mind, that has ever come from the hand of man. Bacon, I think it was, thought this figure was the embodiment of science. I confess it has always seemed to me to be the embodiment of the eternal. For countless centuries—forty or fifty perhaps—it has surveyed with a smile, half-amused and half-sardonic, not without, perhaps, a touch of compassion, the long procession of mankind from the cradle

to the grave, and as those pass to their destiny it seems still to welcome the oncomers that are pressing on to the same journey, to live their insect life here and come to the same end. This Sphinx will look with the same smile on a nobler and more exhilarating procession—the long march of generations of youth, full of generous enthusiasm. [Cheers.]

CHARLES DICKENS

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SPEECH

[At the Anniversary Festival of the Hospital for Sick Children, on Tuesday, February 9, 1858, in the Freemasons' Hall. After the usual loyal and other toasts, the Chairman, Charles Dickens, proposed "Prosperity to the Hospital for Sick Children," and said :—]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It is one of my rules in life not to believe a man who may happen to tell me that he feels no interest in children. I hold myself bound to this principle by all kind consideration, because I know, as we all must, that any heart which could really toughen its affections and sympathies against those dear little people must be wanting in so many humanizing experiences of innocence and tenderness, as to be quite an unsafe monstrosity among men. Therefore I set the assertion down, whenever I happen to meet with it—which is sometimes, though not often—as an idle word, originating possibly in the genteel languor of the hour, and meaning about as much as that knowing social lassitude, which has used up the cardinal virtues and quite found out things in general, usually does mean.

I suppose it may be taken for granted that we, who come together in the name of children and for the sake of children, acknowledge that we have an interest in them ; indeed, I have observed since I sat down here that we are quite in a childlike state altogether, representing an infant institution, and not even yet a grown-up company. A few years are necessary to the increase of our strength and the expansion of our figure ; and then these tables, which now have a few tucks in them, will be let out, and then this hall, which now sits so easily upon us, will be too tight and small for us. Never-

theless, it is likely that even we are not without our experience now and then of spoilt children. I do not mean of our own spoilt children, because nobody's own children ever were spoilt, but I mean the disagreeable children of our particular friends.

We know by experience what it is to have them down after dinner, and, across the rich perspective of a miscellaneous dessert, to see, as in a black dose darkly, the family doctor looming in the distance. We know, I have no doubt we all know, what it is to assist at those little maternal anecdotes and table entertainments illustrated with imitations and descriptive dialogue which might not be inaptly called, after the manner of my friend Mr. Albert Smith, the toilsome ascent of Miss Mary and the eruption (cutaneous) of Master Alexander. We know what it is when those children won't go to bed; we know how they prop their eyelids open with their forefingers when they will sit up; how, when they become fractious, they say aloud that they don't like us, and our nose is too long, and why don't we go? And we are perfectly acquainted with those kicking bundles which are carried off at last protesting.

An eminent eye-witness told me that he was one of a company of learned pundits who assembled at the house of a very distinguished philosopher of the last generation to hear him expound his stringent views concerning infant education and early mental development, and he told me that while the philosopher did this in very beautiful and lucid language, the philosopher's little boy, for his part, edified the assembled sages by dabbling up to the elbows in an apple pie which had been provided for their entertainment, having previously anointed his hair with the syrup, combed it with his fork; and brushed it with his spoon. It is probable that we also have our similar experiences, sometimes, of principles that are not quite practice, and that we know people claiming to be very wise and profound about nations of men who show themselves to be rather weak and shallow about units of babies.

But, ladies and gentlemen, the spoilt children whom I have to present to you after this dinner of to-day are not of this class. I have glanced at these for the easier and lighter introduction of another, a very different, a far more numerous, and a far more serious class. The spoilt children whom I must show you are the spoilt children of the poor in this

great city, the children who are, every year, for ever and ever irrevocably spoilt out of this breathing life of ours by tens of thousands, but who may in vast numbers be preserved if you, assisting and not contravening the ways of Providence, will help to save them. The two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, nail down their little coffins, pile up the earth above their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town, their unnatural deaths form more than one-third.

I shall not ask you, according to the custom as to the other class—I shall not ask you on behalf of these children to observe how good they are, how pretty they are, how clever they are, how promising they are, whose beauty they most resemble—I shall only ask you to observe how weak they are, and how like death they are! And I shall ask you, by the remembrance of everything that lies between your own infancy and that so mis-called second childhood when the child's graces are gone, and nothing but its helplessness remains—I shall ask you to turn your thoughts to *these* spoilt children in the sacred names of Pity and Compassion.

Some years ago, being in Scotland, I went with one of the most humane members of the humane medical profession, on a morning tour among some of the worst-lodged inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In the closes and wynds of that picturesque place—I am sorry to remind you what fast friends picturesqueness and typhus often are—we saw more poverty and sickness in an hour than many people would believe in a life. Our way lay from one to another of the most wretched dwellings, reeking with horrible odours; shut out from the sky, shut out from the air, mere pits and dens. In a room in one of these places, where there was an empty porridge-pot on the cold hearth, with a ragged woman and some ragged children crouching on the bare ground near it—where, I remember as I speak, that the very light, refracted from a high damp-stained and time-stained house-wall, came trembling in, as if the fever which had shaken everything else there had shaken even it—there lay, in an old egg-box which the mother had begged from a shop, a little feeble, wasted, wan, sick child. With his little wasted face, and his little hot, worn hands folded over his breast, and his little, bright, attentive eyes, I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years, looking steadily at us. There he lay in his

little frail box, which was not at all a bad emblem of the little body from which he was slowly parting—there he lay, quite quiet, quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom cried, the mother said; he seldom complained: "he lay there, seemin' to wonner what it was a' about." God knows, I thought, as I stood looking at him, he had his reasons for wondering—reasons for wondering how it could possibly come to be that he lay there, left alone, feeble and full of pain, when he ought to have been as bright and as brisk as the birds that never got near him—reasons for wondering how he came to be left there, a little decrepid old man pining to death, quite a thing of course, as if there were no crowds of healthy and happy children playing on the grass under the summer's sun within a stone's throw of him, as if there were no bright, moving sea on the other side of the great hill overhanging the city; as if there were no great clouds rushing over it; as if there were no life, and movement, and vigour anywhere in the world—nothing but stoppage and decay. There he lay looking at us, saying, in his silence, more pathetically than I have ever heard anything said by any orator in my life, "Will you please to tell me what this means, strange man? and if you can give me any good reason why I should be so soon, so far advanced on my way to Him who said that children were to come into His presence, and were not to be forbidden, but who scarcely meant, I think, that they should come by this hard road by which I am travelling; pray give that reason to me, for I seek it very earnestly and wonder about it very much"; and to my mind he has been wondering about it ever since.

Many a poor child, sick and neglected, I have seen since that time in this London; many a poor sick child I have seen most affectionately and kindly tended by poor people, in an unwholesome house and under untoward circumstances, where—in its recovery was quite impossible; but at all such times I have seen my poor little drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb speech to me, and I have always found him wondering what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be!

Now, ladies and gentlemen, such things need not be, and will not be, if this company, which is a drop of the life-blood of the great compassionate public heart, will only accept the means of rescue and prevention which it is mine to offer. Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak, stands

a courtly old house, where once, no doubt, blooming children were born, and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blooming children back to patter up the old oak staircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimney-pieces. In the airy wards into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bedchambers of that house are now converted are such little patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an amiable Christian ogre.

Grouped about the little low tables in the centre of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the doll's beds are such diminutive creatures that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys ; and, looking round, you may see how the little tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creation on its way into the ark ; or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright, childish pictures. At the bed's heads, are pictures of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child Himself, and a poor one. Besides these little creatures on the beds, you may learn in that place that the number of small out-patients brought to that house for relief is no fewer than ten thousand in the compass of one single year. In the room in which these are received, you may see against the wall a box, on which it is written that it has been calculated that if every grateful mother who brings a child there will drop a penny into it, the hospital funds may possibly be increased in a year by so large a sum as forty pounds. And you may read in the Hospital Report, with a glow of pleasure, that these poor women are so respondent as to have made, even in a toiling year of difficulty and high prices, this estimated forty, fifty pounds.

In the printed papers of this same hospital, you may read with what a generous earnestness the highest and wisest members of the medical profession testify to the great need of it ; to the immense difficulty of treating children in the same hospitals with grown-up people, by reason of their different ailments and requirements ; to the vast amount of pain that will be assuaged, and of life that will be saved, through this hospital ; not only among the poor, observe, but among the

prosperous too, by reason of the increased knowledge of children's illnesses which cannot fail to arise from a more systematic mode of studying them. Lastly, gentlemen, and I am sorry to say, worst of all (for I must present no rose-coloured picture of this place to you—I must not deceive you)—lastly, the visitor to this Children's Hospital, reckoning up the number of its beds, will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very little over thirty; and will learn, with sorrow and surprise, that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably diminutive, compared with this vast London, cannot possibly be maintained, unless the hospital be made better known; I limit myself to saying better known, because I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, it can fail, being better known, to be well and richly endowed.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, this, without a word of adornment—which I resolved when I got up not to allow myself—this is the simple case. This is the pathetic case which I have to put to you; not only on behalf of the thousands of children who annually die in this great city, but also on behalf of the thousands of children who live half developed, racked with preventible pain, shorn of their natural capacity for health and enjoyment. If these innocent creatures cannot move you for themselves, how can I possibly hope to move you in their name?

The most delightful paper, the most charming essay, which the tender imagination of Charles Lamb conceived, represents him as sitting by his fireside on a winter night telling stories to his own dear children, and delighting in their society, until he suddenly comes to his old, solitary, bachelor self, and finds that they were but dream-children who might have been, but never were. "We are nothing," they say to him; "less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and we must wait upon the tedious shore of Lethe, millions of ages, before we have existence and a name." "And immediately awaking," he says, "I found myself in my arm-chair."

The dream-children whom I would now raise, if I could, before every one of you, according to your various circumstances, should be the dear child you love, the dearer child you have lost, the child you might have had, the child you certainly have been. Each of these dream-children should hold in its powerful hand one of the little children now lying in the Child's Hospital, or now shut out of it to perish. Each

of these dream-children should say to you, "O, help this little suppliant in my name ; O, help it for my sake !" Well ! —And immediately awaking, you should find yourselves in the Freemasons' Hall, happily arrived at the end of a rather long speech, drinking "Prosperity to the Hospital for Sick Children," and thoroughly resolved that it shall flourish.

JOHN BRIGHT

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

[Speech delivered in the House of Commons on February 23, 1855, and which has become historic as the "Angel of Death" Speech.]

MR. SPEAKER:—I am one of those, forming the majority of the House, I suspect, who are disposed to look upon our present position as one of more than ordinary gravity. I am one, also, of those, not probably constituting so great a majority of the House, who regret extremely the circumstances which have obliged the right hon. gentlemen who are now upon this bench to secede from the Government of the noble Lord the member for Tiverton.

I do not take upon me for a moment to condemn them; because I think, if there be anything in which a man must judge for himself, it is whether he should take office if it be offered to him, whether he should secede from office, whether he should serve under a particular leader, or engage in the service of the Crown, or retain office in a particular emergency. In such cases I think that the decision must be left to his own conscience and his own judgment; and I should be the last person to condemn any one for the decision to which he might come. I think, however, that the speech of the right hon. gentleman is one which the House cannot have listened to without being convinced that he and his retiring colleagues have been moved to the course which they have taken by a deliberate judgment upon this question, which, whether it be right or wrong, is fully explained, and is honest to the House and to the country.

Now, sir, I said that I regretted their secession, because I am one of those who do not wish to see the Government of the noble Lord the member for Tiverton overthrown. The

House knows well, and nobody knows better than the noble Lord, that I have never been one of his ardent and enthusiastic supporters. I have often disapproved of his policy both at home and abroad ; but I hope that I do not bear to him, as I can honestly say that I do not bear to any man in this House—for from all I have received unnumbered courtesies—any feeling that takes even the tinge of a personal animosity ; and even if I did, at a moment so grave as this, no feeling of a personal character whatever should prevent me from doing that which I think now, of all times, we are called upon to do—that which we honestly and conscientiously believe to be for the permanent interests of the country. We are in this position, that for a month past, at least, there has been a chaos in the regions of the Administration. Nothing can be more embarrassing—I had almost said nothing can be more humiliating—than the position which we offer to the country ; and I am afraid that the knowledge of our position is not confined to the limits of these islands.

It will be admitted that we want a Government ; that if the country is to be saved from the breakers which now surround it, there must be a Government ; and it devolves upon the House of Commons to rise to the gravity of the occasion, and to support any man who is conscious of his responsibility, and who is honestly offering and endeavouring to deliver the country from the embarrassment in which we now find it. We are at war, and I shall not say one single sentence with regard to the policy of the war or its origin, and I know not that I shall say a single sentence with regard to the conduct of it ; but the fact is that we are at war with the greatest military Power, probably, of the world, and that we are carrying on our operations at a distance of 3,000 miles from home, and in the neighbourhood of the strongest fortifications of that great military Empire.

I will not stop to criticise—though it really invites me—the fact that some who have told us that we were in danger from the aggressions of that Empire, at the same time told us that that Empire was powerless for aggression, and also that it was impregnable to attack. By some means, however, the public have been alarmed as if that aggressive power were unbounded, and they have been induced to undertake an expedition, as if the invasion of an impregnable country were a matter of holiday-making rather than of war.

But we are now in a peculiar position with regard to that

war; for, if I am not mistaken—and I think I gathered as much from the language of the right hon. gentleman—at this very moment terms have been agreed upon—agreed upon by the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen; consented to by the noble Lord the member for Tiverton when he was in that Cabinet; and ratified and confirmed by him upon the formation of his own Government—and that those terms are now specifically known and understood; and that they have been offered to the Government with which this country is at war, and in conjunction with France and Austria—one, certainly, and the other supposed to be, an ally of this country.

Now, those terms consist of four propositions, which I shall neither describe nor discuss, because they are known to the House; but three of them are not matters of dispute; and with regard to the other I think that the noble Lord the member for the City of London stated, upon a recent occasion, that it was involved in this proposition—that the preponderant power of Russia in the Black Sea should cease, and that Russia had accepted it with that interpretation. Therefore, whatever difference arises is merely as to the mode in which that “preponderant power” shall be understood, or made to cease. Now, there are some gentlemen not far from me—there are men who write in the public press—there are thousands of persons in the United Kingdom at this moment—and I learn with astonishment and dismay that there are persons even in that grave assembly which we are not allowed to specify by a name in this House—who have entertained dreams—impracticable theories—expectations of vast European and Asiatic changes, of revived nationalities, and of a new map of Europe, if not of the world, as a result or an object of this war. And it is from those gentlemen that we hear continually, addressed to the noble Lord the member for Tiverton, language which I cannot well understand. They call upon him to act, to carry on the war with vigour, and to prosecute enterprises which neither his Government nor any other Government has ever seriously entertained; but I would appeal to those gentlemen whether it does not become us—regarding the true interests and the true honour of the country—if our Government have offered terms of peace to Russia, not to draw back from those terms, not to cause any unnecessary delay, not to adopt any subterfuge to prevent those terms being accepted, not to attempt shuffles of any kind, not to endeavour to insist upon harder terms, and thus make the

approach of peace even still more distant than it is at present ?

Whatever may be said about the honour of the country in any other relation involved in this affair, this, at least, I expect every man who hears me to admit—that if terms of peace have been offered they have been offered in good faith, and shall be in honour and good faith adhered to ; so that if, unfortunately for Europe and humanity, there should be any failure at Vienna, no man should point to the English Government and to the authorities and rulers of this Christian country, and say that we have prolonged the war and the infinite calamities of which it is the cause.

I have said that I was anxious that the Government of the noble Lord should not be overthrown. Will the House allow me to say why I am so ? The noble Lord at the head of the Government has long been a great authority with many persons in this country upon foreign policy. His late colleague, and present envoy to Vienna, has long been a great authority with a large portion of the people of this country upon almost all political questions. With the exception of that unhappy selection of an ambassador at Constantinople, I hold that there are no men in this country more truly responsible for our present position in this war than the noble Lord who now fills the highest office in the State and the noble Lord who is now, I trust, rapidly approaching the scene of his labours in Vienna. I do not say this now to throw blame upon those noble Lords, because their policy, which I hold to be wrong, they, without doubt, as firmly believe to be right ; but I am only stating facts. It has been their policy that they have entered into war for certain objects, and I am sure that neither the noble Lord at the head of the Government nor his late colleague the noble Lord the member for London will shrink from the responsibility which attaches to them.

Well, sir, now we have those noble Lords in a position which is, in my humble opinion, favourable to the termination of the troubles which exist. I think that the noble Lord at the head of the Government himself would have more influence in stilling whatever may exist of clamour in this country than any other member of this House. I think, also, that the noble Lord the member for London would not have undertaken the mission to Vienna if he had not entertained some strong belief, that by so doing, he might bring the

war to an end. Nobody gains reputation by a failure in negotiation, and as the noble Lord is well acquainted with the whole question from beginning to end, I entertain a hope—I will not say a sanguine hope—that the result of that mission to Vienna will be to bring about a peace, to extricate this country from some of those difficulties inseparable from a state of war.

There is one subject upon which I should like to put a question to the noble Lord at the head of the Government. I shall not say one word here about the state of the army in the Crimea, or one word about its numbers or its condition. Every member of this House, every inhabitant of this country, has been sufficiently harrowed with details regarding it. To my solemn belief, thousands—nay, scores of thousands of persons—have retired to rest night after night, whose slumbers have been disturbed or whose dreams have been based upon the sufferings and agonies of our soldiers in the Crimea. I should like to ask the noble Lord at the head of the Government—although I am not sure if he will feel that he can or ought to answer the question—whether the noble Lord the member for London has power, after discussions have commenced, and as soon as there shall be established good grounds for believing that the negotiations for peace will prove successful, to enter into any armistice? [No, no!]

I know not, sir, who it is that says “No, no!” but I should like to see any man get up and say that the destruction of 200,000 human lives lost on all sides during the course of this unhappy conflict is not a sufficient sacrifice. You are not pretending to conquer territory—you are not pretending to hold fortified or unfortified towns; you have offered terms of peace which, as I understood them, I do not say are not moderate; and breathes there a man in this House or in this country whose appetite for blood is so insatiable that, even when terms of peace have been offered and accepted, he pines for that assault in which, of Russian, Turk, French, and English, as sure as one man dies, 20,000 corpses will strew the streets of Sebastopol? I say I should like to ask the noble Lord, and I am sure that he will feel, and that this House will feel, that I am speaking in no unfriendly manner towards the Government of which he is at the head—I should like to know and I venture to hope that it is so, if the noble Lord the member for London has power, at the earliest stage of these proceedings at Vienna at which it can properly be done

—and I should think that it might properly be done at a very early stage—to adopt a course by which all further waste of human life may be put an end to, and further animosity between three great nations be, as far as possible, prevented.

I appeal to the noble Lord at the head of the Government and to this House; I am not now complaining of the war—I am not now complaining of the terms of peace, nor, indeed, of anything that has been done—but I wish to suggest to this House what, I believe, thousands and tens of thousands of the most educated and of the most Christian portion of the people of this country are feeling upon this subject, although, indeed, in the midst of a certain clamour in the country, they do not give public expression to their feelings. Your country is not in an advantageous state at this moment; from one end of the kingdom to the other there is a general collapse of industry. Those members of this House not intimately acquainted with the trade and commerce of the country do not fully comprehend our position as to the diminution of employment and the lessening of wages. An increase in the cost of living is finding its way to the homes and hearts of a vast number of the labouring population.

At the same time there is growing up—and, notwithstanding what some hon. members of this House may think of me, no man regrets it more than I do—a bitter and angry feeling against that class which has for a long period conducted the public affairs of this country. I like political changes when such changes are made as the result, not of passion, but of deliberation and reason. Changes so made are safe, but changes made under the influence of violent exaggeration, or of the violent passions of public meetings, are not changes usually approved by this House or advantageous to the country. I cannot but notice, in speaking to gentlemen who sit on either side of this House, or in speaking to any one I meet between this House and any of those localities we frequent when this House is up—I cannot, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive.

The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land;

you may almost hear the very beating of his wings. There is no one to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on ; but he calls at the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, equally as at the cottage of the humble,¹ and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

I tell the noble Lord, that if he be ready honestly and frankly to endeavour, if possible, by the negotiations to be opened at Vienna, to put an end to this war, no word of mine, no vote of mine, will be given to shake his power for one single moment, or to change his position in this House. I am sure the noble Lord is not inaccessible to appeals made to him from honest motives and with the deferential feeling that he has been for more than forty years a member of this House. The noble Lord, before I was born, sat upon the Treasury bench, and he has devoted his life to the service of his country. He is no longer young, and his life has extended almost to the term allotted to man. I would ask, I would entreat the noble Lord to take a course which, when he looks back upon his whole political career—whatever he may therein find to be pleased with, whatever to regret—cannot but be a source of gratification. By adopting that course he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that, having obtained the laudable object of his ambition—having become the foremost subject of the Crown, the dispenser of, it may be, the destinies of his country, and the presiding genius in her councils—he had achieved a still higher and nobler ambition, that he had returned the sword to the scabbard—that at his word torrents of blood had ceased to flow—that he had restored tranquillity to Europe, and saved this country from the indescribable calamities of war.

¹ " *Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres,*"

Hor. 1, Od. IV. 13, 14.



LORD HALDANE AND LORD MORLEY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE BRITISH POLICY IN AFRICA

[Speech delivered May 31, 1910, at the Mansion House on the occasion of his presentation with the honorary freedom of the City of London.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a peculiar pleasure to me to be here. And yet I cannot but appreciate, as we all do, the sadness of the fact that I come here just after the death of the Sovereign whom you so mourn, and whose death caused such an outburst of sympathy for you throughout the civilized world. One of the things I shall never forget is the attitude of that great mass of people, assembled on the day of the funeral, who in silence, in perfect order, and with uncovered heads, saw the body of the dead King pass to its last resting-place. I had the high honour of being deputed to come to the funeral as the representative of America, and by my presence to express the deep and universal feeling of sympathy which moves the entire American people for the British people in their hour of sadness and trial. [Hear, hear.]

I need hardly say how profoundly I feel the high honour that you confer upon me; an honour great in itself, and great because of the ancient historic associations connected with it, with the ceremonies incident to conferring it, and with the place in which it is conferred. I am very deeply appreciative of all that this ceremony means, all that this gift implies, and all the kind words which Sir Joseph Dimsdale has used in conferring it. I thank you heartily for myself. I thank you still more because I know that what you have done is to be taken primarily as a sign of the respect and friendly good will which more and more, as time goes by, tends to knit together the English-speaking peoples. [Hear, hear.]

I shall not try to make you any extended address of mere thanks, still less of mere eulogy. I prefer to speak, and I know you would prefer to have me speak, on matters of real concern to you, as to which I happen at this moment to possess some first-hand knowledge; for recently I traversed certain portions of the British Empire under conditions which made me intimately cognisant of their circumstances and needs. I have just spent nearly a year in Africa. While there I saw four British protectorates. I grew heartily to respect the men whom I there met, settlers and military and civil officials; and it seems to me that the best service I can render them and you is very briefly to tell you how I was impressed by some of the things that I saw.

Your men in Africa are doing a great work for your Empire, and they are also doing a great work for civilization. [Cheers.] This fact and my sympathy for and belief in them are my reasons for speaking. The people at home, whether in Europe or in America, who live softly, often fail fully to realize what is being done for them by the men who are actually engaged in the pioneer work of civilization abroad. Of course, in any mass of men there are sure to be some who are weak or unworthy, and even those who are good are sure to make occasional mistakes—that is as true of pioneers as of other men [laughter]; nevertheless, the great fact in world history during the last century has been the spread of civilization over the world's waste spaces. The work is still going on; and the soldiers, the settlers, and the civic officials who are actually doing it are, as a whole, entitled to the heartiest respect and the fullest support from their brothers who remain at home. [Cheers.]

At the outset, there is one point upon which I wish to insist with all possible emphasis. The civilized nations who are conquering for civilization savage lands should work together in a spirit of hearty mutual good will. [Cheers.] I listened with special interest to what Sir Joseph Dimsdale said about the blessing of peace and good will among nations. I agree with that in the abstract. Let us show by our actions and our words in specific cases that we agree with it also in the concrete. [Hear, hear.]

Ill will between civilized nations is bad enough anywhere, but it is peculiarly harmful and contemptible when those actuated by it are engaged in the same task, a task of such far-reaching importance to the future of humanity, the task

of subduing the savagery of wild man and wild nature, and of bringing abreast of our civilization those lands where there is an older civilization which has somehow gone crooked. Mankind as a whole has benefited by the noteworthy success that has attended the French occupation of Algiers and Tunis, just as mankind as a whole has benefited by what England has done in India ; and each nation should be glad of the other nation's achievements. [Hear, hear.] In the same way, it is of interest to all civilized men that a similar success shall attend alike the Englishman and the German as they work in East Africa ; exactly as it has been a benefit to every one that America took possession of the Philippines. [Hear, hear.]

Those of you who know Lord Cromer's excellent book, in which he compares modern and ancient imperialism, need no words from me to prove that the dominion of modern civilized nations over the dark places of the earth has been fraught with widespread good for mankind ; and my plea is that the civilized nations engaged in doing this work shall treat one another with respect and friendship, and shall hold it as discreditable to permit envy and jealousy, backbiting and antagonism among themselves. [Cheers.] I visited four different British protectorates or possessions in Africa—namely, East Africa, Uganda, the Sudan, and Egypt. About the first three I have nothing to say to you save what is pleasant, as well as true. About the last, I wish to say a few words because they are true, without regard to whether or not they are pleasant.

In the highlands of East Africa you have a land which can be made a true white man's country. While there I met many settlers on intimate terms, and I felt for them a peculiar sympathy, because they so strikingly reminded me of the men of our own western frontier of America, of the pioneer farmers and ranchmen who built up the States of the great plains and the Rocky Mountains. It is of high importance to encourage these settlers in every way, remembering—I say that here in the City—remembering that the prime need is not for capitalists to exploit the land, but for settlers who shall make their permanent homes therein. [Cheers.] Capital is a good servant, but a mighty poor master. [Cheers and laughter.] No alien race should be permitted to come into competition with the settlers.

Fortunately you have now in the Governor of East Africa, Sir Percy Girouard, a man admirably fitted to deal wisely

and firmly with the many problems before him. He is on the ground and knows the needs of the country, and is zealously devoted to its interests. All that is necessary is to follow his lead, and to give him cordial support and backing. [Hear, hear.] The principle upon which I think it is wise to act in dealing with far-away possessions is this—choose your man, change him if you become discontented with him, but while you keep him back him up. [Loud cheers.]

In Uganda the problem is totally different. Uganda cannot be made a white man's country, and the prime need is to administer the land in the interest of the native races, and to help forward their development. Uganda has been the scene of an extraordinary development of Christianity. Nowhere else of recent times has missionary effort met with such success: the inhabitants stand far above most of the races in the Dark Continent in their capacity for progress towards civilization. They have made great strides, and the English officials have shown equal judgment and disinterestedness in the work they have done: and they have been especially wise in trying to develop the natives along their own lines, instead of seeking to turn them into imitation or make-believe Englishmen. [Laughter and "Hear, hear."] In Uganda all that is necessary is to go forward on the paths you have already marked out.

The Sudan is peculiarly interesting because it affords the best possible example of the wisdom—and when I say that I speak with historical accuracy—of disregarding the well-meaning but unwise sentimentalists who object to the spread of civilization at the expense of savagery. [Laughter and "Hear, hear."] I remember a quarter of a century ago, when you were engaged in the occupation of the Sudan, that many of your people at home and some of ours in America said that what was demanded in the Sudan was the application of the principles of independence and self-government to the Sudanese, coupled with insistence upon complete religious toleration and the abolition of the slave trade. Unfortunately, the chief reason why the Mahdists wanted independence and self-government was that they could put down all religions but their own and carry on the slave trade. [Cheers and laughter.]

I do not believe that in the whole world there is to be found any nook of territory which has shown such astonishing progress from the most hideous misery to well-being and pros-

perity as the Sudan has shown during the last twelve years while it has been under British rule. Up to that time it was independent, and it governed itself ; and independence and self-government in the hands of the Sudanese proved to be much what independence and self-government would have been in a wolf-pack. Great crimes were committed there, crimes so dark that their very hideousness protects them from exposure. [Hear, hear.] During a decade and a half, while Mahdism controlled the country, there flourished a tyranny which for cruelty, bloodthirstiness, unintelligence, and wanton destructiveness surpassed anything which a civilized people can even imagine. The keystones of the Mahdist party were religious intolerance and slavery, with murder and the most abominable cruelty as the method of obtaining each.

During those fifteen years at least two-thirds of the population, probably seven or eight millions of people, died by violence or by starvation. Then the English came in ; put an end to the independence and self-government which had wrought this hideous evil ; restored order, kept the peace, and gave to each individual a liberty which, during the evil days of their own self-government, not one human being possessed, save only the blood-stained tyrant who at the moment was ruler. [Cheers.] I stopped at village after village in the Sudan, and in many of them I was struck by the fact that, while there were plenty of children, they were all under twelve years old ; and inquiry always developed that these children were known as " Government children," because in the days of Mahdism it was the literal truth that in a very large proportion of the communities every child was either killed or died of starvation and hardship, whereas under the peace brought by English rule families are flourishing, men and women are no longer hunted to death, and the children are brought up under more favourable circumstances, for soul and body, than have ever previously obtained in the entire history of the Sudan. [Cheers.] In administration, in education, in police work, the Sirdar and his lieutenants, great and small, have performed to perfection a task equally important and difficult.

The Government officials, civil and military, who are responsible for this task, and the Egyptian and Sudanese who have worked with and under them, and as directed by them, have a claim upon all civilized mankind which should be heartily admitted. [Cheers.] It would be a crime not to go

on with the work, a work which the inhabitants themselves are helpless to perform, unless under firm and wise outside guidance. [Cheers.] I have met people who had some doubt as to whether the Sudan would pay. Personally, I think it probably will. But I may add that, in my judgment, this fact does not alter the duty of England to stay there. [Cheers.] It is not worth while belonging to a big nation unless the big nation is willing when the necessity arises to undertake a big task. [Cheers.] I feel about you in the Sudan just as I felt about us in Panama. When we acquired the right to build the Panama Canal, and entered on the task, there were worthy people who came to me and said they wondered whether it would pay. I always answered that it was one of the great world works which had to be done ; that it was our business as a nation to do it, if we were ready to make good our claim to be treated as a great world Power ; and that as we were unwilling to abandon the claim, no American worth his salt ought to hesitate about performing the task. [Cheers.] I feel just the same way about you in the Sudan. [Cheers.]

Now as to Egypt. It would not be worth my while to speak to you at all, nor would it be worth your while to listen, unless on condition that I say what I deeply feel ought to be said. I speak as an outsider, but in one way this is an advantage, for I speak without national prejudice. I would not talk to you about your own internal affairs here at home ; but you are so very busy at home that I am not sure whether you realize just how things are, in some places at least, abroad. At any rate, it can do you no harm to hear the view of one who has actually been on the ground, and has information at first-hand ; of one, moreover, who, it is true, is a sincere well-wisher of the British Empire, but who is not English by blood, and who is impelled to speak mainly because of his deep concern in the welfare of mankind and in the future of civilization. Remember also that I who address you am not only an American, but a Radical, a real—not a mock—democrat, and that what I have to say is spoken chiefly because I am a democrat, a man who feels that his first thought is bound to be the welfare of the masses of mankind, and his first duty to war against violence and injustice and wrongdoing, wherever found ; and I advise you only in accordance with the principles on which I have myself acted as American President in dealing with the Philipppines.

In Egypt you are not only the guardians of your own in-

terests ; you are also the guardians of the interests of civilization ; and the present condition of affairs in Egypt is a grave menace to both your Empire and to civilization. You have given Egypt the best government it has had for at least 2,000 years—probably a better government than it has ever had before ; for never in history has the poor man in Egypt, the tiller of the soil, the ordinary labourer, been treated with as much justice and mercy, under a rule as free from corruption and brutality, as during the last twenty-eight years. [Cheers.]

Yet recent events, and especially what has happened in connection with and following on the assassination of Boutros Pasha three months ago, have shown that, in certain vital points, you have erred ; and it is for you to make good your error. It has been an error proceeding from the effort to do too much and not too little in the interests of the Egyptians themselves ; but unfortunately it is necessary for all of us who have to do with uncivilized peoples, and especially with fanatical peoples, to remember that in such a situation as yours in Egypt weakness, timidity, and sentimentality may cause even more far-reaching harm than violence and injustice. [Cheers.] Of all broken reeds, sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean. [Cheers.]

In Egypt you have been treating all religions with studied fairness and impartiality ; and instead of gratefully acknowledging this, a noisy section of the native population takes advantage of what your good treatment has done to bring about an anti-foreign movement, a movement in which, as events have shown, murder on a large or a small scale is expected to play a leading part. Boutros Pasha was the best and most competent Egyptian official, a steadfast upholder of English rule, and an earnest worker for the welfare of his countrymen ; and he was murdered simply and solely because of these facts, and because he did his duty wisely, fearlessly, and uprightly. [Cheers.]

The attitude of the so-called Egyptian Nationalist Party in connection with this murder has shown that they were neither desirous nor capable of guaranteeing even that primary justice the failure to supply which makes self-government not merely an empty but a noxious farce. [Cheers.] Such are the conditions ; and where the effort made by your officials to help the Egyptians towards self-government is taken advantage of by them, not to make things better, not to help their country, but to try to bring murderous chaos upon the

land, then it becomes the primary duty of whoever is responsible for the government in Egypt to establish order, and to take whatever measures are necessary to that end. [Cheers.]

It was with this primary object of establishing order that you went into Egypt twenty-eight years ago ; and the chief and ample justification for your presence in Egypt was this absolute necessity of order being established from without, coupled with your ability and willingness to establish it. Now, either you have the right to be in Egypt, or you have not ; either it is or it is not your duty to establish and keep order. If you feel that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and to keep order there, why, then, by all means get out of Egypt. If, as I hope, you feel that your duty to civilized mankind and your fealty to your own great traditions alike bid you to stay, then make the fact and the name agree and show that you are ready to meet in very deed the responsibility which is yours.

It is the thing, not the form, which is vital ; if the present forms of government in Egypt, established by you in the hope that they would help the Egyptians upward, merely serve to provoke and permit disorder, then it is for you to alter the forms ; for if you stay in Egypt it is your first duty to keep order, and above all things also to punish murder and to bring to justice all who directly or indirectly incite others to commit murder or condone the crime when it is committed. When a people treats assassination as the corner-stone of self-government it forfeits all right to be treated as worthy of self-government. [Cheers.] You are in Egypt for several purposes, and among them one of the greatest is the benefit of the Egyptian people. You saved them from ruin by coming in, and at the present moment, if they are not governed from outside, they will again sink into a welter of chaos. Some nation must govern Egypt. I hope and believe that you will decide that it is your duty to be that nation. [Loud cheers.]

RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH

ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD VII

[Speech delivered in the House of Commons, May 12, 1910, on moving addresses to the King and the Queen Mother on the death of King Edward VII.]

MR. DEPUTY-SPEAKER :—The late King who has been suddenly taken from us had, at the time of his death, not yet completed the tenth year of his reign. Those years were crowded with moving and stirring events alike abroad and in the Empire and here at home. In our relations with foreign countries they have been years of growing friendships, of new understandings, of stronger and surer safeguards for the peace of mankind. Within the Empire during the same time the sense of interdependence, the consciousness of common interests and of common risks, the ever-tightening bonds of corporate unity, have been developed and vivified as they have never been before. Here at home, as though it were by way of contrast, controversial issues of the gravest kind, economic, social, constitutional, have widened into a rapid maturity.

Sir, in all these multiform manifestations of our national and Imperial life history will assign a part of singular dignity and authority to the great Ruler whom we have lost. In external affairs his powerful personal influence was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war, but of the causes and pretexts for war. He well earned the title by which he will always be remembered—the Peacemaker of the World. Within the boundaries of his own Empire, by his intimate knowledge of its component parts, by his broad, elastic sympathy not only with the ambitions and the aspirations but with the sufferings and hardships of all his people, by his ready response to any and every appeal, whether to the sense of justice or to the spirit of compassion, he won a degree of loyalty and of confidence which few Sovereigns have

ever enjoyed. Here, sir, at home we all recognize that, above the din and dust of our hard-fought controversies, detached from party, attached only to the common interest, we had in him an arbiter ripe in experience, judicial in temper, at once a reverent worshipper of our traditions and a watchful guardian of our constitutional liberties.

Mr. Deputy-Speaker, one is tempted, and indeed constrained on an occasion such as this, to ask, what were the qualities which enabled a man called comparatively late in life to new duties of unexampled complexity—what were the qualities which, in practice, proved so admirably fitted to the task and will give him an enduring and illustrious record among the rulers and governors of nations?

I should be disposed to assign the first place to what sounds a commonplace but, in its persistent and unfailing exercise, is one of the rarest virtues—a strong, abiding, dominating sense of public duty. King Edward, be it remembered, was a man of many and varied interests, a sportsman in the best sense, an ardent and discriminating patron of the arts, as well equipped as any man of his time for the give-and-take of social intercourse, and wholly free from the prejudices and narrowing rules of caste, at home in all companies, an enfranchised citizen of the world. To such a man, endowed as he was by nature, placed where he was by fortune and by circumstance, there was open, if he had chosen to enter it, an unlimited field for self-indulgence. But, Sir, as every one will acknowledge who has been brought into daily contact with him in the sphere of affairs, his duty to the State always came first.

In this great business community there was no better man of business, no one by whom the humdrum obligations of punctuality, method, preciseness, economy of time and speech were more keenly recognized or more severely practised. I speak from a privileged and close experience when I say that, wherever he was or whatever may have been his apparent preoccupations, in the transaction of the business of the State there were never any arrears, there was never any trace of confusion, there was never any moment of avoidable delay. Next to this—and I am still within the domain of practice and administration—I should put a singular, perhaps an unrivalled, tact in the management of men and a judgment of intuitive shrewdness as to the best outlet from perplexing and even baffling situations. He had in its highest and best development the genius of common sense.

But, sir, even these rare gifts of practical efficiency were, during the whole of his Kingship, yoked to the service of a great ideal. He was animated every day of his Sovereignty by the thought that he was at once the head and the chief servant of the vast and complex organism which we call the British Empire. He recognized in the fullest degree both the powers and the limitations of a Constitutional Monarchy. Here at home, though no politician, he was, as every one knows, a keen social reformer. Already as Prince of Wales he had entered with zeal into the work of two Royal Commissions, one on the housing of the working classes, the other on the problems connected with the aged poor. His magnificent services, both before and after his Accession, to our hospitals will never be forgotten. He loved his people at home and over the seas. Their interests were his interests, their fame was his fame. He had no self apart from them.

Sir, I will not touch for more than a moment on more delicate and sacred ground—on his personal charm, the warmth and wealth of his humanity, his unfailing considerateness for all who, in any capacity, were permitted to work for him. I will only say in this connexion that no man in our time has been more justly beloved by his family and his friends, and no ruler in our or in any time has been more sincerely true, more unswervingly loyal, more uniformly kind to his advisers and his servants.

By the unsearchable councils of the Disposer of events he has been called suddenly, without warning, to his account. We are still dazed under the blow which has befallen us. It is too soon as yet even to attempt to realize its full meaning. But this at least we may say at once and with full assurance, that he has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget—a memory of great opportunities greatly employed, an example, which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow, of simplicity, courage, self-denial, tenacious devotion, up to the last moment of conscious life, to work, to duty, and to service.

I also ask the House to join in the condolences which we offer to our new Sovereign, the expression of our deepest sympathy with her who, for nearly fifty years, has shared the joys and sorrows, the cares and responsibilities of the King whom we have lost. Here words fail me. The Queen Mother—I call her by her new title—is already enthroned in the love of the British people. There is not a heart in the Empire that does

not beat with sympathy for her to-day in her suffering and her sorrow.

To these our heartfelt condolences I ask the House to add its congratulation to his Majesty King George the Fifth on his Accession to the Throne of his ancestors. Our new Sovereign has served a long apprenticeship to his task. He has personally visited almost every part of his world-wide Dominions, and none of us can forget the weighty and impressive summary of our Imperial problems which he delivered on his return from Australia. He has the aid and support of a Gracious Consort, born and bred among us. He takes upon his shoulders, at a wholly unexpected call, and at a time of stress and difficulty, as heavy a burden as can fall to the lot of man.

Let us, the Commons of this United Kingdom, assure him that it is not only the solemn prayer and the eager hope, but that it is the confident belief of his people, that he will show himself the worthy son and successor of the great King whom we mourn to-day.

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

THE AMERICAN BENCH AND BAR

[Speech of Mr. Choate at the 111th Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 13, 1879. In introducing him the President, Samuel Babcock, said: "The next toast is 'The Bench and the Bar—Blessed are the peacemakers.'" [Laughter and applause.] I must say, in reference to this toast, that it is a much greater piece of sarcasm than the one on 'Sister Cities.' I never heard lawyers called by that title before, but I will ask our distinguished fellow-citizen, from whom we are always glad to hear on these occasions, Joseph H. Choate, to respond,"]

MR. PRESIDENT:—I rise with unprecedented embarrassment in this presence and at this hour to respond to this sentiment, so flattering to the feelings of all members of the Bench and Bar [applause], to say nothing of that shrinking modesty inherent in the breast of every lawyer and which the longer he practises seems to grow stronger and stronger. [Laughter.] I have a specific trouble which overwhelms me at this moment, and that is that all the preparation I had made for this occasion is a complete miscarriage. [Laughter.]

I received this sentiment yesterday with an intimation that I was expected to respond to it. I had prepared a serious and sober essay on the relations of commerce to the law—the one great relation of client and counsel [laughter], but I have laid all that aside; I do not intend to utter a single sober word to-night. [Laughter.] I do not know that I could. [Renewed laughter.] There is a reason, however, why nothing more of a sober sort should be uttered at this table; there is a danger that it would increase by however small a measure the specific gravity of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Certainly nothing could be a

greater calamity than that. [Laughter.] At an hour like this, sir, merchants like witnesses are to be weighed as well as counted; and when I compare your appearance at this moment with what it was when you entered this room, when I look around upon these swollen girths and these expanded countenances, when I see that each individual of the Chamber has increased his avoirdupois at least ten pounds since he took his seat at this table, why the total weight of the aggregate body must be startling indeed [laughter], and as I suppose you believe in a resurrection from this long session, as you undoubtedly hope to rise again from these chairs, to which you have been glued so long, I should be the last person to add a feather's weight to what has been so heavily heaped upon you. [Applause.]

I have forgotten, Mr. President, whether it was Josh Billings or Henry F. Spaulding who gave utterance to the profound sentiment that there is no substitute for wisdom, and that the next best thing to wisdom is silence. [Laughter and applause.] And so, handing to the reporters the essay which I had prepared for your instruction, it would be my duty to sit down in peace. [Laughter.] But I cannot take my seat without repudiating some of the gloomy views which have fallen from the gentlemen who preceded me. My worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, has said, if I remember rightly his language, that there is a great distrust in the American heart of the permanence of our American institutions. [Laughter.]

[Rev. Dr. Bellows: "I did not say anything of the kind." [Laughter and applause.]

[Mr. Choate: "Well, I leave it to your recollection, gentlemen of the jury, what he did say." [Laughter.]

I am perfectly willing that the doctor should speak for his own institution, but not for mine. I do not believe that a body of merchants of New York with their stomachs full have any growing scepticism or distrust of the permanence of the institution which I represent. [Laughter.] The poor, gentlemen, you have with you always, and so the lawyer will always be your sure and steadfast companion. [Applause.]

Mr. Blaine, freighted with wisdom from the floor of the Senate House and from long study of American institutions, has deplored the low condition of the carrying trade. Now, for our part, as representing one of the institutions which

does its full share of the carrying trade, I repudiate the idea. We undoubtedly are still prepared to carry all that can be heaped upon us. [Laughter.] Lord Bacon, who was thought the greatest lawyer of his age, has said that every man owes a duty to his profession; but I think that can be amended by saying, in reference to the law, that every man in the community owes a duty to our profession [laughter]; and somewhere, at some time, somewhere between the cradle and the grave, he must acknowledge the liability and pay the debt. [Applause.] Why, gentlemen, you cannot live without the lawyers, and certainly you cannot die without them. [Laughter.] It was one of the brightest members of the profession, you remember, who had taken his passage for Europe to spend his summer vacation on the other side, and failed to go; and when called upon for an explanation, he said,—why, yes; he had taken his passage, and had intended to go, but one of his rich clients had died, and he was afraid if he had gone across the Atlantic, the heirs would have got all the property. [Applause and laughter.]

Our celebrated Minister to Berlin [Andrew D. White] also has spoken a good many earnest words in behalf of the institutions he represents. I did not observe any immediate response to the calls he made, but I could not help thinking, as he was speaking, how such an appeal might be made, and probably would be made with effect, in behalf of the institution I represent, upon many of you in the course of the immediate future. When I look around me on this solid body of merchants, all this heaped-up and idle capital, all these great representatives of immense railroad, steamship, and every other interest under the face of the sun, I believe that the fortunes of the Bar are yet at their very beginning. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the future is all before us. We have no sympathy with Communism, but like Communists we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. [Laughter.]

But my attention must be called for a moment, before I sit down, to the rather remarkable phraseology of the toast. I have heard lawyers abused on many occasions. In the midst of strife we certainly are most active participants. But you apply the phrase to us: "Blessed are the peacemakers!" Well, now, I believe that is true. I believe that if you will devote yourself assiduously enough, and long enough, to our profession, it will result in perfect peace.

[Laughter.] But you never knew—did you?—a lawsuit, if it was prosecuted vigorously enough and lasted long enough, where at the end there was anything left for the parties to quarrel over. [Continued laughter.]

Mr. President, I shall not weary your patience longer. This long programme of toasts is not yet exhausted. The witching hour of midnight is not far off, and yet there are many statesmen, there are many lawyers, there are many merchants who are yet to be heard from, and so it is time I should take my seat, exhorting you to do justice always to the profession of the law. [Loud applause.]

JOHN LOWELL

HUMOURS OF THE BENCH

[Speech by Judge John Lowell at a banquet given by the Boston Merchants' Association in Boston, May 23, 1884, in his honour, upon his retirement from the bench of the United States Circuit Court.]

GENTLEMEN:—I hardly know why I am here. I suppose I must have decided some case in favour of our honoured chairman. But, then, if every one in whose favour I have decided a case should give me a dinner, I should have some thousands to eat, if I could live long enough.

I observe that in your invitation to me you say very little, if anything, about any judicial qualities which I may have displayed in office, but you do mention my courtesy and patience. You are right. You are better judges here to-night than I ever was ; but in courtesy and consideration, which I learned at my mother's knee, I hope I have not been surpassed. I have received several compliments of the same kind. I will tell you one story about that. I was sitting one day up in court. The jury had just gone out, when a very nice-looking young man came up. His hair was a little short, I believe, but I didn't notice it particularly. Said he, "Good morning, Jedge." "Good morning." "You don't remember me?" he said. "Your countenance is familiar to me," I said, "but it does not impress itself on my memory." Said he : "Four years ago to-day you sentenced me to four years' imprisonment in the State prison." I suppose it ought to have been five, I don't know. He said, "I got out to-day, and thought I would make my first call on you." [Laughter. A voice : "That was his courtesy."] True : and mine then came in. Said I : "Many happy returns of the day." [Great laughter and applause.] He took it very kindly and went off. I haven't seen him since.

I might have resigned some time ago. I was waiting to be turned out. [Laughter.] I got tired of waiting. I will tell you how that is now. My great-grandfather was judge of the District Court, appointed by Washington; then he was made circuit judge by Adams. Well, Adams made a good many circuit judges, and they were all Federalists; and when the Democrats—they called themselves Republicans—all the same, you know [laughter]—when the Republicans came in they abolished the court to get rid of the judges. They made a circuit court here about nineteen years ago, and they appointed my friend Shepley the first judge. I told him if the Democrats only got in soon enough he would go the way of my grandfather. He admitted it. When I was appointed I expected the same thing. In fact, some of our prominent Democrats told me so. I said, "All right, bring on your bear. Bring on your Democratic President." So I waited for that Democratic President about eight years. I got tired of waiting. That is the only reason I resign now. [Laughter and applause.]

You take things so good-naturedly I will tell you one or two more stories. One of the principal difficulties we have is in serving on the jury. The members of the Merchants' Association always presented me with a certificate showing that they were members of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company.¹ [Laughter.] But a man who was not a member came into my private office one day just as the jury was about to be impanelled. Said he: "Judge, I hear you live out of town." Said I: "Yes." Said he: "I guess you burn kerosene. You don't have electric lights or anything of that kind? Well," said he, "if you will let me off this jury I will give you the darnedest nice can of kerosene ever you see." Said I: "Young man, I see in your mind the exact virtues which would be most useful—a justice and probity which will make you serve the country most admirably as a jurymen." So he served. I don't know but that if it had been a barrel it might have been different. [Great laughter.]

Another tried the intimidation dodge. He says: "Judge, I have been exposed to the small-pox, and expect it to break out every minute." Said I: "Break!" [Laughter.] He broke into the jury box and served his country well, and had no incapacitating disease that I ever heard of.

¹ Members of this organization are exempted from jury service.

I don't know that there is much of anything else, except that I would give some advice. I am going to draw up some rules for my successor, and the first one will be: "Always decide in favour of the Merchants' Association." When there are two Merchants' Associations together, in different interests, then you must do like that jury in Kennebec county. There was a jury there which was very prompt and satisfactory. When they got through, the judge said: "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the very satisfactory character of your verdicts, for the great promptness with which they have been rendered, without a single disagreement." The foreman returned thanks for the compliment, and said that the jury had escaped the delays and disagreements to which his Honour had referred, by always tossing up a copper as soon as they had retired, and abiding by the result of the throw.

One word in a more serious vein. I wish to express, in closing, my profound gratification that my efforts to do my duty simply and industriously should have met with your approval, and my gratitude for its public and spontaneous expression. [Applause.]

RT. HON.
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

TARIFF REFORM

[Speech delivered in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, October 6, 1903, on the opening of his great campaign on Imperial Preference.]

SIR MATTHEW ARTHUR, MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—My first duty is to thank this great and representative audience for having offered to me an opportunity of explaining for the first time in some detail the views which I hold upon the subject of our fiscal policy. [Cheers.] I would desire no better platform than this. [Cheers.] I am in a great city, the second of the Empire, the city which, by that enterprise and intelligence which it has always shown, is entitled to claim something of a representative character in respect of British industry. [Cheers.]

I am in the city in which free trade took its birth [hear, hear], in that city in which Adam Smith taught so long and where he was one at any rate of the most distinguished predecessors in that great office of Lord Rector of your University to which reference has been made and which it will always be to me a great honour to have filled. [Cheers.] Adam Smith was a great man. It was not given to him, it never has been given to mortals, to foresee all the changes that may occur in something like a century and a half; but with a broad and far-seeing intelligence which is not common among men Adam Smith did, at any rate, anticipate many of our modern conditions. And when I read his books I see even then how he was aware of the comparative unimportance of home markets as compared with the foreign [hear, hear], how he advocated retaliation under certain conditions, how he supported the Navigation Law, how he was the author of a sentence which we ought never to forget, that "defence is greater than opulence." [Cheers.]

When I remember, also, how he, entirely before his time, pressed for reciprocal trade between our Colonies and the mother country, I say he had a broader mind, a more Imperial conception of the duties of the citizens of a great Empire, than some of those who have taught also as professors and who claim [laughter and cheers] to be his successors. I am not afraid to come here, to the home of Adam Smith, and to combat free imports; and still less am I afraid to preach to you preference with our Colonies [hear, hear], to you in this great city whose whole prosperity has been founded upon its colonial relations. ["Hear, hear," and cheers.]

I must not think only of the city. I must think of the country. It is known to every man that Scotland has contributed out of all proportion to its population to build up the great Empire of which we are all so proud [cheers]—an Empire which took genius and capacity and courage to create [hear, hear], and which requires now genius and capacity and courage to maintain. [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

I do not regard this as a party meeting. I am no longer a party leader. [Laughter.] I am an outsider [renewed laughter]; and it is not my intention—I do not think it would be right—that I should raise any exclusively party issues. But after what has occurred in the last few days, after the meeting at Sheffield [loud cheers], a word or two may be forgiven to me who, although I am no longer a leader, am still a loyal servant of the party [cheers] to which I belong. [Cheers.] I say to you that that party, whose continued existence, whose union, whose strength I still believe to be essential to the welfare of the country, to the welfare of the Empire, has found a leader whom every member may be proud to follow. [Cheers.] Mr. Balfour in his position has responsibilities which he cannot share with us; but no one will contest his right—a right to which his high office, his ability, and his character alike entitle him—to declare the official policy of the party which he leads, to fix its limits, to settle the time at which application shall be given to the principles which he has put forward. For myself I agree with the principles that he has stated. [Cheers.] I approve of the policy which he proposes to give effect to [cheers], and I admire the courage and the resource with which he faces difficulties which even in our varied political history have hardly ever been surpassed. [Cheers.] It ought not to be necessary to say any more. It seems as though in this

country there have always been men who do not know what loyalty and friendship mean. [Cheers.] And to them I say that nothing that they can do will have the slightest influence or will affect in the slightest degree the friendship and confidence which exists, and has existed for so many years, between the Prime Minister and myself. [Loud cheers.] Let them do their worst. Their insinuations pass us by like the idle wind [cheers]; and I would say to my friends, to those who support me in the great struggle on which I have entered, I would say to them also, "I beg of you to give no encouragement to the mean, libellous insinuations. Understand that in no conceivable circumstances will I allow myself to be put in any sort of competition, direct or indirect, with my friend and leader, whom I mean to follow." [Loud cheers.]

I have invited a discussion upon a question which comes peculiarly within my province, owing to my past life and owing to the office which I have so recently held. I have invited discussion upon it. I have not pretended that a matter of this importance is to be settled offhand. I have been well aware that the country has to be educated as I myself have had to be educated [hear, hear] before I saw or could see all the bearings of this great matter; and therefore I take up the position of a pioneer. I go in front of the army, and if the army is attacked I go back to it. [Cheers.] Meanwhile, putting aside all these personal and party questions, I ask my countrymen, without regard to any political opinions which they may have hitherto held, to consider the greatest of all great questions that can be put before the country, to consider it impartially, if possible, and to come to a decision. [Hear, hear.]

And it is possible—I am always an optimist [laughter and cheers]—it is possible that the nation may be prepared to go a little further than the official programme. [Cheers.] I have known them to do it before [laughter], and no harm has come to the party. No harm that I know has come to those who as scouts, or pioneers, or investigators and discoverers, have gone a little before them. Well, one of my objects in coming here is to find an answer to this question, Is the country prepared to go a little further? [Cheers and cries of "Yes" and "No."] I suppose that there are differences in Scotland, differences in Glasgow, as there are certainly in the southern country; and those differences, I hope, are mainly differences as to methods [hear, hear]; for I cannot

conceive that, so far as regards the majority of the country at any rate, there can be any differences as to our objects.

What are our objects? They are two. In the first place, we all desire the maintenance and increase of the national strength and the prosperity of the United Kingdom. [Cheers.] I do not know that that may be a selfish desire, but to my mind it carries something more than mere selfishness. You cannot expect foreigners to take the same views as we do of our position and duty. To my mind Britain has played a great part in the past in the history of the world, and for that reason I wish Britain to continue. [Cheers.]

Then, in the second place, our object is, or should be, the realization of the greatest ideal which has ever come to statesmen in any country or in any age—the creation of an Empire such as the world has never seen. [Cheers.] We have to cement the union of the States beyond the seas. We have to consolidate the British race. We have to meet the clash of competition, commercial now. In the past it has been otherwise; it may be again in the future. Whatever it be, whatever danger threatens, we have to meet it no longer as an isolated country. We have to meet it as fortified and strengthened and buttressed by all those of our kinsmen, all those powerful and continually rising States which speak our common tongue and pay allegiance to our common flag.

Those are two great objects; and, as I have said, we all should have them in view. How are we to attain that? In the first place let me say one word as to the method in which this discussion is to be carried on. Surely it should be treated in a manner worthy of its magnitude, worthy of the dignity of the theme. [Hear, hear.] For my part, I disclaim any imputation of motive, of evil and unworthy motive, upon those who may happen to disagree with me, and I claim equal consideration from them. [Cheers.] I claim that this matter should be treated on its merits, without personal feeling, personal bitterness, and, if possible, without entering upon questions of purely party controversy. [Cheers.] And I do that for the reason I have given; but also because, if you are to make a change in a system which has existed for sixty years, which affects more or less every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, you can only make that change successful if you have behind you not merely a party support, if you do not attempt to force it by a small majority on a large and unwilling minority, but if it becomes, as I believe

it will become [cheers], a national policy, consonant with the feelings, the aspirations, and the interests of the overwhelming proportion of the country. [Cheers.]

I was speaking just now of the characteristics of Glasgow as a great city. I am not certain whether I mentioned that I believe it is one of the most prosperous of cities, that it has had a great and continuous prosperity; and if that be so, here more than anywhere else I have got to answer the question, why cannot you let well alone? [Hear, hear.] Well, I have been in Venice—the beautiful city of the Adriatic—which, too, had at one time a commercial supremacy quite as great in proportion as anything we have ever enjoyed. Its great glories have departed; but what I was going to say was that when I was there last I saw the great tower of the Campanile rising above the city which it had overshadowed for centuries, and looking as though it was as permanent as the city itself. And yet the other day, in a few minutes, the whole structure fell to the ground; nothing was left of it but a mass of ruin and rubbish. I do not say to you that I anticipate any catastrophe so great or so sudden for British trade; but I do say to you that I see signs of decay [hear, hear], that I see cracks and crevices in the walls of the great structure, that I know that the foundations upon which it has been raised are not broad enough or deep enough to sustain it. [Cheers.]

Now do I do wrong, if I know this—if I even think I know it—do I do wrong to warn you? Is it not a most strange and inconsistent thing that while certain people are indicting the Government in language which, to say the least of it, is extravagant [laughter], for not having been prepared for the great war from which we have recently emerged with success [cheers], these same people should be denouncing me in language equally extravagant [laughter] because I want to prepare you now, while there is time, for a struggle greater in its consequences than that to which I have referred—a struggle from which, if we emerge defeated, this country will lose its place, will no longer count among the great nations of the world—a struggle which we are asked to meet with antiquated weapons and with old-fashioned tactics? [Cheers.]

I tell you that it is not well to-day with British industry. We have been going through a period of great expansion. The whole world has been prosperous. With the rest of the

world I see signs of a change ; but let that pass. When the change comes, I think even the free-fooders will be converted. [Cheers.] But meanwhile what are the facts ? The year 1900 was the record year of British trade. The exports were the largest we had ever known. The year 1902—last year—was nearly as good. And yet, if you will compare your trade in 1872, thirty years ago, with the trade of 1902—the export trade—you will find that there has been a moderate increase of 20,000,000. That, I think, is something like $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Meanwhile the population has increased 30 per cent. Can you go on supporting your population at that rate of increase when even in the best of years you can only show so much smaller an increase in your foreign trade ?

The actual increase was 20,000,000 with our free trade. In the same time the increase in the United States of America was 110,000,000, and the increase in Germany was 56,000,000. In the United Kingdom trade has been practically stagnant for thirty years. It went down in the interval. In the most prosperous times it is hardly better than it was thirty years ago. Meanwhile, the protected countries, which you have been told, and which I myself at one time believed, were going rapidly to wrack and ruin, have progressed in an infinitely better proportion than ours.

Now, that is not all. Not only has the amount of your trade remained stagnant, but the character of your trade has changed. When Mr. Cobden preached his doctrine he believed, as he had at that time considerable reason to suppose, that while foreign countries would supply us with our foods and raw materials we should remain the workshop of the world and should send them in exchange our manufactures. But that is exactly what we have not done. On the contrary, in the period to which I have referred, we are sending less and less of our manufactures to them, and they are sending more and more of their manufactures to us. [Hear, hear.] Now I know how difficult it is for a great meeting like this to follow figures. I shall give you as few as I can, but I must give you some to lay the basis of my argument. [Hear, hear.] I have had a table constructed, and upon that table I would be willing to base the whole of my contention. I will take some figures from it. You have got to analyse your trade. It is not merely a question of amount ; you have got to consider of what it is comprised.

Now, what has been the case with regard to our manu-

factures? Our existence as a nation depends upon our manufacturing capacity and production. We are not an agricultural country. That can never be the main source of our prosperity. We are a great manufacturing country. Now in 1872 we sent to the protected countries of Europe, and to the United States of America, 116,000,000 of exported manufactures. In 1882, ten years later, it fell to 88,000,000. In 1892, ten years later, it fell to 75,000,000. In 1902, last year, although the general exports had increased, the exports of manufactures had decreased again to 73,500,000. And the total result of this is that after thirty years you are sending 42,500,000 of manufactures less to the protected countries than you did thirty years ago.

Then there are the neutral countries—that is, the countries which, although they may have tariffs, have no manufactures, and therefore the tariffs are not protective—such countries as Egypt and China and South America, and similar places. They have not fallen to any considerable extent. They have practically remained the same, but on the whole they have fallen 3,500,000. Add that to the loss on the protected countries, and you have lost altogether in your exports of manufactures 46,000,000. How is it that that has not impressed the people before now? Because the change has been concealed by our statistics—I do not say they have not shown them, because you could have picked them out—but because they are not put in a form which is understood of the people. You have failed to observe that the continuance of your trade is dependent entirely on British possessions. While these foreign countries have declined 46,000,000, your British possessions have increased 40,000,000 [cheers]; and at the present time your trade with your Colonies and British possessions is larger in amount, very much larger in amount, and very much more valuable in its character, than the trade with any of the other categories I have named, is much larger than our trade with the whole of Europe and the United States of America. It is much larger than our trade to those neutral countries of which I have spoken, and it remains at the present day the most rapidly increasing, the most important, the most valuable of the whole of our trade. [Cheers.]

One more comparison during this period of thirty years in which our exports of manufactures to foreign countries have fallen 46,000,000. What has happened with their exports to us? They have risen from 63,000,000 in 1872 to 149,000,000

in 1902. They have increased 86,000,000. That may be all right. I am not for the moment saying whether that is right or wrong. But when people say that we ought to hold exactly the same opinion about things as our ancestors did, my reply is that I daresay we should do so if circumstances had remained the same. [Laughter and cheers.]

But now, if I have been able to make these figures clear, there is one thing which follows, that is that our Imperial trade is absolutely essential to our prosperity at the present time. [Hear, hear.] If that trade declines, or if it does not increase in proportion to our population and to the loss of trade with foreign countries, then we sink at once into a fifth-rate nation. [Hear, hear.] Our fate will be the fate of the empires and kingdoms of the past. We have reached our highest point; and, indeed, I am not certain that there are not some of my opponents who regard that with absolute complacency. I do not. [Hear, hear.] As I have said, I have the misfortune to be an optimist. I do not believe in the setting of the British star ["Hear hear" and cheers]; but then I do not believe in the folly of the British people. [Laughter.] I trust them, I trust the working classes of this country. I have confidence that they who are our masters, electorally speaking—that they will have the intelligence to see that they must wake up. [Hear, hear.] They must modify their policy to suit new conditions; they must meet the conditions with altogether a new policy. [Cheers.]

Well, now, I have said if our Imperial trade declines we decline. My second point is this. It will decline inevitably. It will decline unless, while there is still time, we take the necessary steps to preserve it. [Hear, hear.] Have you ever considered why it is that Canada takes so much more of the products of British manufactures than the United States of America does per head? When you answer that, then I have another conundrum. [Laughter.] Why does Australasia take about three times as much per head as Canada? And, to wind up, why does South Africa—the white population of South Africa—take more per head than Australasia? When you have got to the bottom of that—and it is not difficult—you will see the whole argument. These countries are all protective countries.

I see that the Labour leaders, or some of them, in this country, are saying the interest of the working class is to maintain our present system of free imports. The moment

those men go to the Colonies, I will undertake to say that no one of them has ever been there for six months without singing a different tune. [Loud cheers.] The vast majority of the working men in all the Colonies are protectionists. Well, I am not inclined to accept the easy explanation of that that they are all fools. [Laughter.] I do not understand why an intelligent man—a man who is intelligent in this country—becomes an idiot when he goes to Australasia [laughter and cheers]; but I will tell you what he does do. He gets rid of a good number of old-world prejudices and superstitions. [Cheers.] I say they are protectionist, all these countries.

Now, what is the history of protection? In the first place, a tariff is imposed. There are no industries, or practically none, but only a tariff. Then, gradually, industries grow up behind the wall—the tariff wall. In the first place they are primary industries, the industries for which the country has natural aptitude, or for which it has some special advantage—mineral or other resources. Then, when those are supplied, the secondary industries spring up; first the necessities, then the luxuries until at last all the ground is covered. Now, these countries of which I have been speaking to you are in different stages of the protective process. In America the process has been completed. She produces everything; she excludes everything. [Laughter.] There is no trade to be done with her for a paltry six shillings per head. Canada has been protective for a long time. The protective policy has produced its natural result. The principal industries are there, and you can never get rid of them. They will be there for ever. But up to the present time the secondary industries have not been created, and there is an immense deal of trade that is still open to you that you may still retain, that you may increase.

In Australasia the industrial position of that country is still less advanced. The agricultural products of the country have been first of all developed; accordingly Australasia takes more than Canada. In the Cape, in South Africa, there are, practically speaking, no industries at all. Very well, now I ask you to suppose that we intervene in any stage of the process. We can do it now; we might have done it with greater effect ten years ago. Whether we can do so with any effect, or at all, twenty years hence, I am very doubtful. We can intervene now. We can say to our great Colonies:

“We understand your views and conditions. We do

not attempt to dictate to you. We do not think ourselves superior to you. We have taken the trouble to learn your objections, to appreciate and sympathize with your policy. We know you are right in saying that you will not always be content to be what the Americans call 'a one-horse country,' with a single industry and no diversity of employment. We understand, we can see that you are right not to neglect what Providence has given you in the shape of mineral or other resources first—to profit by any natural produce which you may have. We understand, and we appreciate, the wisdom of your statesmen when they say that they will not allow their country to be solely dependent upon foreign supplies for the necessities of their life. [Hear, hear.] We understand all that, and, therefore, we will not propose to you anything that is unreasonable or contrary to this policy, which we know is deep in your hearts, but we will say to you—After all, there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production. Leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Do not increase your tariff walls against us: pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Let us in exchange with you have your productions in all these numberless industries which have not yet been erected. Do that because we are kinsmen [cheers], without regard to your important interest; because it is good for the Empire as a whole; and because we have taken the first step and have set you the example. [Cheers.] We offer you a preference. We rely on your patriotism, your affection, that we shall not be the losers thereby." [Cheers.]

Now suppose that we had made an offer of that kind, I will not say to the Colonies, but to Germany, or to the United States of America, ten or twenty years ago, do you suppose that we should not have been able to retain a great deal of what we have now lost and cannot recover? I will give you an illustration. America is the strictest of protective nations. It has a tariff which to me is an abomination. [Laughter and cheers.] It is so immoderate, so unreasonable, and so unnecessary, although America has profited enormously under it, yet I think it has been carried to excessive lengths, and I believe now that a great number of intelligent Americans would gladly negotiate with us for its reduction. But until very recent times even this immoderate tariff left to us a great trade. It left to us the tinplate trade, and the tinplate

trade amounted to millions per annum and gave employment to thousands of British workpeople. But if we had gone to America ten or twenty years ago and had said, "If you will leave the tinplate trade as it is, put no duty upon tinplates—you have never had to complain either of our quality or our price—we in return will give you some advantage on some articles which you produce," we should have kept the tinplate trade. It would not have been worth America's while to put a duty upon an article for which it had no particular or special aptitude or capacity. If we had gone to Germany, in the same sense, there are hundreds of articles which are now made in Germany which are sent to this country, which are taking the place of goods employing British labour, which they would have left to us in return for our concessions to them. We did not take that course; we were not prepared for it as a people; we allowed matters to drift. Are we going to let them drift now? [Cries of "No."] Are we going to lose the Colonies? [Cries of "No."]

This is the parting of the ways. You have to remember that if you do not take it it will not recur. If you do not take it, I predict, and I predict with certainty—although I seldom prophesy with equal faith I predict with certainty—that Canada will fall to the level of the United States, that Australia will fall to the level of Canada, that South Africa will fall to the level of Australia, and that will only be the beginning of the general decline that will deprive you of your most important customers, of your most rapidly increasing trade. [Cheers.]

Now I am quite convinced I had some reason to speak with authority upon this subject. The Colonies are prepared to meet us. [Cheers.] In return for a very moderate preference they will give us a substantial advantage. They will give us, in the first place—I believe they will reserve to us the trade which we already enjoy. They will arrange for tariffs in the future in order not to start industries in competition with those which are already in existence in the mother country. They will not—and I would not urge them for a moment to do so—they will not injure those industries which have already been secured; they will maintain them; they will not allow them to be destroyed or injured even by our competition. But outside that there is still a great margin—a margin which has given us this enormous increase of trade to which I have referred. That margin I

believe we can permanently retain. [Cheers.] And I ask you to think if that is of so much importance to us now that we have only 11,000,000 of white fellow-citizens in these distant Colonies, what will it be when in the course of a period which is a mere moment of time in the history of States—what will it be when that population is 40,000,000 or more? [Cheers.] Is it not worth while to consider whether the actual trade which you may retain, the enormous potential trade which you and your descendants may enjoy, be not worth a sacrifice, even if a sacrifice be required? But they will do a great deal more for you. This is certain. Not only will they enable you to retain the trade which you have, but they are ready to give you preference to all the trade which is now done with them by foreign competitors. I never see any argument of the free importers in reference to the magnitude of this trade. It is obvious what it is. It will increase, it has increased enormously in thirty years, and if it goes on with equally rapid strides we shall be ousted by foreign competition, if not by protective tariffs, from our Colonies.

It amounts at the present time—I have not the figures here, but I believe I am right in saying it is 47,000,000. But it is said that a great part of that 47,000,000 is in grooves which we cannot supply. That is true, and with regard to that portion of the trade we have no interest in any preferential tariff. But it has been calculated, and I believe it to be accurate, that 26,000,000 a year of that trade might come to this country which now goes to Germany and France and other foreign countries, if reasonable preference were given to British manufactures. [Cheers.] What does that mean? The Board of Trade assumes that of manufactured goods one-half the value is expended in labour—I think it is a great deal more, but take the Board of Trade figures—13,000,000 a year of new employment. What does that mean to the United Kingdom? It means the employment of 166,000 men at 30s. a week. [Cheers.] It means the subsistence, if you include their families, of 830,000 persons; and now, if you will only add to that our present export to the British possessions of 96,000,000, you will find that that gives employment at 30s. a week to 615,000 workpeople, and it finds subsistence for 3,075,000 persons. In other words, your Colonial trade as it stands at present, with the prospective advantage of a preference against the foreigner, means employment for three-quarters of a million of workmen

and subsistence for nearly 4,000,000 of our population. [Cheers.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel deeply sensible that the argument I have addressed to you is one of those which will be described by the leader of the Opposition as a squalid argument. [Laughter.] A squalid argument! I have appealed to your interests, I have come here as a man of business [cheers], I have appealed to the employers and the employed alike in this great city. I have endeavoured to point out to them that their trade, their wages, all depend on the maintenance of this Colonial trade, of which some of my opponents speak with such contempt, and, above all, with such egregious ignorance. [Laughter and cheers.] But now I abandon that line of argument for the moment, and appeal to something higher, which I believe is in your hearts as it is in mine. I appeal to you as fellow-citizens of the greatest Empire that the world has ever known; I appeal to you to recognize that the privileges of Empire bring with them great responsibilities. I want to ask you to think what this Empire means, what it is to you and your descendants. I will not speak, or, at least, I will not dwell, on its area, greater than that which has been under one dominion in the history of the world. I will not speak of its population, of the hundreds of millions of men for whom we have made ourselves responsible. But for all this variety, what of the fact that here we have an Empire which with decent organization and consolidation might be absolutely self-sustaining? [Cheers.] Nothing of the kind has ever been known before. There is no article of your food, there is no raw material of your trade, there is no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence which cannot be produced somewhere or another in the British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of those conditions.

There is another product of the British Empire—that is, men. You have not forgotten the advantage, the encouragement, which can be given by the existence of loyal men [hear, hear], inhabitants, indeed, of distant States, but still loyal to the common flag. [Cheers.] It is not so long since these men, when the old country was in straits, rushed to her assistance. No power was necessary; it was a voluntary movement. That was not a squalid assistance. [Cheers.] They had no special interest. They were interested, indeed, as sons of the Empire. If they had been separate States they would

have had no interest at all. They came to our assistance, and proved themselves indeed men of the old stock; they proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of the British Army, and gave us an assistance, a material assistance, which was invaluable. They gave us moral support, which was even more grateful. [Cheers.] That is the result of Empire. [Cheers.] I should be wrong if, in referring to our white fellow-subjects, I did not also say, in addition to them, if any straits befell us, there were millions and hundreds of millions of men born in tropical climes, and of races very different from ours, who, although they were prevented, by political considerations, from taking part in our recent struggle, would be, in any death-throe of the Empire [cheers], equally eager to show their loyalty and their devotion. [Cheers.] Now, is such a dominion, are such traditions, is such a glorious inheritance, is such a splendid sentiment—are they worth preserving? [Cries of “Yes” and cheers.]

Aye, they have cost much. They have cost us much in blood and treasure; and in past times, as in recent, many of our best and noblest have given their lives, or risked their lives, for this great ideal. But it has done much for us. It has ennobled our national life, it has discouraged that petty parochialism which is the defect of all small communities. I say to you that all that is best in our present life, best in this Britain of ours, all of which we have the right to be most proud, is due to the fact that we are not only sons of Britain, but we are sons of Empire. [Loud cheers.] I do not think, I am not likely to do you the injustice to believe, you would make this sacrifice fruitless, that you would make all this endeavour vain. But if you want to complete it, remember that each generation in turn has to do its part, and you are called to take your share in that great work. [Cheers.] Others have founded the Empire; it is yours to build firmly and permanently the great edifice of which others have laid the foundation. [Cheers.] And I believe we have got to change somewhat our rather insular habits. [Hear, hear.]

When I have been in the Colonies I have told them that they are too provincial, but I think we are too provincial also. We think too much of ourselves, and we forget—and it is necessary we should remember—that we are only part of a large whole. And when I speak of our Colonies, it is an expression; they are not ours—they are not ours in a possessory sense. They are sister States, able to treat with us from an

equal position, able to hold to us, willing to hold to us, but also able to break with us. I have had eight years' experience. [Cheers.] I have been in communication with all the men, with many of the men—most of the men, statesmen, orators, writers, distinguished in our Colonies. I have had intimate conversation with them. I have tried to understand them, and I think I do understand them [cheers], and I say that none of them desire separation. There are none of them who are not loyal to this idea of Empire, which they say they wish us to accept more fully in the future, but I have found none who were not convinced that our present colonial relations cannot be permanent. We must either draw closer together or we shall drift apart. [Hear, hear.] When I made that statement with all responsibility some time ago there were people, political opponents, who said: "See, here is the result of having a Colonial Secretary. Eight years ago the Colonies were devoted to the mother country. Everything was for the best. Preferences were not thought of. There were no squalid bonds. The Colonies were ready to do everything for us. They were not such fools as to think we should do anything for them. But when that happy state of things existed the Colonial Secretary came into office. Now it has all disappeared. We are told if we do not alter our policy we may lose our Empire." It is a fancy picture, but I will not rest it upon my opinion.

It is not I who have said this alone; others have said it before me. We have a statesman here in Scotland whose instincts are always right, but whose actions unfortunately often lag behind his instincts. What did he say many years before I came into office, in 1888? Lord Rosebery was speaking at Leeds [cheers and hisses], and he said this: "The people in this country will in a not too distant time have to make up their minds as to what position they wish their Colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire their Colonies to leave them altogether.

"It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations and preserve these Colonies parts of the Empire. I do not say that you can obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity and peace without some sacrifice on your part. Well, we have to consider, of course, what is the sacrifice which we are called upon to make. I do not believe—no, let me first say if there

be a sacrifice, if that can be shown, I will go confidently to my countrymen, I will tell them what it is, and I will ask them to make it. Nowadays a great deal too much attention is paid to what is called the sacrifice; no attention is given to what is the gain. [Hear, hear.]

"But, although I would not hesitate to ask you for a sacrifice, if a sacrifice were needed to keep together the Empire to which I attach so much importance, I do not believe that there would be any sacrifice at all. This is an arrangement between friends. This is a negotiation between kinsmen. Can you not conceive the possibility that both sides may gain and neither lose?" [Cheers.] Twelve years ago another great man—Mr. Cecil Rhodes [cheers]—with one of those flashes of insight and genius which made him greater than ordinary men, took advantage of his position as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony to write letters, which have recently been published, to the then Prime Minister of Canada and the Prime Minister of New South Wales. He said in one of these letters: "The whole thing lies in the question—can we invent some tie with our mother country that will prevent separation. It must be a practical one. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future." [Laughter.]

Well, I ask the same question. Can we invent a tie, which must be a practical one, which will prevent separation, and I make the same answer as Mr. Rhodes, who suggested reciprocal preference, and I say that it is only by commercial union, reciprocal preference, that you can lay the foundations of the confederation of the Empire to which we all look forward as a brilliant possibility. Now I have told you what you are to gain by preference. You will gain the retention and the increase of your customers. You will gain work for the enormous number of those who are now unemployed; you will pave the way for a firmer and more enduring union of the Empire. [Cheers.] What will it cost you?

What do the Colonies ask? They ask a preference on their particular products. You cannot give them—at least it would be futile to offer them—a preference on manufactured goods, because at the present time the export manufacture of the Colonies is entirely insignificant. You cannot, in my opinion, give them a preference on raw material. It has been said that I should propose such a tax; but I repeat now, in the most explicit terms, that I do not propose a tax on

raw materials, which are a necessity of our manufacturing trade. What remains? Food.

Therefore if you wish to have a preference, if you desire to gain this increase, if you wish to prevent separation, you must put a tax on food. [Cheers.] Now there is the murder. The murder is out. [Cheers and laughter.] I said that in the House of Commons, I said a good deal more; but that is the only thing of all that I said that my opponents have thought it particularly interesting to quote [laughter], and you see that on every wall, in the headlines of the leaflets of the Cobden Club, in the speeches of the devotees of free imports, in the arguments of those who dread the responsibilities of Empire, but do not seem to care much about the possibility of its dissolution—all these, then, put in the forefront that Mr. Chamberlain says you must tax truth—food. [Laughter.] Well, there is no need to tax truth, for that is scarce enough already. [Renewed laughter.] I was going to say this statement which they quote is true. But it is only half the truth, and they never give you the other half. [Cheers.] You never see attached to this statement that you must tax food the other words that I have used in reference to this subject, that nothing that I propose would add one farthing to the cost of living of the working man [cheers], or of any family in this country. [Cheers.] Well, how is that to be achieved? I have been asked for a plan. I have hesitated, because, as you will readily see, no final plan can be proposed till a Government is authorized by the people to enter into negotiations upon these principles. Until that Government has had the opportunity of negotiating with the Colonies, with foreign countries, and with the heads, the experts in all our great industries, any plan must be at the present time more or less of a sketch-plan. But at the same time I recognize that you have a right to call upon me for the broad outlines of my plan, and those I will give you if you will bear with me. [Cheers.] You have heard it said that I propose to put a duty of 5s. or 10s. a quarter on wheat. I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn, no duty at all on the corn coming from our British possessions. [Cheers.]

But I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn not exceeding 2s. a quarter. [Cheers.] I propose to put no tax whatever on maize, partly because maize is a food of some of the very poorest of people, and partly also because it is a raw material for the farmers, who feed their pigs on it. [Cheers.] I propose

that the corresponding tax which will have to be put on flour should give a substantial preference to the miller. [Cheers.] I do that in order to re-establish one of our most ancient industries in this country [cheers], believing that if that is done not only will more work be found in agricultural districts, with some tendency, perhaps, resulting against the constant migration from the country into the towns [cheers], but also because by re-establishing the milling industry in this country the offals, as they are called—the refuse of the wheat—will remain in the country and will give to the farmers or the agricultural population a food for their stock and their pigs at very much lower rates. [Cheers.] That will benefit not merely the great farmer, but it will benefit the little man, the small owner of a plot, or even the allotment-owner who keeps a single pig. [Cheers.]

I am told by a high agricultural authority that if this were done so great an effect would be produced upon the price of the food of the animal that where an agricultural labourer keeps one pig now he might keep two in the future. [Laughter.] I propose to put a small tax of about 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce. [Cheers.] I propose to exclude bacon, because, once more, bacon is a popular food with some of the poorest of the population. It forms the staple food for many of the poorest of the population. And, lastly, I propose to give a substantial preference to our Colonies upon colonial wines, and perhaps upon colonial fruits. [Cheers.] Well, those are the taxes, new taxes, or alterations of taxation which I propose as additions to your present burden.

But I propose also some great remissions. [Cheers.] I propose to take off three-fourths of the duty on tea [cheers], and half of the whole duty on sugar, with a corresponding reduction on cocoa and coffee. Now, what will be the result of these changes, in the first place, upon the cost of living; in the second place, upon the Treasury? As regards the cost of living, I have accepted, for the purpose of argument, the figures of the Board of Trade, as to the consumption of an ordinary workman's family, both in the country districts and in the town, and I find that if he pays the whole of the new duties that I propose to impose it would cost an agricultural labourer $16\frac{1}{2}$ farthings per week more than at present, and the artisan in the town $19\frac{1}{2}$ farthings per week. In other words, it would be about 4*d.* per week of an increase on the expenditure of the agricultural labourer and 5*d.* per week on

the expenditure of the artisan. But, then, take the reductions which I have proposed. Again, take the consumption as it is declared by the Board of Trade. The reductions would be, in the case of the agricultural labourer 17 farthings per week; in the case of the artisan 19½ farthings per week.

Now, gentlemen, you will see, if you follow me, that upon the assumption that you pay the whole of the new taxes yourselves, the agricultural labourer would be half a farthing per week to the better, and the artisan would be exactly the same. I have made this assumption, but I do not believe in it. I do not believe that these small taxes upon food would be paid to any large extent by the consumers in this country. I believe, on the contrary, they would be paid by the foreigner. [Cheers.] Now, that doctrine can be supported by authoritative evidence. In the first place, look at the economists—I am not speaking of the fourteen professors [laughter]—but take John Stuart Mill, take the late Professor Sidgwick, and I could quote others now living. They all agree that of any tax upon imports, especially if the tax be moderate, a portion, at any rate, is paid by the foreigner [cheers], and that is confirmed by experience. I have gone carefully during the last few weeks into the statistical tables not only of the United Kingdom, but of other countries, and I find that neither in Germany, nor in France, nor in Italy, nor in Sweden, nor in the United Kingdom, when there has been the imposition of a new duty or an increase of an old duty, has the whole cost over a fair average of years ever fallen upon the consumer. It has always partly been paid by the foreigner.

Well, how much is paid by the foreigner? That, of course, must be a matter of speculation, and there, again, I have gone to one of the highest authorities of this country—one of the highest of the official experts whom the Government consult—and I have asked him for his opinion, and in his opinion the incidence of a tax depends upon the proportion between the free production and the tax production. In this case the free production is the home production and the production of the Colonies. The tax production is the production of the foreigner, and this gentleman is of opinion that if, for instance, the foreigner supplies, as he does in the case of meat, two-ninths of the production, the consumer only pays two-ninths of the tax. If he supplies, as he does in the case of corn, something like three-fourths of the consumption,

then the consumer pays three-fourths of the tax. If, as in dairy produce, he supplies half of the production, then the consumer pays half of the tax. Well, as I say, that is a theory, like any other, that will be contested, but I believe it to be accurate, and at all events as a matter of curiosity I have worked out this question of the cost of living upon that assumption, and I find that, if you take that proposition, then the cost of the new duties would be $9\frac{1}{2}$ farthings to the agricultural labourer and 10 farthings to the artisan, while the reduction would still be 17 farthings to the labourer and $19\frac{1}{2}$ farthings to the artisan. Then, gentlemen, you see my point. If I give my opponents the utmost advantage, if I say to them what I do not believe, that I will grant that the whole of the tax is paid by the consumer, even in that case my proposal would give as large a remission on the necessary articles of his life as it imposes. Then upon the necessary articles the budget at the end of the week, or the result at the end of the year, will be practically the same, even if he pays the whole duty. And if he does not pay the whole duty, then he will have the advantages to which I have already referred. In the case of the agricultural labourer he will gain 2*d.* a week, and in the case of the town artisan he will gain $2\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a week. [Cheers.] Now I am afraid—I hope I am not wearying you. [Cries of “No, no,” and cheers.] I feel how difficult it is to make either interesting or intelligible to a great audience like this the complicated subject with which I have to deal. But this is my opening declaration [loud cheers], and I feel that I ought to leave nothing untold; at all events, to lay the whole of the outlines of my scheme before the country. [Cheers.]

Now the next point—the last point I have to bring before you—is that this advantage to the consumer will involve a loss to the Exchequer. You will see why the Exchequer, when it reduces tea or sugar, loses the amount of the tax on the whole of the consumption. but when it imposes a tax on corn or upon meat it only gains the duty on a part of the consumption, since it does not collect it either upon the Colonial or upon the home production. Well, I have had that worked out for me, also by an expert, and I find, even making allowance for growth in the Colonial and the home production which would result from this stimulus which we give to them—if you make allowances for these articles which I do not propose to tax—the loss of the Exchequer will be £2,800,000 per annum. How

is it to be made up? I propose to find it and to find more [cheers]—in the other branch of this policy of fiscal reform, in that part of it which is sometimes called retaliation and sometimes reciprocity. [Cheers.] Now I cannot deal freely with that subject to-night I shall have other opportunities, but this I will point out to you—that in any attempt to secure reciprocity we cannot hope to be wholly successful.

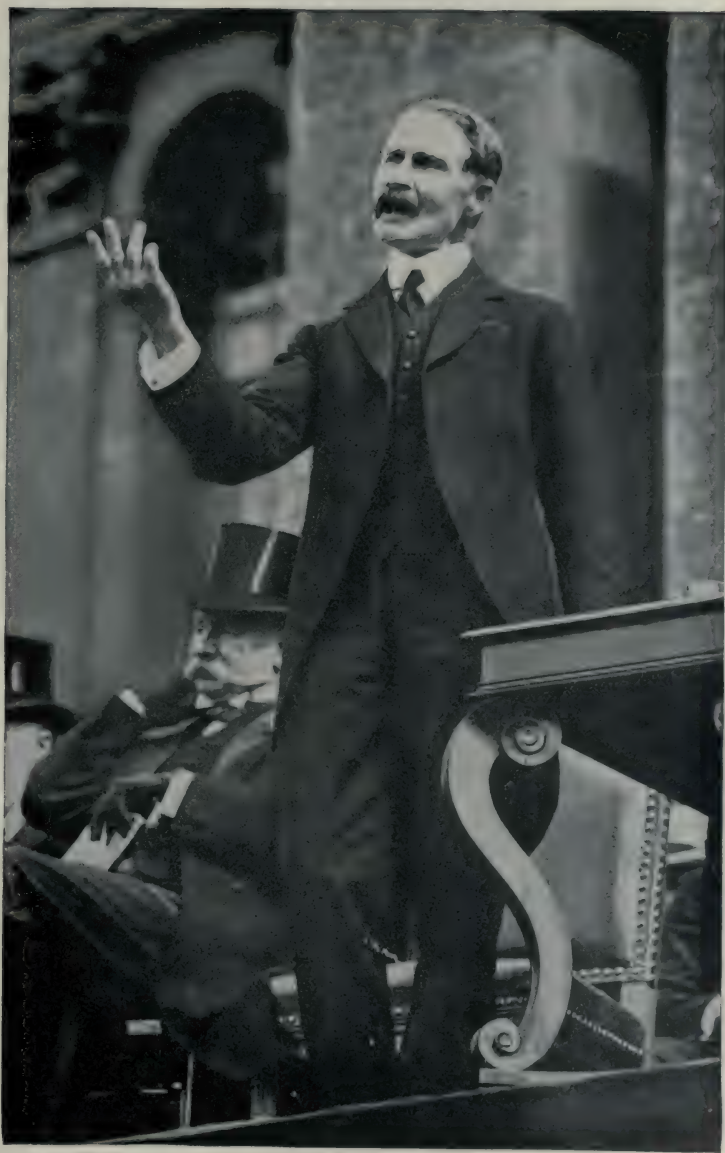
Nobody, I imagine, is sanguine enough to believe that America or Germany and France and Italy and all those countries are going to drop the whole of their protective system because we ask them to do so, or even because we threaten them. What I do hope is that they will reduce their duties so that worse things may not happen to them. [Cheers.] But I think we shall also have to raise ours. Now a moderate duty on all manufactured goods [cheers], not exceeding 10 per cent. on the average, but varying according to the amount of labour in these goods—that is to say, putting the higher rate on the finished manufactures upon which most labour would be employed in this country, and the lower duty on goods in which very little or less labour has been employed—a duty, I say, averaging 10 per cent. would give to the Exchequer at least 9,000,000 a year. [Cheers.] Nine millions a year—well, I have an idea that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer [loud and prolonged cheers] would know what to do with a full purse. [Laughter.] For myself, if I were in the onerous position—which may Heaven forbid [laughter]—I should use it, in the first place, to make up this deficit of £2,800,000 of which I have spoken; and, in the second place, I should use it for the further reduction both of taxes on food and also of some other taxes which press most hardly on different classes of the community. [Cheers.] Remember this: a new tax cannot be lost if it comes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He cannot bury it in a stocking. He must do something with it, and the best thing he can do with it is to remit other taxation; and now the principle of all this policy is that whereas your taxation, whether it be on food or anything else, brings you revenue, and nothing but revenue, the taxation which I propose, which will not increase your burdens, will gain for you in trade, in employment, in all that we most want to maintain, the prosperity of our industries. [Cheers.] The one is profitless taxation, the other is scientific taxation. [Cheers.]

I have stated, then, the broad outline of the plan which I

propose. [Cheers.] As I have said, this can only be filled up when a mandate has been given to the Government, when they have an opportunity, which they desire, to negotiate and discuss. It may be that when we have those taxes, or when we were prepared to put such a tax on manufactured goods, we might be willing to remit or reduce it if we could get corresponding advantages from the country whose products would thus be taxed. It cannot, therefore, be precisely stated now what it would bring in or what we should do, but this is clear, that, whatever it was, we should get something for it. We should get something, either in the shape of reduction of other taxation, or something in the shape of a reduction of those prohibitive tariffs which now hamper so immensely our native industry. [Cheers.] There will be, according to this plan, as I have said, no addition to the cost of living, but only a transfer of taxation from one item to another. It remains to ask, What will the Colonies say? I hear it said sometimes by people who, I think, have never visited the Colonies, and do not know much about them, that they will receive this offer with contempt, that they will spurn it, or that if they will accept it they will give nothing in return. Well, I differ from the critics. Do not do this injustice to the patriotism or the good sense of the Colonies. When the Prime Ministers, representing all the several States of the Empire, were here, this was the matter of most interesting discussion. Then it was that they pressed upon the Government the consideration of this question. They did not press—it is wrong, it is wicked to say that they pressed it in any spirit of selfishness. They had no idea of exclusive benefit for themselves. No; they, with Mr. Rhodes's ideal in their minds, asked for it as a tie, a practical tie, which should prevent separation, and I do not believe that they will treat ungenerously any offer that we may now be able to make to them. [Cheers.] They have no such idea, for they have offered you a preference already. Canada has given you a preference of 33½ per cent., South Africa has given you a preference of 25 per cent., New Zealand has offered a preference of 10 per cent. The Premier of Australia has promised to bring before Parliament a similar proposal. They have done all this in confidence, in faith which I am certain will not be disappointed—in faith that you will not be ungrateful, that you will not be unmindful of the influences which have weighed with them, that you will share their loyalty and devotion to an Empire which is theirs

as well as ours, and which they have also done something to maintain. [Cheers.]

And, ladies and gentlemen, it is because I sympathize with their object; it is because I appreciate the wisdom, aye, the generosity of their offer; it is because I see that things are moving, and that an opportunity now in your hands, once lost, will never recur; it is because I believe that this policy will consolidate the Empire—the Empire which I believe to be the security for peace and for the maintenance of our great British traditions [cheers]—it is for all these things, and, believe me, for no personal ambition [loud cheers], that I have given up the office which I was so proud to hold [renewed cheers], and that now, when I might, I think, fairly claim a period of rest, I have taken up new burdens; and I come before you as a missionary of Empire, to urge upon you once again, as I did in the old times, when I protested against the disruption of the United Kingdom [prolonged cheering], once again to warn you, to urge you, to implore you to do nothing that will tend towards the disintegration of the Empire, not to refuse to sacrifice a futile superstition, an inept prejudice, and thereby to lose the results of centuries of noble effort and patriotic endeavour. [Loud and prolonged cheers, amid which Mr. Chamberlain resumed his seat, having spoken for an hour and three-quarters.]



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WOODROW WILSON

TARIFF REFORM

[Speech by the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, delivered before the National Democratic Club, New York, 1912.]

GENTLEMEN :—The question of the tariff is one of those public questions which occasionally slumbers, but is again and again stirred to life, because of the central part it plays in our economic life and in our politics. Once again it has become the chief and most critical question of a campaign which must decide the policy of our Government, not only in this great matter, but in regard to a score of things which touch the general adjustments of our life. It is a question upon which public attention has seldom been concentrated as it is now. No one can mistake the signs of the times with regard to it. Everywhere men of all stations and all occupations are found convinced, some of them for the first time, that the tariff must be dealt with in a new spirit and with a new purpose, and with an unaccustomed thoroughness, if we are to set straight some of the things which disturb our life.

Two causes stand out more prominently than the rest in explaining this situation. In the first place, every one has been touched by the extraordinary rise in prices ; every man knows how much more it costs him to live than it used to cost him, and is looking about for the explanation. Everywhere the conviction increases that there is some artificial reason for high prices, some reason that need not exist, and that a change of economic policy on the part of the country can, and will, bring prices down. In the second place, there is a general suspicion that monopoly lies behind the increase in the cost of living. The proofs accumulate that in many

markets a command of prices has been established by small groups of persons, or a single great industrial combination, and that competition, the great regulator of price, has been practically shut out. Along with the control of prices have gone the control of enterprise, the restriction of enterprise, the shutting out of those who would compete if credit and opportunity were not closed against them.

Moving causes like these, the actual daily difficulty of making both ends meet, and the suspicion that some unfairness, some selfish control is the explanation of the difficulty, create a situation in which frank analysis and frank action cannot be avoided. We must explain the situation, and we must meet it. The settlement cannot be evaded, and it cannot be postponed.

No doubt it is a great detriment to the country that this question is never quiet, is always to be settled, has again and again and again risen to disturb the course of our politics ; but the reason is plain. Our tariff policy has not for several generations been based upon any principle whatever, but only upon a system of favouritism, of patronage, of arbitrary fosterage by the Federal Government. "Protection" can hardly, by its very nature, be granted on principle. It must be fitted to the need of those who are to be protected. Its object and motive is benevolence. Its theory is that the Government is not the instrument of justice to all, but the guardian of those picked out to be taken care of ; and there must always be a picking out. We suspect, moreover, that those who have been picked out are in most instances those who have cried out loudest for recognition and succour, and who have, by means public or private, made the deepest impression.

I say that it is disadvantageous to the country that this question should always be coming up for resettlement, because every time it is brought under discussion anew there must inevitably be a considerable disturbance of business. One cannot wonder that business men demand to be left in peace, and protest against the constant reconsideration of the measures upon which their daily transactions depend. It is a very serious matter, indeed, that the business of the country, upon which we depend for the support, the stability, and ease of our life, should be so constantly stirred to its depths by one sort of agitation or another with regard to the tariff—upon which to too great an extent it has been built.

But there is an inexorable law in this matter. No question is ever settled until it is settled in accordance with justice and the permanent principles of government. No system of favouritism can ever remain long unchanged. Those who benefit by it will never be satisfied, and those who are oppressed by it will never cease their assaults upon it. Undoubtedly, business should be taken out of politics; it will never be satisfactory until it is. But business cannot be taken out of politics until business ceases to demand that the Government shall sustain it; and the fact is that having demanded that Government should sustain it, it has itself aggressively sought to direct Government. Business has entered politics, has subsidized it, has maintained political machines, has in too many instances dominated both in nominations to office and in the dictation of legislative policy. Is not this the root of the whole matter? May it not properly be suggested that if business is to be taken out of politics, a useful initial step would be for business voluntarily to withdraw from politics? No one can desire to see it debauched and demoralized. Every thoughtful and patriotic man must wish to play his part in releasing it from its false position, and in putting it upon a basis of independence, self-respect, and stability. This cannot be accomplished without mutual concession and forbearance. It is a task of common counsel. The business men of the country are as much interested in taking the initiative in the matter as any public man can be.

And yet, after all, it is not the old tariff question that has now come up for a new settlement, but to all intents and purposes a new tariff question. The circumstances of industry have so altered in recent years that the whole matter wears an absolutely new face. The policy of protection was once a very arguable policy indeed. The men who built it up, item by item, and who defended it with the greatest success in public speech, belonged to a generation which lived under conditions which have now almost entirely disappeared. Mr. La Follette has stated their position so clearly that I take the liberty of quoting his words:

"Hamilton, Clay, Blaine, and McKinley believed that it made little difference how high the duties were fixed, because free competition between domestic manufacturers within the tariff wall would inevitably force prices down, insuring the lowest charge to the consumer commensurate with paying American wages to American workmen."

But the conditions of their day no longer prevail. The trouble is, to quote Mr. La Follette's frank admission, that domestic competition and independent enterprise no longer serve as the strong regulators of commerce that the earlier protectionists counted on, for the reason which Mr. La Follette states, namely, that, taking advantage of the sheltering height of the tariff wall, many great manufacturing interests have formed combinations which have practically shut competition out from domestic markets, and the automatic regulator is utterly destroyed. The obvious fact is that there have been radical changes in internal conditions and radical changes in our trade relations with the world at large. Former theories are now inapplicable; former practices quite impossible. The old theories have been thrown entirely out of joint by the new indisputable facts. The radical change in internal conditions, of course, centres in the new industrial combinations, and our trade relations with the outside world are already undergoing changes which alter the whole aspect of questions like the tariff question.

For a time, for a very long time, of peaceful internal development we were content, and had reason to be content with the development of our splendid internal resources, and concentrated our attention upon the expansions of trade within our own borders which naturally followed the movements of our population and the building up of new settlements and new industries throughout the continent. America afforded an immense field for the natural development of free trade. The very purpose of the establishment of our Federal Government had been to break down all customs barriers between commonwealth and commonwealth. It was, so to say, a native principle of our Government that there should be no tariff obstacles within the continent itself; and so our manufacturers and our traders had a free field of unexampled fertility and opportunity. By the largesse of nature and the freedom of the economic policy thus established, we built ourselves up into a great industrial and commercial nation. But we centred our thoughts and our energies upon ourselves.

Once, in the early days of the Republic, for example, our ships were upon every sea and we were among the chief carriers of the world's commerce; but, as if by deliberation, we adopted navigation laws and tariff duties which destroyed our merchant marine. We gave up the carrying trade and

turned our eyes and energies in upon ourselves. It is one of the most notable things of economic development that a nation with a genius for trade should have played so poor a part as we have hitherto played in the competition for foreign markets. We have even had to import Canadian bankers to deal in foreign bills of exchange, as if that were a thing unfamiliar to us and to which we paid little heed. We have scorned and turned our backs upon a success which we might have carried, under our own stars and stripes, to the ends of the earth.

But now the situation is being altered. Our own cup is full, our export trade in manufactures is, as if in spite of us, gaining very great volume. It has been a sort of inevitable overflow. Just as once our fertile fields produced more grain than we could ourselves consume, and our farmers fed the rest of the world, so now our abundance in the field of industry is overflowing our borders. The thing was inevitable. It had to come with our great development and with our irrepressible gifts for enterprise of every kind; and now it has come, and has created circumstances which we must meet by liberalizing our methods of dealing with the rest of the world. We cannot readily open the gates of export unless we also open the gates of import. Having made the continent our own, industrially speaking, it is now our opportunity to make the trade of the world our own, and merchants and manufacturers alike will demand that we do so. The rôle is almost thrust upon us.

The Spanish war played a very great part in breaking into our provincialism. Our hermit industries and our hermit commerce have since then opened their eyes to the wide prospects of the whole world. That war forced us out into the field of international politics, and the thought of our merchants has followed the thought of our politicians into that wider field.

Our chief competitors are England and Germany. They at present enjoy a great advantage over us, an advantage which Mr. Redfield has so clearly pointed out in speeches from which I have derived the greatest stimulation and instruction. He has pointed out the advantage of the English manufacturer and trader, because of the supremacy of England in the carrying trade and the extent and serviceability and elasticity of her strong banking system, intended for universal uses. English sea captains and English bankers

are the servants of English commerce everywhere, while we have no banking system that can help our merchants in like fashion, and no merchant marine at all. You are more likely to see the flag of Greece upon the sea than the flag of the United States. Germany, in like manner, has an admirable and most serviceable banking system, and the Germans have devoted their practical thoroughness not only to the perfecting of what they have to sell, but, more important still, to the perfecting of the methods by which they seek to adapt it to every use and sell it.

What strikes one as most interesting and most extraordinary in the presence of such a radical change in the circumstances of our economic life is that the standpat Republican leaders seem absolutely unaware that anything is altered since the time when the protectionist policy was conceived. They stand unenlightened and unaware. I do not know what has closed their minds against the fact, and it is not profitable to speculate. Senator La Follette has said very truly that Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Smoot, and their confrères "believe it more important to keep up the profits of the combined manufacturers than to keep down the prices to the people." "We ought," as Mr. La Follette justly urges, "to work toward a condition in which American enterprise, good management, clever and powerful machinery, intelligence and skill of the workers, will enable us to have a *low cost of labour along with high wages to the labourer.*" But we shall get no assistance from the gentlemen of whom I have spoken. Neither their minds nor their hearts are enlisted in the enterprise.

I should think that their imaginations would kindle at the possibility of what may be accomplished in establishing the genuine supremacy of American skill and intelligence. But their thoughts are bent upon nothing except shielding American manufacturers from the necessity of putting their skill and intelligence to the test which would develop them.

Those of us who have vision and liberty of thought enough to look forward to what our great American merchants and manufacturers can accomplish, when American enterprise is at last set free, have a stimulus for action that quickens every drop of patriotic blood in us. Think of what American skill, American genius for invention, for management, for enterprises boldly and largely conceived, American comprehension of the needs and rights of labour, American organiza-

tions and initiative will rise to when the great time of free opportunity comes, when our stupid provincial navigation laws are repealed, and we can own ships as we please; when the tariff duties on materials are modified and we can build ships as we were once wont to build them at our docks; when we have created a banking system which the whole world can use; when we have at last looked upon the fields of the world as we once in our youth looked upon the fields of America. Think of how American seamen will once more take possession of the seas, American merchants once more carry their wares to the Indies and the ends of the earth, their shrewd enterprise and sagacity and knowledge of men making them welcome everywhere, the American manufacturer ship his goods to every market. How glad shall America then be that there came a generation which cast off the old shackles and set American genius free to enter into its heritage throughout a world of peace and justice and calm and ordered enterprise! The men who set America free will be greater than those who put her in swaddling-clothes.

The fetish of those who defend the protectionist policy through thick and thin, and resist even its minor modifications, is "Prosperity," and certainly no man in his senses would wish to imperil or impair or embarrass the genuine processes of prosperity. But have these gentlemen analyzed prosperity? Are they sure what it consists of? No doubt they are confident that they understand it, but to us it is painfully evident that they do not. Prosperity in their mind seems to mean business at any cost, that is, at any cost to the taxpayer and the consumer. Senator Aldrich said in the debate on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill that he would be as ready to vote a duty of 300 *per cent.* as to vote a duty of 50 *per cent.*, provided 300 *per cent.* was needed to enable the industry in question to get a foothold in this country and maintain itself as against foreign competition. He was willing, that is, to take part in establishing industries in this country which would be maintained at a 300 *per cent.* disadvantage to the consumer in the cost of the article produced. The thorough-going protectionist prides himself upon what he calls "the acquisition of new enterprises by the country," by which he means the establishment in the United States of industries which can be established here only at a great natural disadvantage as compared with conditions prevailing elsewhere. He rejoices in the policy, in short, by which the

whole country is taxed for the maintenance of an industry which can be carried on here only at a very considerable artificial disadvantage.

One is reminded of the old stories of creatures who subsisted upon their own flesh. It would seem as if the idea of such advocates of protection was that we should stimulate our energies by taxing ourselves to any point of embarrassment or exhaustion. This hardly seems the law of life. Has it not occurred to these gentlemen that they may be protecting incompetence, particularly now that manufacturers can shield themselves from domestic competition by combining with one another? By such means they are, indeed, snug and safe behind the tariff barrier which makes it impossible for the skill or the trading sagacity of the foreigner to get at them. Upon this theory where are we to stop? What are we *not* to encourage? The question is not one of protection. It is one of deliberately creating a living and an occupation for men whose initiative and intelligence might just as well have been turned in other directions, to as great profit to themselves and with much less expense to us. Development at any price is assuredly poor economy.

I cannot follow these gentlemen in thinking that domestic production is always in itself a good and a benefit, no matter what the circumstances. It is a good to the country if it stimulates ingenuity, skill, economy of effort, generalship in the field of commerce, and a real mastery in the field of industrial management,—if it results in the lowering of the cost of production, in order to increase the profit and the opportunity; but if it does not stimulate these things, if it promotes easy-going methods in which there is no effort to reduce the cost and enhance the quality, then it is not a benefit either to those who participate or to those who buy the product.

It is entirely unconvincing to urge that it is only by such means as the tariff that work can be made for American workmen, and wages be kept at the high level which we all desire for the American working man. Wages would have to be high indeed to be kept at the level of the high prices created by the processes which this policy has lately set afoot. Every economist as well as every manufacturer who knows anything of the real principles of his business must smile at the assumption that protection produces high wages.

High wages are paid when they are earned. They are earned

in America because by common consent American working men are more efficient and skilful than the working men of any other country. But their skill depends in part upon the excellence of the tools they use ; their efficiency depends upon all the conditions of their life. If they work in factories which are sanitary, where their physical welfare is looked after, if they work under superintendents and managers who treat them like human beings and stimulate them by fairness and right dealing, if they are made aware that they are really sharing the prosperity of the business they are engaged in, and are not being hired at the lowest possible figure in order to exact the highest possible return, then they will not only earn high wages, but high wages will prove the most economical investment for the employer. Wages do not constitute the labour cost of any product, except perhaps in the most primitive work, in establishments which are not equipped or managed as they should be. The character of the tools used, the whole efficiency of the establishment in respect of its management, the assembling and arrangement of its machinery, the sequence and adjustment of its processes, constitute the chief determining elements of labour cost. Wherever there is intelligent management, efficient organization, and constant attention to all the details of waste and expense, the constant betterment of the processes by the improvement of detail after detail, it will be found that profits increase as the energy of the workman increases and the wages themselves increase.

The strength of American industry lies in the skill and intelligence of the American workman, and the capacity of American superintendents and managers ; and the efficiency and glory of the working man depend upon all the moral and physical elements involved in the circumstances of his employment. Associate him with skilful and efficient and progressive management, put him where there are natural and accessible resources, properly and economically handled, and you will have an industry which does not need to be protected against the competition of anybody in the world. In short, create the conditions which will produce free, abundant, efficient, well-generated productiveness, and you have set American industry upon the road to absolute supremacy.

These are the causes of prosperity, provided, of course, along with these, you supply the country with an adequate, intelligent, elastic financial system. "Labour cost" does

not consist in wages any more than it consists in the price of machines, whether good or bad. It depends upon a score of other things: upon organization; upon the source from which the power is derived to drive the machinery; upon the genius of those who supervise and know how to make the most of every useful device and thoughtful rearrangement. High cost, always supposing the proper raw materials economically supplied, very likely means inefficiency somewhere, or waste in some one of its many forms.

It is by these tests that we are to judge how tenable the new protectionist ground is. For it is now upon a new ground. The last national platform of the Republican Party uncovers that new ground. In it the country is promised duties which will equal the difference in the cost of production between this country and the foreign countries with which our manufacturers are obliged to compete, "in addition," it is naïvely added, "to a reasonable profit." One cannot help wondering how anybody who knows anything of the real circumstances of industry could have drawn such a plank with a straight face. It is not too much to say that the whole proposition is ignorant and preposterous. No protectionist of the earlier school ever allowed his mind to go so far as this in its extremest vagary. Taken in its plain logical significance, this can mean nothing else than absolutely universal protection. Anybody and everybody who is at a disadvantage in America as against the foreign manufacturer is entitled under the strict letter of this new doctrine to tariff duties which would equal the difference between what it costs him to produce his goods and what it costs the foreign producer; and will in addition to that be entitled to a reasonable profit, assured him at the hands of a benevolent Ways and Means Committee of the House and Finance Committee of the Senate. They are pledged, if they be of the Republican faith and follow the Republican platform, to be his foster-fathers and the guarantors of profit to him.

If this country is to be the snug harbour for those who are at a disadvantage in the markets of the world, why should it not also, by the convenient method of combination, be a refuge for those who are also at a disadvantage in the markets of America itself? Are there not evidences that it has become just that? Have not the great combinations recently effected in this country brought about just such a result? Of a dozen mills or factories brought together in a single trust or com-

bination, there is always a very considerable variety in the so-called cost of production. In some the machinery has not been brought up to date ; the plant is not built in a way to lend itself to the most efficient methods of production ; the market is not quite so accessible ; the source of raw materials is more difficult of access. Again and again it has happened that after the combination was effected, the less efficient factories and mills were closed down and only the more efficient continued in operation ; but the business as newly constituted had to carry the cost of the original merger of the inefficient mills and factories. They were probably put into the combination at a figure greatly exceeding their real value. This figure enters into the issue of the securities of the corporation ; the profits must be made upon those figures if the stockholders are to get dividends ; and so the country must carry for an indefinite period inefficient establishments which have been actually closed and put out of business.

And this very process itself shows the futility of any attempt to base duties upon "cost of production." The cost of production where ? By whom ? In which establishment ? Under what circumstances ? In no two factories, it is safe to say, is the cost of production exactly the same. In no one factory ought it to be the same at two different periods. There ought to be a constant improvement of process, a constant betterment, a constant variation in the cost of production on the side of profit and efficiency. In these circumstances, whom are you going to protect ? The least efficient ? The most efficient ? Or, as would seem to be suggested by the reports of the Tariff Board, the establishments of average efficiency ? The line of average is a perfectly arbitrary line. How shall you justify leaving those who are above it out in the cold ; and, if you go below it, to the establishments where there is the greatest efficiency, is it not likely that you have confined your protection to the trusts and combinations ? How constantly is it urged as against objections to the trusts that their great combinations of capital and skill have resulted in vastly increased efficiency, in better production, in lower cost of production, and lower prices ! Is it not constantly pointed out to us that illuminating oil, for example, is of much better quality than it ever was before, and obtainable at a much lower price ? No doubt efficiency is often produced by combination. Is it to

be the standard of protection, therefore, that we will protect only the trusts? In whatever direction you turn in your search for solid ground under your feet you will, so long as you act upon this new Republican doctrine, find your search in vain. You will everywhere be walking upon quicksand. There is no rest for the weary, either for the weary doctrinaire or the weary politician, to be found in that shifting field.

No one need regret the establishment of the Tariff Board, because its conscientious labours are sure to furnish us with a great deal of material upon which it will be possible to reason with a certain degree of confidence. But one cannot help sympathizing with a body of honest men who are set to find "differences in cost of production," to furnish an intelligent basis for the Republican tariff policy. No doubt in the minds of pious protectionists it is comparable to the quest for the Holy Grail, but we cannot help suspecting that the adventures to be had upon the journey are less interesting and less gallant.

I do not see how any one can look at the present policy of our Government in respect of the protection of industry by tariff duties without having the conclusion forced upon his mind, if he be candid in his examination of the question, that we have suffered by reason of this policy, and are suffering, an immense economic waste, including the waste of our natural resources. I suppose we will all admit a sense of anxiety, touched with shame, that we have been so prodigal of the extraordinary natural resources of this country. Foreigners look upon our wastefulness with a natural astonishment and dismay. The great masses of wood left to rot in our forests, the abandonment of sources of supply the moment they begin to be a little hard to work, the thoughtless exhaustion of the soil, the impairment of our water resources by the improvident cutting down of forests, the reckless neglect of all possible by-products and savings which may be built up from small beginnings to great profits—we are realizing these things now, and we know at last that it has been our protective policy which has made it safe and habitual with us to commit constant waste—to neglect economy and seek only quick profits.

We are of a different mind now. We know that we are upon the eve of a time when we must be as scrupulous in saving as we have been hasty in reaping rough-and-ready gains. We have become aware of a very singular kind of

waste. We see great corporations buying up mines, for example, and mineral deposits, which they cannot use now, and do not intend to use for the present, but whose purchase price goes into their financial reckonings, and constitutes part of the basis upon which we have to pay the prices charged for their products. In this way one generation is paying for what the next generation will use. And much of this has been due to the fact that our manufacturers have not been obliged to avoid unnecessary and greedy acquisitions of property, to be studious of the small economies and to practise the more nicely studied methods of efficiency. We have added to all this a pride in the "acquisition of new industries," which we could not afford to acquire, and which we have been obliged to maintain at a great economic cost and sacrifice to our people. "Business at any price" has made business exceedingly costly.

One effect of all this has been very unnatural and very mortifying. It has made cowards of our manufacturers. It has made them subject to sudden panic; it has created amongst them the fear that they cannot subsist by their own ability, but can subsist only by the protection of the Government. It has seemed as if they were afraid of being obliged to be alert and self-dependent and aggressive in their enterprise. They have studied how to get under cover, not how to be independent of patronage. With an incomparable body of workmen at their back, with skill that they boasted was superior to that of the rest of the world, with incomparable natural resources about them, with highly developed intelligence, and a great educated population to draw on, they have been habitually timid and have suffered a real demoralization.

Another great conclusion to which we are forced is that the protective policy has been a policy for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. There is one very interesting proof of this: The Republican Party, because it has been the party of protection, has been supplied with funds time out of mind by protected manufacturers. It has based its pleas for political power upon the self-pleasing theory that it was the sponsor for the prosperity of the country; that the prosperity of the country depended upon high protective duties, and that those who had the greatest material stake in the business of the country were best qualified to understand whereof its prosperity consisted and how that

prosperity ought to be supported and maintained. It is thus that the Republican Party has ceased to be a people's party and has sought to maintain the power of the Government in the hands of trustees, of those who were spokesmen for the greater enterprises, of those who were in closest touch with the great financial interests of the country. They have pleased themselves with the idea that they were working for the benefit of the people, but they have again and again shown that they did not dare leave the verdict as to their success unsupervised. They have felt that the American voter must always be personally conducted to his conclusions by some one of the trustees of the nation. They have sought to create an atmosphere of uneasiness whenever any attempt was made to break in upon their trusteeship and patronage of the country. For a long time their theories could be so plausibly expounded that the great body of voters was convinced of the necessity of standing by them if prosperity was to be maintained. It provokes a grim smile to note the cheerful perseverance of these trustees of our prosperity in the theory that only their ideas could keep wages at their proper level; that they, and they alone, understood the interests of the American working man. This solicitude on their part for the wage-earner is very familiar, very amusing, very suspicious. I say suspicious, because the real fact of the matter is that the tariff duties have had very little to do with the rate of wages. The rate of wages has depended upon the fairness of the employer, the skill of the working man, and, above all, upon the intelligence of the working man in looking after his own interests, and combining, when necessary, to see that they were heeded and respected. The old prepossessions are being rapidly thrown off, and American working men are beginning at last to see that they were misled as to the genuine sources of prosperity and good pay. They now see that the trusteeship resulted in an enormous benefit to the few and a questionable benefit to the many.

It is obvious, for example, that a frank dealing with Schedule K of the tariff, with the duties on sugar, on cotton, on iron and steel, would result in no decrease of prosperity at all, and be of a material benefit to the great body of workers and consumers. Free raw materials would lower the cost of domestic manufacture, would obviate the necessity for vicious compensating duties, and would help domestic manufacturers in foreign markets. Such rates are of no particular

advantage to the American farmer. On the contrary, they enhance the cost of almost every tool that he uses.

Most striking and fundamental of all is the moral effect of the tariff. It is based upon an absolutely false theory of the function of government, and upon an absolutely false theory of human life and social stimulation. Self-help is the law of life, not help out of the taxes. It is injurious to the moral health of the body politic that the principle of paternalism should be so monstrously encouraged that a disposition should be created to look upon the Government as an instrument of gain instead of as an instrument for the promotion of the well-being of all. It creates a just and well-founded feeling of resentment that the fortunes of manufacturers and the developments of big business should be, not the rewards of efficiency and of intelligent foresight, but the result of exactions levied by the Government on the masses and on other industries for the benefit of those chiefly safeguarded and protected. The country is becoming aware that the tariff has been made to cover costs arising, as Mr. Redfield has said, "from mistakes in management, errors in location, bad equipment, faulty methods, or neglect to adopt the most modern system of cost-keeping and supervision." These considerations must stir very deeply the feeling and the purpose of every one who believes, as I do most entirely believe, in the capacity, intelligence, and essential independence of the American man of business. I believe him fit to be master of the world of enterprise, when that world is once made free to his genius. He has been put in a hothouse where his genius has not properly developed, where his energies have not been vouchsafed their true outlet.

There has grown up in the nation, moreover, a deep uneasiness, a profound conviction that justice has not been done, that some have benefited while most have suffered, that a great system of favouritism has been built up, and that those that have been favoured have become the masters of the Government and of the people alike. This cannot be wholesome. This cannot be let stand as it is. We must bring our own consciences to the reckoning. We must see to it with absolute candour and openness of mind that the different classes and interests of our great nation are brought together in a system which will be fair to all.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is that no sound and permanent footing has ever been found for the

protectionist policy. Many things have been wrought by it in this country which we may accept as good and desirable ; many men of the highest patriotic purpose have sustained it and have used it as an instrument for the benefit of the country ; but always there has been concealed within it a great fundamental misconception as to the uses of government. When America was in her infancy ; when her resources were undeveloped ; when her industries were at their beginning, there was much to be said for a system of artificial stimulation and protection. But long after that period was passed, and that reason for the maintenance of the system of protection cut away, it was maintained upon other theories and with other purposes, and it has grown until it has become a veritable incubus, not merely upon the consumer, but upon the business of the country itself ; and on it have been built up great combinations and monopolies, which have drawn down upon themselves universal condemnation. We are rich enough, we are safe enough in our prosperity, we are sure enough of our capacity, of our skill, of our resourcefulness, to set ourselves free at last. We are ready now in our maturity to return to the only uses of government of which the mature can approve. Taxation must never be used for the benefit of some at the expense of others. The power of the Government must never be loaned to those who cannot sustain themselves. The only legitimate object of taxation is revenue for the support of the Government.

I dare say that we can never have free trade in this country. It is wise and necessary that we should leave direct taxation, for the most part, to the States for the maintenance of their Governments and enterprises. The Federal Government will probably always derive the greater part of its needed revenues from duties on imports. But it is possible, as it will be wise and in the long run imperative, to base those duties upon the revenue needs of the Government and not upon a theory of protection.

This change cannot be brought about suddenly. We cannot arbitrarily turn right-about-face and pull one policy up by the roots and cast it aside, while we plant another in virgin soil. A great industrial system has been built up in this country under the fosterage of the Government, behind a wall of unproductive taxes. The change must be brought about, first here, then there, and then there again. Circumstances have cleared our perception of the facts with regard

to some of the tariff schedules, and we can deal with them with a relatively free hand without any fear that we shall create damaging disturbances in the business of the country. We must move from step to step with as much prudence as resolution.

And while we do so we must create by absolute fairness and open-mindedness the atmosphere of mutual concession. There are no old scores to be paid off, there are no resentments to be satisfied, there is no revolution to be attempted; men of every interest must be drawn into the conference as to what it behoves us to do, and what it is possible for us to do. No one should be excluded from counsel, except those who will not come in upon terms of equality and the common interest. We deal with great and delicate matters. We should deal with them with pure and elevated purpose, without fear, without excitement, without undue haste, like men dealing with the sacred fortunes of a great country, and not like those who play for political advantage or seek to reverse any policy in their own behalf.

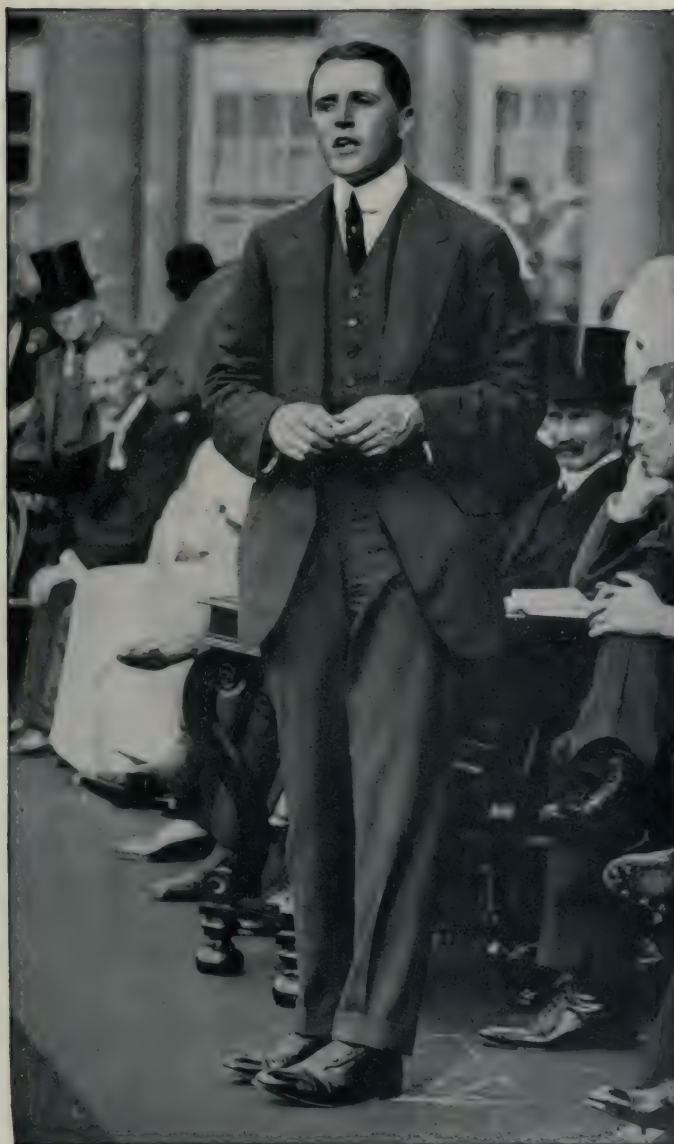
RT. HON. F. E. SMITH

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

[Speech delivered in the House of Commons July 12, 1910.]

MR. SPEAKER:—I consider it an advantage that this subject should be discussed with a fuller sense of responsibility than has sometimes prevailed in previous discussions. I will not express a clear opinion as to which party will be likely to benefit from the Bill. Judging from the party Press, the Liberal supporters of the Bill are under the impression that they have somewhat deluded its Conservative supporters, its Conservative supporters are under the impression that they have gained a considerable advantage over its Liberal supporters, and the Labour Party are convinced that they have gained an enormous advantage over both. [Laughter.] How that may be I do not know, but my observation of the municipal franchise has led me to the conclusion that the very limited proposals of the present Bill will for the time being materially assist the party to which I belong [Ministerial cheers], and having regard to the momentous issues which may be submitted at the next General Election, I have been greatly tempted to make my opposition to the Bill less vocal. The member for Clitheroe has frankly disclosed his real position; he only regards the Bill as a start. Conciliation ought to mean that all the parties to it give up something, but the champion of the Conciliation Committee in this House has given up nothing.

The member for Blackburn has truly said that for all practical purposes the granting of the vote to a few women means the enfranchisement of the whole sex. If the fundamental distinction of sex be once abandoned the whole case which I represent is gone for ever. [Cheers.] That is the



RT. HON. F. E. SMITH, P.C., K.C.

Momentarily perplexed.

reason why the Bill is supported by people who dislike its provisions ; they know that if they get any kind of Bill passed their case will be won for all time. I should like to ask my hon. friend the member for Hertford whether it does not occur to him that he has been made somewhat of a decoy duck in connexion with this Bill. [Laughter.] The object of the hon. member for Clitheroe is adult suffrage, the result of which, when it comes, will be a total electorate of 23,000,000, instead of 7,000,000, and in that electorate there will be an actual majority of women. [Hear, hear.]

In order that you may clearly understand whether the whole Suffrage Party in the House share the views of the hon. member for Clitheroe, I ask is there an influential supporter of the Bill who can sincerely say that he sees a settlement of this question in the Bill? [Cheers.] Those who support the Bill will, if it passes, have evacuated every defensible position. They will approach future controversies bankrupt of all arguments fixed on principle and will be exposed to the taunt that they supported this measure as long as they believed they could derive party advantage from it, and only opposed it when they became apprehensive that they might sustain a party loss. [Hear, hear.] The hon. member for Clitheroe will not, I hope, complain if I examine not what he might call the recognisance in force in this Bill, but the real attack which, according to the hon. member, is involved in it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is right in declaring, as he practically does by the point of order he has raised, that the provisions of the Bill taken by themselves are profoundly undemocratic. Every Liberal who believes in democracy is bound to oppose the Bill.

I wish to make a few observations on the larger policy of which this Bill is an instalment. The hon. member for Clitheroe has spoken of this as a measure of justice, and in the charter put forward by the Suffragist Party they invariably spoke of the right of women to exercise the Parliamentary vote. No one has an abstract right of that kind. The theory that there is such a right is as dead as Rousseau. [Laughter.] The vote is given on approved public grounds to such citizens as in the opinion of the State are likely to exercise it for the benefit of the whole community. If women have a right to vote they have the right everywhere, including priest-ridden Italy and our great Eastern dependency. Supposing that our Indian fellow-subjects ever are

enfranchised, the operation must include, not the men only, but also the unilluminated zenanas. [Hear, hear.] The claim for women is based on the dogma that there should be no taxation without representation. That phrase is either a universal truth or a mere catchword. [Cheers.] If it is not a universal truth the argument is wholly destitute of force. [Hear, hear.] Our Indian fellow-subjects pay taxes but do not vote. The truth is that the payment of taxes is one of several presumptions in favour of conceding the suffrage, but it is not decisive. It requires an amazing degree of assurance to use this taxation-and-representation argument in connexion with a measure which deliberately excludes from the franchise the very class of owners who are the principal sufferers by our present system. [Cheers.]

I am entirely unconvinced by any evidence that there is any strong or considerable volume of opinion in favour of this measure among the women of the country generally. [Cheers.] The argument from petitions is fallacious but not wholly valueless. From 1890 to 1906 only 193,000 women signed petitions in favour of female suffrage, and during the last eighteen months, a period during which a strong anti-suffrage association has existed, petitions have been signed by 300,000, including some of the most eminent women of the day, urging that these proposals should not be carried. [Hear, hear.] The *Sheffield Independent*, which, I believe, sympathizes with the suffrage movement, made an inquiry among the women of the town, and received 23,000 answers. Of these, 9,000 were in favour of the proposal, while 14,000 were against it; and the representatives of the paper reported that in many cases their emissaries were chased away with violence on the supposition that they were not conducting an impartial inquiry, but represented the women suffragists. [Laughter.] I should like every member of the House to use his own judgment on two criteria; that is to say, by what they know as to the opinion of women in their own constituencies and among their acquaintance. Representing, as I do, a very large working-class constituency, and having in the clearest manner indicated my views on this subject at the last two elections, I am satisfied that the claim that the majority of women demand this change cannot be substantiated. [Hear, hear.] At the same time, I confess that if I were convinced that every woman in England wanted the vote it would not influence me. [Laughter.]

We are told that those women who want the vote need not exercise it, and that the women to whom the opportunity is given have no grievance if the right be given to the women who are intelligent. A less convincing argument has never been brought forward. The whole objection of the women as well as of the men is that they do not wish to be governed by other women. [Laughter and cheers.] The real answer to the claim put forward that the women would not vote, even if it can be substantiated, is that the mere fact even of a widespread desire on the part of the women can never be decisive of the question; and that circumstance is one which wise statesmanship will take notice of, but which we shall never treat as decisive in this controversy, always recognizing that from whatever point of view the question is approached one is brought to regard the whole consideration of the larger policy involved in the interests of the State as a whole, as well as of the whole body of male and female citizens. [Cheers.]

I admit that the cause has been supported by powerful arguments, and I have been struck with the argument that the grant of the vote might ameliorate the conditions under which many working women live their lives. I have never denied the great cogency of this argument. But I remind the hon. member of what, after centuries of man-made law, is the position of women to-day, and I boldly affirm that women to-day occupy a position so preferential that no parallel to it can be discovered in any other country of the world. [Hear, hear.] Every hon. member, for example, who is married has an obligation to provide for his wife. I am not complaining of that. [Laughter.] But no hon. member enjoys a right of compelling his wife to contribute to his support unless he become chargeable to the poor rate, however poor or however rich he may be. If an hon. member neglects to provide for his wife decent means of subsistence, even if her conduct on the day after the wedding makes it impossible for the most patient man to live with her [laughter], he has no way of relief from his obligation to maintain her. If she slanders or assaults any one, the husband is liable; if hon. members slander or assault any one, in no circumstances is the wife liable. She is protected against any attempt on her part, while married, to anticipate her property, and has no personal liability in respect of it. Should she ultimately bring divorce proceedings against the husband, and the husband be successful, he is called upon to

pay her costs and his own. [Laughter.] In fact, there is only one excuse which can be successfully alleged in the case of women, and that is the difference of grounds on which a divorce would be given in the case of the two sexes. I am reminded by my right hon. friend [Mr. Balfour] that this distinction does not exist in Scotland. [Laughter.] I have never been one of those who have been able to support the distinction, and if women as a sex concentrate their efforts on assimilating the conditions of divorce between the two sexes, I believe that the majority of the House will support them. Would any hon. member who has sat in the House for the last ten or twenty years say that there has been one case where the advocates of a woman's grievance have come to the House and said, "I have established this grievance, and I ask the House to remedy it," and they have failed to meet with a sympathetic reply from all parts of the House? [Hear, hear.] Has there been one case within recent memory in the House of treatment of any question affecting women by any party which has shown the slightest partiality by men over women?

It is said that the unmarried and particularly the working-class women will benefit by and ought to be given the leverage of the vote. I do not underrate the troubles of these women who have to earn their own livelihood. It is incomparably the greatest and saddest tragedy in the whole of our industrial life. But how far is the case exaggerated that the possession of a vote will be likely to remove the grievance under which they suffer? I think that it is exaggerated. It is the commonest argument of the militant suffragists that if the factory girls of Lancashire would support the cause of female suffrage, they would obtain higher wages. It is undoubtedly true that women obtain lower wages than men. I am not sure, however, that any of the wise leaders of the male trade unions have ever been able to recommend to any large bodies of their supporters the proposition that women workers should receive the same wages as men. [Laughter and cheers.] But while it is true that women's wages are lower there are reasons for that inferiority of wage, and obviously they are partly physical and partly economic. First of all, women are physically weaker than men, and this is an enormous element in considering the work they have to perform. Men devote all their time and all their lives to the work; women, in many cases, only partly their time and partly for a period

of their lives, and no such organization in the case of female employment has existed as in the case of men. I might be told also that after all it was the vote which enabled the working men of England to form their trade unions, and that similar power should be given to women. The answer is obvious. Every step which has been gained as a result of this long and painful controversy in the interest of men combination has equally been gained in the interest of women combination. If this is true, then it gives away a large part of the female-suffrage argument, because it shows that in the great measure of advantages to be attained by winning these victories for men they are equally secured on behalf of women. The whole power of legislation in raising wages has been grossly exaggerated. Are votes to-day helping the operatives in Lancashire to get more wages, or the casual labourers at the Liverpool docks, or the agricultural labourers, to raise their wages? Surely the consideration of these and similar instances in our industrial life show how predominant is the share played by causes which are purely economic. The wages of domestic servants, for example, have appreciated more than 50 per cent. from a cause which is economic, and has nothing whatever to do with the question of the franchise. [Cheers.]

I call attention to the prodigious fact also that we are asked to be the first to take a step for which there is no model and no example in any first-class country in the world.

We are asked to see in the condition of Norway and Australia some justification for these proposals. The population of Norway was 2,358,000, distributed over an area of 124,000 square miles. Does the illustration of Norway supply us with the slightest useful guidance in the position we are asked to assume? When I mention a first-class country I mean countries discharging in their entirety sovereign functions. Australia has a population of 4,200,000, distributed over an area of 3,000,000 square miles, or a population of one and a quarter to the square mile, and we are asked to see in that an overwhelming reason why the Blackburn lady, transferring herself to such a community, should enjoy the same privileges. I do not admit the argument. Coming to the United States of America, I suppose no one who has followed the history of this question will dispute that the cause of female suffrage has undergone a very plain decline in the United States in recent years. [Hear, hear.] A mere recital of

the names of the States which are in the enjoyment of female suffrage will make it unnecessary to pursue the argument further. They are, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. [Laughter.] It was a circumstance not wholly unconnected with Parliamentary strategy that the same Bill which abolished polygamy contained a clause stipulating for female suffrage in Utah, and that the result of the first election was that Brigham Roberts, the uneasy possessor of three wives, was presented to the Legislature as one of the earliest members. [Laughter.] As regards Finland, which has a population of 3,000,000 distributed over an area of 144,000 square miles, I read this: "There is universal suffrage for both sexes; women are likewise eligible for election to the Chamber; the Finnish troops only exist in name." [Cheers.] Upon these illustrious precedents we are asked to mould an Empire of 450,000,000 of inhabitants, with an Oriental population of 300,000,000 who detest government by females. With all the examples of civilized nations to guide us in this matter, holding as we do the equipoise of Empire, balanced upon democracy in the West and upon bureaucracy in the East, in this centre of Empire this experiment is to be made for the first time on a large scale in the history of the world. [Cheers.]

Why is it that majorities in this or any other country are allowed to rule peacefully? The answer of course is that in the last resort they can coerce the minority, and because it is more easy and agreeable to vote than to fight. In other words, votes are to the sword exactly what bank-notes are to gold—the one is effective only because the other is believed to be behind it. [Cheers.] I do not advance the proposition that the women of this country would ever vote together, but they might easily have women with a minority of men attempting to impose their views upon an actual majority of men. Supposing this Bill passed, and supposing it enabled me and my friends who believe in national service, in the first year of the new Parliament, to press, with the aid of the female vote, against an actual majority of male voters, proposals for compulsory national service, will the Labour Party be prepared to accept that from a majority returned largely by women? Or suppose in the same way, as the result of a sinister alliance between Mrs. Pankhurst and the right hon. member for Spen Valley [laughter], every public-house in the country is directed to be closed, is it to be supposed men would ever submit to that? They would never dream of

doing so, and the result would be that we should be brought to the very verge of anarchy, inasmuch as we should have a numerical majority of males utterly powerless to give effect to their wishes. [Cheers.]

It is said that women would be against war, and the female vote make for the pacific spirit. If that be true, it would be an additional reason in the existing circumstances of the world to disincline me to support it. The spectacle of a humanitarian policy in this country finding no reflection in the policy of any of our rivals is not one which I can regard with favour. It is an argument frequently used that man actually or potentially is first of all a fighting animal, and that woman is not. The significance of that must always be prodigious, and let it be noticed that the differentiation of the sexes becomes more and not less acute with the advance of civilization.

This fundamental limitation is not confined to the Army. It extends equally to the police, governors of gaols, coast-guards—to every person by whom the coercive power of the State is directly exercised. The most characteristic quality of the conception of the law is its sanction, the means by which it is made effective. In making it effective no woman can play the slightest part. That argument appears to me to be one of the most decisive against the enfranchisement of women.

Let me add almost a final argument. Is there any supporter of this Bill who agrees with the, if I may say so, childlike sanguineness of my hon. friend the member for Hertford that women will never seek to sit in this House? My hon. friend says it is unthinkable. May I ask whether that is the view of those who in other parts of the House are convinced supporters of the principle of woman suffrage? It is a commonplace, and no one who has studied suffrage literature is unaware of it, that the ideal of those to whom the cause of woman suffrage owed everything is complete equality between the sexes. [Cheers.] And I would ask my hon. friend, who waved it away in what I believe to be a wholly unfounded spirit of optimism, with what argument he is going to meet them if these proposals are brought forward, as assuredly they will be? The fundamental disqualification of sex once obliterated, how is he going to reply to the hon. member for Clitheroe when he comes down to the House and asks for two days in order that they may discuss the proposal that women

shall sit in the House of Commons? [Hear, hear.] There is not one argument which can be used in favour of allowing women to give a vote which cannot equally be used in favour of allowing them to sit in the House. [Cheers.]

I know not by what argument that distinction will or can be maintained. It never deceived the clear and strenuous mind of Mr. Gladstone. "The woman's vote," he said, "carries with it, whether by the same Bill or by a consequential Bill, the woman's seat in Parliament."

I agree with that view, and I venture most solemnly to ask my hon. friends who are in favour of this Bill not to give a vote for its second reading unless they are ready to face its logical consequences and are prepared to vote for women sitting in this House. [Cheers.] Mr. Gladstone anticipated even a further development. "The capacity to sit in the House of Commons," he declared, "logically and practically draws in its train the capacity to fill every office in the State." [Cheers.] That is the logical corollary of the presence of women in this House, and if it be recognized none will vote for this Bill to-morrow night who are not prepared to face those consequences. I have no apprehensions as to the result of the division on which the hon. member for Clitheroe bases such confident expectation.

The most appalling sign of all to those who believe that this would be a prodigious misfortune is the levity with which the substance of everything that womanhood enjoys to-day, and has enjoyed for centuries, is being sacrificed to the shadow. [Cheers.] I am far from suggesting that the spirit which inspires the most admirable heroism and discipline, with which, only recently, the crew of a shipwrecked vessel obeyed the order that the women and children should go first into the boats, would go. I do not believe it would go, but I do believe that all that has been regarded in the past as being most characteristic and of the greatest value to the community as a whole in true womanly character will be degraded and destroyed by the proposals of the Bill.

The legates of the most nicely-adjusted political fabric which the world has ever known are asked to-day to make this final commitment without the slightest knowledge of how these votes will be given by women when they are enfranchised. We are told that it is no answer to say that the women voters might be ignorant—that men voters are ignorant too. That is the most crude application of the doctrine of political

homœopathy to which I have ever listened. [Laughter.] I do not assent to the gloomy view held as to the capacity of the male voter. During centuries, in the shop, the mill, the streets, the club, the ale-house—in all these places men are continually rubbing shoulders with their fellows, discussing public affairs and acquiring that extraordinary adaptability for the exercise of the franchise which has long been the pride of this country. No such opportunities are open to women. And at what a moment we are asked to take this step!—at a time when we are confronted with the risk that we are to be governed in the future, not by a bi-cameral, but by a uni-cameral system, is the moment selected in order to add one or two millions to the electorate whose bearing and trend on the polls no living man can pronounce with the slightest confidence.

The hon. gentleman has spoken of the many illustrious women writers and those of whom the whole sex, and, indeed, the whole community, irrespective of sex, are proud. I do not wish to decry the claim of women to intellectual distinction. I have never, in this House or elsewhere, founded myself on some assumed intellectual inferiority of women. [Hear, hear.] I do not believe it; but I venture to say that the sum total of human happiness, knowledge, and achievement would be almost unaffected if—I take the most distinguished names—Sappho had never sung, if Joan of Arc had never fought, if Siddons had never played, and if George Eliot had never written, and that, at the same time, if the true functions of womanhood had not been faithfully discharged throughout the ages, the very existence of the race and the tenderest and most sacred influences which animate mankind would have disappeared. Profoundly believing, as I do, that those influences are grievously menaced by the intrusion of women into the field of politics, I move the amendment which stands in my name. [Loud cheers.]

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

WOMAN

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the seventieth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1875. The President of the Society, Isaac H. Bailey, in introducing the speaker, said: "Gentlemen, our next toast is 'Woman.'"

'From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world.'

"Gentlemen, this toast will be responded to by one who deserves to be known as an expert on all questions that concern the fair sisters—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."]

MR. PRESIDENT:—I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "the Press." [Laughter.] I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. [Laughter.] Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line "Time's noblest offspring is the last," described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman—whom we both love and worship. [Applause.] We have here the President of the United States and the General of our Armies: around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect,

genius, and achievement seldom presented on any occasion, but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honours, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved.

I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts this evening very remarkable in the New England Society: every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster, and Carver, and Cotton Mather, the early divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants, celebrating the virtues of this ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said? [Laughter.] The imagination cannot compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the President of the New England Society. [Laughter and applause.] We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honours. [Laughter.] I see now our worthy President, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia. Each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth; but as he spends his nights with Juliet, he softly murmurs, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." [Loud laughter.]

You know it is a physiological fact that the boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal, side. Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth, and knowing as I do your moral and mental worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humane, and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth! [Applause.] Your President, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment, Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the keynote of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" [Laughter.] That motto has been the spear

in the rear and the star in the van of the New-Englander's progress. It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, and irrepressible member of the human family; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden. [Laughter and applause.]

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long as I can. I think I see now the descendant of a *Mayflower* immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is "the heir of all the ages," as puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within "there is a divinity which shapes his end." [Applause and laughter.]

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world. It was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. [Laughter.] A distinguished French philosopher answered the narrative of every event with the question, "Who was she?" Helen conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, peril all to succour and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. [Applause.] Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honourable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either or both a mother or a wife. [Applause.] From the hearthstone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. [Applause.] The man who is not thus inspired, who

labours not so much to secure the applause of the world as the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honour for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light,"

[Applause.]

SARAH GRAND

MERE MAN

[Speech of Sarah Grand (Mrs. M'Fall) at the annual ladies' banquet of the Whitefriars Club, London, May 4, 1900. Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) acted as chairman. L. F. Austin, who spoke earlier than Madame Grand, said, turning to Max O'Rell: "It used to be said of certain politicians by way of odium that they mumbled the dry bones of political economy; but you, sir, who sit trembling in that chair [laughter]—you are trying not to look it, but you are trembling with apprehension of the delicately anointed barb with which Madame Sarah Grand will presently transfix you [laughter]; you must feel that we shall not very long be permitted even to mumble the barren epigrams of a vanished ascendancy."]

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I have the honour to propose the toast of "Mere Man" [laughter], but why "Mere Man," I want to know? After all that has been said this evening so truthfully on the subject of "Sovran Woman," it is impossible for me to use such an epithet without feeling myself in an invidious position, in the position of the dog that bites the hand which has just caressed it—or rather I should feel myself in that position if I were in any way responsible for the use of the ungracious word. I beg most emphatically to state that I am not in any way responsible for it. I decline to be identified with such an expression: I decline to be accused of calling man any names [laughter], any names that I have not already called him. [Laughter.]

I do not decline out of consideration for mere man altogether, but in self-defence. To use such an expression deprives me of any dignity which I might myself derive from the dignity of my subject. Besides, the words in my mouth, were I to be identified with them, would be used against me as a bomb by a whole section of the press, to blow me up. [Laughter.] I object to be blown up for nothing by

a whole section of the press. [Laughter.] That is the sort of thing which almost ruffles my equanimity. My comfort is, that no one can accuse me of having originated such an expression, because it is well known no woman ever originated anything. [Laughter.] I assure you I have seen it so stated in print; and in one article I read on the subject the perturbation of the writer, lest there should be any mistake about it, so agitated his grammar that it was impossible to parse it. I should like to know who was responsible in the first place for the expression which has been imposed upon me. It seems to me there is strong presumptive evidence that it was by man himself that man was dubbed mere man. If the lords of creation choose to masquerade sometimes as mere man by all means let them.

The saying is, "In small things, liberty; in great things, unity; in all things, charity," but when you meet a man who describes himself as a mere man, you would always do well to ask what he wants, because, since man first swung himself from his bough in the forest primeval and stood upright on two legs, he has never assumed that position for nothing. [Laughter.] My own private opinion, which I confide to you, knowing it will go no further, is that he assumes that tone, as a rule, to draw sovrän woman. [Laughter.] Mere man is a paradoxical creature—it is not always possible to distinguish between his sober earnest and his leg-pulling exercises. [Laughter.] One has to be on one's guard, and woe be to the woman who in these days displays that absence of the sense of humour which is such a prominent characteristic of our comic papers. [Laughter.]

I do not mean to say for a moment that man assumes his "mere man" tone for unpleasant purposes. On the contrary, he assumes it for party purposes as a rule—for dinner-party purposes. [Laughter.] When man is in his mere-man mood sovrän woman would do well to ask for anything that she wants—for it is then that he holds the sceptre out to her. [Laughter.] Unfortunately, the mood does not last; if it did he would have given us the suffrage ages ago. Sovrän woman is the Uitlander of civilization—and man is her Boer. [Laughter.] It seems to me that sovrän woman is very much in the position of Queen Esther; she has her crown, and her kingdom, and her royal robes, but she is liable to have her head snapped off at any moment. [Laughter.] On the other hand, there are hundreds

of men who have their heads snapped off every day. [Laughter.] Mere man has his faults, no doubt, but sovran woman also can be a rasping sort of creature, expecially if she does not cultivate sympathy with cigarettes as she gets older. [Laughter.] Let us be fair to mere man. Mere man has always treated me with exemplary fairness, and I certainly have never maintained that the blockhead majority is entirely composed of men; neither have I ever insinuated that it is man that makes all the misery.

Personally, and speaking as a woman whose guiding principle through life has been never to do anything for herself that she can get a nice man to do for her [laughter], a principle which I have found entirely successful, and which I strongly recommend to every other woman—personally I have always found mere man an excellent comrade. [Applause.] He has stood by me loyally, and held out an honest hand to me, and lent me his strength when mine was failing, and helped me gallantly over many an awkward bit of the way, and that, too, at times when sovran woman, whom I had so respected and admired and championed, had nothing for me but bonnet-pins. [Laughter.] It does upset one's ideas and unsettle one's principles when sovran woman has nothing for one but bonnet-pins. [Laughter.] The sharp points of those pins have made me a little doubtful about sovran woman at times—a little apt to suspect that in private life her name is Mrs. Harris [laughter], but I must be careful about what I say in this connection lest it should be supposed that I have been perverted.

In the great republic of letters to which I have the honour to belong—in the distinguished position of the letter "Z"—my experience is that woman suffers no indignity at the hands of man on account of her sex. That is the sort of experience which creates a prejudice. It is apt to colour the whole of one's subsequent opinions. It gives one a sort of idea that there are men in the world who would stand by a woman on occasion; and I must confess that I began life with a very strong prejudice of that kind. For a woman to have had a good father is to have been born an heiress. If you had asked me as a child who ran to help me when I fell, I should have answered, "My daddy." When a woman begins life with a prejudice of this kind she never gets over it. The prejudice of a man for his mother is feeble in comparison with the prejudice of a woman for her father, when

she has had a man for her father and not one of what Shelley called those—

" Things whose trade is over ladies
To lean and flirt and stare and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper."

Whatever that woman has to suffer she never loses her faith in man. Remembering what her father was, she always believes there are good men and true in the world somewhere. The recollection of her father becomes a buffer between that woman and the shocks and jars of her after life; because of him, there is nothing distorted in her point of view, and she remains sane. It rather spoils a woman in some ways to have a good husband as well as a good father, because then she is so sure that

" God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world,"

that she becomes utterly selfish, and cares for nothing that is outside her own little circle. But the thing to guard against is loss of faith. Men and women who have lost faith in each other never rise above the world again—one wing is broken, and they cannot soar. It has been said that the best way to manage man is to feed the brute [laughter], but sovran woman never made that discovery for herself—I believe it was a man in his mere-man mood who first confided the secret to some young wife in distress—somebody else's young wife. [Laughter.] Feed him and flatter him. Why not? Is there anything more delightful in this world than to be flattered and fed? Let us do as we would be done by. It seems to me sometimes that it is impossible in reviewing our social relations ever to be wholly in earnest. One's opinions do wobble so. [Laughter.] If one would earn a reputation for consistency one must be like that great judge who declined to hear more than one side of the case because he found that hearing the other side only confused him. [Laughter.]

The thing about mere man which impresses me most, which fills me with the greatest respect, is not his courage in the face of death, but the courage with which he faces life. The way in which we face death is not necessarily more heroic than the way in which we face life. The probability is that you never think less about yourself than you do at

the moment when you and eternity are face to face. When you are sick unto death you are too sick to care whether you live or die. In some great convulsion of nature, a great typhoon, for instance, when the wind in its fury lashes the walls of the house till they writhe, and there are the shrieks of people in dire distress, and fire, and the crash of giant waves, and all that makes for horror, the shock of these brute irresponsible forces of nature is too tremendous for fear to obtrude. Thought is suspended—you are in an ecstasy of awful emotion—emotion made perfect by the very strength of it.

But when it comes to facing life day after day, and day after day, as so many men have to face it, the working-men, in all classes of society, upon whom the home depends, men whose days are only too often a weary effort, and whose nights are an ache of anxiety, lest the strength should give out which means bread—when one thinks of the lives these men live, and the way in which they live them, the brave, uncomplaining way in which they fight to the death for those dear to them, when one considers mere man from this point of view, one is moved to enthusiasm, and one is fain to confess that “soveran woman” on a pedestal is a poor sort of creature compared with this kind of mere man in that so often she not only fails to help and cheer him in his heroic efforts, but to appreciate that he is making any effort at all. I positively refuse to subscribe to the assertion, “How poor a thing is man!” [Laughter.] It takes more genius to be a man than manhood to be a genius. [Applause.] As to the differences between men and women, I believe that when finally their accounts have been properly balanced it will be found that it has been a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, both in the matter of sovereignty and of mereness [laughter], and, therefore, without prejudice, I propose that the sixes to which I belong shall rise and cordially drink to the health of the other half-dozen, our kind and generous hosts of to-night. [Applause.]

G. BERNARD SHAW

WASHING

[Speech delivered at the meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, June 13, 1911.]

GENTLEMEN :—We might say that genius had nothing to do with coal smoke abatement. I cannot help that. Smoke is a very common thing, and I know very little about it. Genius is a very uncommon thing, and I know all about that. I am in that line myself. My presence here is due to Sir A. Wright, who a short time ago delivered in London a scientific address containing a great quantity of valuable matter, of which the press took no notice whatever. When Dr. Wright a little later casually let fall in passing some words to the effect that he was rather sceptical about the value of washing oneself, he found himself famous. I have some sympathy with Dr. Wright. I have not really washed myself, except the obvious portions of my hands and face, since almost the time when somebody else did it for me. It is quite true that I yield to a superstition that became enormously attractive in the nineteenth century, and that is to indulge in a cold tub. But that is not washing. I do it as a stimulant, and I think sometimes that I might have done better if I had taken to whisky. As to our faces, well, look at them. There is only one lady in the room concerning whom I can speak with absolute domestic authority as having washed her face two hours ago, and it wants washing again already. Really, according to any decent standard, there is not a person in this room who is not a disgrace. [Loud laughter.]

ANDREW LANG

ON PROBLEM NOVELS

[Speech of Andrew Lang at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 6, 1894. This speech on some of the aspects of modern fiction was delivered by Mr. Lang in response to the toast "The Interests of Literature," regularly proposed on these occasions. The President of the Academy, Sir Frederic Leighton, said in introducing Mr. Lang: "Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen: Let us drink to the honour of science and of letters. In the name of letters I have to call upon one of the most versatile of their votaries, a man whose nimble intellect plays with luminous ease round many and various subjects; delicate as a poet, acute and picturesque as a critic, a sparkling journalist, no one has pursued with more earnest and more fruitful zeal the graver study of the birth and evolution of natural myths than Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom I turn for response."]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MR. PRESIDENT, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—He to whom it falls or rather on whom falls the task of replying for English literature may well feel ground to dust by the ponderous honour. Who can be the representative of such a Parnassian constituency of divine poets, philosophers, romancers, historians, from Beowulf to the last new novel? The consciousness is crushing. The momentary representative feels himself to be, like Mr. Chevy Shrine, "the most littery fellow in the world," who is overborne, like the bride of the Lord of Burleigh—

"By the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born,"

Naturally he flies to thoughts which whisper of humility. He finds them easily. In the first place literature is but a very insignificant flake on the foam of the wave of the world. As Mr. Pepys reminds us, most people please themselves "with easy delights of the world, eating, drinking, dancing,

hunting, fencing," and not with book learning. Easy he calls them! I wish they were:—

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good."

Still less can I dance or hunt. Yet to the general public these things come easier than reading; and their good-humoured contempt keeps us poor "littery gents" in our proper place and frame of mind. I have lately read somewhere about a man of letters who conceived himself to be the idol of the great and good-natured American people. They sent him the kindest letters, they invited him to lecture, but ah! when his publishers' accounts came in, he found there "To American sales: six and twopence!" [Laughter.] Here is matter for mortification!

Again, one is not so much to speak for English literature as to speak about it; one is not a representative but a reporter; we critics are but the cagots or despised pariah class in the world of letters. If we ever give in to the belief that we might attempt something creative, we, like the insects celebrated by the poet, "have lesser" critics upon our backs to bite us [laughter] and to remind us of our limitations. Our function in the game is like that of the scorers and umpires at Lord's or the Oval; men of accurate intellectual habit and incorruptible integrity, from whom not much is to be expected with bat or ball. We are not to do anything "off our own bats." For these reasons I only talk humbly of literature as an interested professional observer. When the philosopher Square spoke of religion, he meant the true religion, and when he said the true religion he indicated the Protestant religion, and by the Protestant religion he meant the religion of the Church of England. In the same way, if I venture a few remarks on English literature, I mean modern English literature, and by modern English literature I mean modern English novels.

We are indeed quite destitute of poets. As Henry the Fifth is said by a French chronicler to have ennobled all his army on the eve of Agincourt, so perhaps it might be well to make all our poets poets-laureate [laughter]—there must be a sip for each of them in the butt of malmsey or sack. But when the general public says "literature" the general public means fiction.

Now, though I have some optimistic remarks to end with, it does appear to myself that the British novel suffers from

diverse banes or curses. The first is the spread of elementary education. Too many naturally non-literary people of all ranks are now goaded into acquiring a knowledge of the invention of Cadmus. When nobody could read, except people whose own literary nature impelled them to learn, better books were written, because the public, if relatively few, was absolutely fit. Secondly, these new educated people insist on our national cursed "actuality." They live solely in the distracted moment, whereas true literature lives in the absolute; in the past that perhaps never was present, and that is eternal; "lives in fantasy."

Shakespeare did not write plays about contemporary problems. The Greek dramatists deliberately chose their topics in the tales of Troy and Thebes and Atreus's line. The very Fijians, as Mr. Paisley Thomson informs us, "will tell of gods and giants and canoes greater than mountains and of women fairer than the women of these days, and of doings so strange that the jaws of the listeners fall apart." They do not deal with "problems" about the propriety of cannibalism or the casuistry of polygamy. [Laughter.] The Athenians fined for his *modernité* the author of a play on the fall of Miletus because he reminded them of their misfortunes. But many of our novelists do nothing but remind us of our misfortunes. Novels are becoming tracts on parish councils, free love, and other inflammatory topics [laughter], and the reason of this ruin is that the vast and the naturally non-literary majority can now read, and of course can only read about the actual, about the noisy, wrangling moment. This is the bane of the actual.

Of course I do not maintain that contemporary life is tabooed against novelists, but if novels of contemporary life are to be literature, are to be permanent, that life must either be treated in the spirit of romance and fantasy, as by Balzac and the colossally fantastic Zola; or in the spirit of humour, as by Charles de Bernard, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens. The thrifty plan of giving us sermons, politics, fiction all in one stodgy sandwich [laughter] produces no permanent literature, produces but temporary "Tracts for the Times."

Fortunately we have among us many novelists—young ones luckily—who are true to the primitive and eternal Fijians' canons of fiction. [Laughter.] We have Oriental romance from the author of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. We have the humour and tenderness—certainly not Fijian, I admit—which produced the masterpiece, *A Window in Thrums*.

We have the adventurous fancy that gives us *A Gentleman of France*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *Micah Clarke*, *The Raiders*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the truly primeval or troglodyte imagination which, as we read of a fight between a kob-nosed Kaffir dwarf and a sacred crocodile, brings us in touch with the first hearers of Heracles's or Beowulf's or Grettir's deeds, "so strange that the jaws of the listeners fall apart." Thus we possess outlets for escape from ourselves and from to-day. We can still dwell now and then in the same air of pleasure as our fathers have breathed since the days of Homer.

Such are the rather intolerant ideas of a bookworm, who by no means grudges the pleasure which other readers receive from what does not please him to enthusiasm. And pleasure, not edification, is the end of all art. We are all pleased when we write; the public of one enthusiast every author enjoys, and the literary men who depreciate the joys of their own art or profession may not be consciously uncandid, but they are decidedly perverse. [Laughter and applause.]

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH

[Mr. Horatio Bottomley presided at the dinner of the Bradlaugh Fellowship, and proposed the toast of "The Memory of Charles Bradlaugh."]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND MRS. BRADLAUGH BONNER :—
In rising to give you this toast, my thoughts involuntarily go back to the days, now upwards of thirty years ago, when as a youth I came up from school in connection with the funeral of one of Bradlaugh's most trusted and devoted allies, a relative of my own, Austin Holyoake—a younger brother of my distinguished uncle George Jacob Holyoake, who has also gone to rest. I well remember how even in those early days I was impressed by the magnetic personality of the man ; and how as time went on, and I was privileged to know him better, I fell more and more under his influence. Doing a variety of little things in his service, and in connection with the old *National Reformer*, attending his meetings at the Hall of Science and elsewhere, and coming into intimate contact with him privately and publicly, I learnt to know him as he was—with the result that by degrees an impression was fixed upon my mind which has remained strong and steadfast through the years which have gone by, and which it requires but a glance at the striking portrait in front of me to revive in all its force to-night.

Ladies and Gentlemen : Those were the days of the "Iconoclast"—the days of calumny, persecution, and bitter struggle. "Respectable" people passed him by on the other side ; the Press noticed him only to revile and libel him ; priests and politicians, if they mentioned his name at all, did so with a lie upon their tongues. But who cared ? Wasn't



HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Defines his political faith

he a dangerous and vulgar agitator—a man who knew not God, a Republican who had dared to impeach the House of Brunswick? So he stood—without friends, without means, without influence. And yet those of us who knew him—anticipating the verdict of history—felt that in him we had found a great and wonderful man—a born leader of men—a man such as a century seldom produces more than once. On and on he went, ever hopeful, ever courageous—preaching what he believed to be the true Gospel, the Gospel of Humanity, with Reason for its creed, and Human Emancipation for its faith. I sometimes think that that period of his life—the late seventies—was the most picturesque time in all his career. Victor Hugo, I think it was, once said that a fixed principle is like a fixed star—the darker the night the brighter it shines. And so it was with Bradlaugh! To appreciate the full beauty of his nature you must place it against the dark background of those squalid, struggling days. And as we knew him, so we loved him. Gentle as a lamb—brave as a lion; tender as a woman—ferocious as a tiger; simple as a child—subtle as the most abstruse logician—an apparent combination of contradictions and incompatibilities of temperament—like all great men.

And then the world discovered him. After years of bitter struggle, the doors of the House of Commons were at last burst open. How he forced them; how, once in the House, he won first its interest, then its admiration, and then its love; the commanding influence he secured and the good work he did—these are all parts of a story often told. And when that dark day came in January 1891, all the world realized that it had lost one of its noblest sons. Politicians of all parties vied to do him honour—strong men spoke with big lumps in their throats; out in distant India the people mourned a champion as they had never mourned before. A void was left in public life which has never yet been filled. Where would he have been to-day? What position might not he have attained? I confess that when I sit in the House of Commons and listen to the empty platitudes of party strife; when I watch the petty struggles of puny politicians; when I gaze upon that fortuitous concourse of Parliamentary atoms called the Labour Party—which, however high its aims, lacks the inspiring element of great leadership—there is rarely a day that I do not say: “If only Bradlaugh were here.”

Well, ladies and gentlemen, he has gone. All that was

physical of him has long been returned to Mother Earth. It may be that when that is said, all is said. I know not—you know not. But I find it hard to believe that all the wonderful forces which went to make up that mighty man have been disintegrated and dissipated in the world of unconscious matter. I find it hard to believe that Nature, so jealous of waste in all else, would be so wanton in destruction of her most precious gifts. Some of you will say that that is a sentiment of a devoted heart rather than of a reasoning brain. So it may be ; who shall say ? Priests may dogmatize ; poets may dream ; scientists may grope ; philosophers may argue. But we stand to-day in relation to such things just where we stood far away in the ages—where, perhaps, we shall ever stand—bound, Prometheus-like, to the rock of mystery by the chains of our finite vision. No man ever felt the grip and clanging of those chains more than did our friend—but whilst others cried to the priest for deliverance, he trusted in the strength of his own right arm—and he died in the struggle.

To-night we mourn him ; and though many of you—most of you—are resigned to the belief that he is dead and gone for ever and for ever, still, even you, and all of us, may surely take this comfort to our hearts—that if it should some day prove to be the fact that the almost universal instinct of mankind is right, and that somewhere beyond what we call Death, there be another life—a life where the great and the good receive their reward—then, if in that world there count for righteousness, true nobility of character on earth, inviolability of honesty, purity of purpose, and inflexibility of courage—there, high amongst the highest and most honoured amongst the noblest, will be found the majestic soul of brave Charles Bradlaugh.

LORD BEACONSFIELD

(BENJAMIN DISRAELI)

PEACE WITH HONOUR

[At a banquet given in London, July 27, 1878, to the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, by a numerous body of the Conservative Peers and Members of the House of Commons, to testify their high appreciation and approval of the distinguished services of Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin, which closed July 13, 1878. The large hall was decorated with flags, banners, and Conservative mottoes, conspicuous among which was "Peace with Honour." It is from this circumstance that this Speech is usually referred to by the use of that phrase. The chairman, the Duke of Buccleuch, in introducing Lord Beaconsfield, said: "We have met here to welcome home, after arduous and difficult duties, two noble lords, though on this occasion I shall refer only to one, who holds the position of Prime Minister of this country. [Much cheering.] It is not for me on this occasion to enter upon the career of that noble lord, for it is well known as a matter of history. His career and his political character have been before us for upwards of forty years. He has had one great advantage—I will not say at the end of his career, for that I hope is still far distant. But his career, like that of all statesmen in this country, has been and could not be otherwise than a chequered one, sometimes defeat, oftentimes victory; and now at last I hope he has achieved the greatest victory of his life. [Cheers.] He went out with an apprehension on the part of many, and with the declaration of others, that he was going to produce war; but he has returned crowned with peace. [Loud cheers.] Notwithstanding the difficult and arduous position in which he has been placed, assailed at home as well as abroad, but at the same time well supported at home [cheers], his motives and intentions well understood [cheers], we have not at any time lost confidence in him. . . . He has been able in the great council of nations to speak openly and clearly, with no uncertain sound, producing the happy result which we now celebrate. A generous foe is as welcome as the constant friend. No one can appreciate as I do a noble, open, generous foe. We meet in the field; let us have a fair fight, and he who conquers, wins. [Cheers.] So it has been with my noble friend. He has had many a hard battle to fight, but on this occasion he has fought with success, carrying with

him, I believe, the feeling of the whole country. I propose now 'The Health of Lord Beaconsfield,' and welcome home to him; welcome to him as the greatest conqueror, who has vanquished war and brought us back to peace."]

MY LORD DUKE AND GENTLEMEN :—I am sure you will acquit me of affectation if I say it is not without emotion that I have received this expression of your goodwill and sympathy. [Cheers.] When I look round this chamber I see the faces of some who entered public life with myself, as my noble friend the noble Duke has reminded me, more than forty years ago ; I see more whose entrance into public life I witnessed when I had myself gained some experience of it ; and lastly I see those who have only recently entered upon public life, and whom it has been my duty and my delight to encourage and counsel [cheers] when they entered that public career so characteristic of this country, and which is one of the main securities of our liberty and welfare. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, our chairman has referred to my career, like that of all public men in this country, as one of change and vicissitude ; but I have been sustained, even in the darkest hours of our party, by the conviction that I possessed your confidence. [Cheers.] I will say your indulgent confidence ; for in the long course of my public life that I may have committed many mistakes is too obvious a truth to touch upon ; but that you have been indulgent there is no doubt, for I can, I hope I may say, proudly remember that it has been my lot to lead in either House of Parliament this great party for a longer period than has ever fallen to the lot of any public man in the history of this country. [Cheers.] That I have owed this result to your generous indulgence more than to any personal qualities of my own [cheers, and cries of "No! no!"] no man is more sensible than myself ; but it is a fact that I may recur to with some degree of proud satisfaction. [Cheers.]

Our noble chairman has referred to the particular occasion which has made me your guest to-day. I attended that high assembly which has recently dispersed, with much reluctance. I yielded to the earnest solicitations of my noble friend near me [the Marquis of Salisbury], my colleague in that great enterprise. [Cheers.] He thought that my presence might be of use to him in the vast difficulties he had to encounter [cheers] ; but I must say now, as I shall ever say, that to his lot fell the labouring oar in that great work

[cheers], and that you are, I will not say equally, but more indebted to him than to myself for the satisfactory result which you kindly recognize. [Cheers.]

I share the conviction of our noble chairman that it is one which has been received with satisfaction by the country [loud cheers], but I am perfectly aware that that satisfaction is not complete or unanimous, because I know well that before eight-and-forty hours have passed the marshalled hosts of opposition will be prepared to challenge what has been done and to question the policy we hope we have established. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, as I can no longer raise my voice in that House of Parliament where this contest is to take place, as I sit now in a House where our opponents never unsheathe their swords [cheers and laughter], a House where, although the two chief plenipotentiaries of the Queen sit, they are met only by innuendo and by question [cheers], I hope you will permit me, though with extreme brevity, to touch on one or two of the points which in a few hours may much engage the interest and attention of Parliament. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, it is difficult to describe the exact meaning of the charge which is brought against the plenipotentiaries of the Queen, as it will be introduced to the House of Commons on Monday. Drawn as it is, it appears at first sight to be only a series of congratulatory regrets. [Much cheering.] But, my lords and gentlemen, if you penetrate the meaning of this movement, it would appear that there are two points in which it is hoped that a successful attack may be made on Her Majesty's Government, and on those two points, and those alone, I hope with becoming brevity, at this moment, perhaps, you will allow me to make one or two remarks. [Cheers.]

It is charged against Her Majesty's Government that they have particularly deceived and deserted Greece. Now, my lords and gentlemen, this is a subject which is, I think, capable of simpler treatment than hitherto it has encountered in public discussion. We have given at all times, in public and in private, to the Government of Greece and to all who might influence its decisions but one advice—that on no account should they be induced to interfere in those coming disturbances which two years ago threatened Europe, and which concluded in a devastating war. And we gave that advice on these grounds, which appear to me incontestable.

If, as Greece supposed, and as we thought erroneously supposed, the partition of the Ottoman Empire was at hand, Greece, morally, geographically, ethnographically, was sure of receiving a considerable allotment of that partition when it took place.

It would be impossible to make a re-settlement of the East of Europe without largely satisfying the claims of Greece; and great as those claims might be, if that was the case, it was surely unwise in Greece to waste its treasure and its blood. If, on the other hand, as Her Majesty's Government believed, the end of this struggle would not be a partition of the Ottoman Empire, but that the wisdom and experience of all the powers and governments would come to the conclusion that the existence and strengthening of the Ottoman Government was necessary to the peace of Europe, and without it long and sanguinary and intermitting struggles must inevitably take place, it was equally clear to us that, when the settlement occurred, all those rebellious tributary principalities that have lavished their best blood and embarrassed their finances for generations would necessarily be but scurvily treated, and that Greece, even under this alternative, would find that she was wise in following the advice of England and not mixing in so fatal a fray. [Cheers.]

Well, my lords and gentlemen, has not the event proved the justice and accuracy of that view? [Cheers.] At this moment, though Greece has not interfered, fortunately for herself, though she has not lavished the blood of her citizens and wasted her treasure, under the Treaty of Berlin she has the opportunity of obtaining a greater increase of territory than will be attained by any of the rebellious principalities that have lavished their blood and wasted their resources in this fierce contest. [Cheers.]

I should like to see that view answered by those who accuse us of misleading Greece. [Cheers.] We gave to her the best advice; fortunately for Greece she followed it, and I will hope that, following it with discretion and moderation, she will not lose the opportunity we have secured for her in the advantages she may yet reap. [Cheers.]

I would make one more remark on this subject, which will soon occupy the attention of many who are here present. It has been said we have misled and deserted Greece, because we were the power which took steps that Greece should be heard before the Congress.

Why did we do that? Because we had ever expressed our opinion that in the elevation of the Greek race—not merely the subjects of the King of Greece—one of the best chances of the improvement of society under the Ottoman rule would be found, and that it was expedient that the rights of the Greek race should be advocated by that portion of it which enjoyed an independent political existence; and all this time, too, let it be recollected that my noble friend was unceasing in his efforts to obtain such a settlement of the claims, or rather, I should say, the desires, of Greece with the Porte, as would conduce greatly to the advantage of that kingdom. [Cheers.]

And not without success. The proposition of Lord Salisbury for the rectification of the frontiers of Greece really includes all that moderate and sensible men could desire; and that was the plan that ultimately was adopted by the Congress, and which Greece might avail herself of if there be prudence and moderation in her councils. [Cheers.] Let me here make one remark which, indeed, is one that applies to other most interesting portions of this great question—it refers to the personal character of the Sultan. From the first, the Sultan of Turkey has expressed his desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendliness and conciliation. [Cheers.] He has been perfectly aware that in the union of the Turkish and Greek races the only balance could be obtained and secured against the Pan-Slavic monopoly which was fast invading the whole of his dominions. [Cheers.] Therefore, there was every disposition on his part to meet the proposals of the English Government with favour, and he did meet them with favour. [Cheers.] Remember the position of that Prince. It is almost unprecedented. No Prince, probably, that ever lived has gone through such a series of catastrophes. One of his predecessors commits suicide; his immediate predecessor is subject to a visitation more awful even than suicide. The moment he ascends the throne his Ministers are assassinated. A conspiracy breaks out in his own palace, and then he learns that his kingdom is invaded, his armies, however valiant, are defeated, and that the enemy is at his gates; yet, with all these trials, and during all this period, he has never swerved in the expression and I believe the feeling of a desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendship. [Cheers.]

Well, what has happened? What was the last expression

of friendship on his part? He is apparently a man whose every impulse is good; however great the difficulties he has to encounter, however evil the influences that may sometimes control him, his impulses are good; and where impulses are good, there is always hope. He is not a tyrant—he is not dissolute—he is not a bigot or corrupt. What was his last decision?

When my noble friend, not encouraged, I must say, by Greece, but still continuing his efforts, endeavoured to bring to some practical result this question of the frontiers, the Sultan said that what he was prepared to do he wished should be looked on as an act of grace on his part, and of his sense of the friendliness of Greece in not attacking him during his troubles; but as the Congress was now to meet, he should like to hear the result of the wisdom of the Congress on the subject. The Congress has now spoken, and though it declared that it did not feel justified in compelling the Sultan to adopt steps it might think advantageous even for his own interests, the Congress expressed an opinion which, I doubt not, the Sultan is prepared to consider in the spirit of conciliation he has so often displayed. And this is the moment when a party, for factious purposes [cheers], and a party unhappily not limited to England, is egging on Greece to violent courses!

I may, perhaps, have touched at too much length on this topic, but the attacks made on Her Majesty's Government are nothing compared with the public mischief that may occur if misconception exists on this point. [Cheers.] There is one other point on which I would make a remark, and that is with regard to the Convention of Constantinople of the fourth of June.

When I study the catalogue of congratulatory regrets with attention, this appears to be the ground on which a great assault is to be made on the Government. It is said that we have increased, and dangerously increased, our responsibilities as a nation by that Convention. In the first place, I deny that we have increased our responsibilities by that Convention. I maintain that by that Convention we have lessened our responsibilities. Suppose now, for example, the settlement of Europe had not included the Convention of Constantinople and the occupation of the isle of Cyprus; suppose it had been limited to the mere Treaty of Berlin; what, under all probable circumstances, might then have occurred? In ten, fifteen, it might be in twenty, years, the

power and resources of Russia having revived, some quarrel would again have occurred, Bulgarian or otherwise [cheers], and in all probability the armies of Russia would have been assailing the Ottoman dominions both in Europe and Asia, and enveloping and enclosing the city of Constantinople and its all-powerful position. [Cheers.]

Now, what would be the probable conduct, under these circumstances, of the Government of this country, whoever the Ministers might be, whatever party might be in power? I fear there might be hesitation for a time—a want of decision—a want of firmness; but no one doubts that ultimately England would have said: "This will never do; we must prevent the conquest of Asia Minor [cheers]; we must interfere in this matter, and arrest the course of Russia." [Cheers.] No one, I am sure, in this country who impartially considers this question can for a moment doubt what, under any circumstances, would have been the course of this country. [Cheers.]

Well, then, that being the case, I say it is extremely important that this country should take a step beforehand [cheers] which should indicate what the policy of England would be; that you should not have your Ministers meeting in a Council Chamber, hesitating and doubting and considering contingencies, and then acting at last, but acting perhaps too late. [Cheers.] I say, therefore, that the responsibilities of this country have not been increased [cheers]; the responsibilities already existed, though I for one would never shrink from increasing the responsibilities of this country, if they are responsibilities which ought to be undertaken. [Cheers.] The responsibilities of this country are practically diminished by the course we have taken.

My lords and gentlemen, one of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove, what I always suspected to be the absolute fact, that neither the Crimean war, nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness. [Loud cheers.]

Russia has complaints to make against this country that neither in the case of the Crimean war nor on this occasion—and I do not shrink from my share of the responsibility in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance of European opinion. [Cheers.]

Suppose, gentlemen, that my noble friend and I had come back with the Treaty of Berlin, and had not taken the step which is to be questioned within the next eight-and-forty hours, could we, with any self-respect, have met our countrymen when they asked, What securities have you made for the peace of Europe? How far have you diminished the chance of perpetually recurring war on this question of the East by the Treaty of Berlin? Why, they could say, all we have gained by the Treaty of Berlin is probably the peace of a few years, and at the end of that time the same phenomenon will arise and the Ministers of England must patch up the affair as well as they could.

That was not the idea of public duty entertained by my noble friend and myself. [Cheers.] We thought the time had come when we ought to take steps which would produce some order out of the anarchy and chaos that had so long prevailed. [Cheers.] We asked ourselves, was it absolutely a necessity that the fairest provinces of the world should be the most devastated and most ill-used, and for this reason, that there is no security for life or property so long as that country is in perpetual fear of invasion and aggression? [Cheers.]

It was under these circumstances that we recommended the course we have taken; and I believe that the consequences of that policy will tend to and even secure peace and order in a portion of the globe which hitherto has seldom been blessed by these celestial visitants. [Cheers.]

I hold that we have laid the foundation of a state of affairs which may open a new continent to the civilization of Europe [cheers], and that the welfare of the world and the wealth of the world may be increased by availing ourselves of that tranquillity and order which the more intimate connection of England with that country will now produce. [Cheers.]

But I am sorry to say that though we taxed our brains and our thought to establish a policy which might be beneficial to the country, we have not satisfied those who are our critics. [Cheers.]

I was astonished to learn that the Convention of the fourth of June has been described as "an insane Convention." It is a strong epithet. I do not myself pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as my right honourable opponent. [Gladstone.] I will not say to the right honourable gentleman, *naviget Anticyram*, but I would put this issue to an English jury—Which do you believe the most likely to enter into

an insane Convention—a body of English gentlemen honoured by the favour of their Sovereign and the confidence of their fellow-subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success [cheers]; or a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity [loud cheers and laughter], and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself? [Continued cheers and laughter.]

My lords and gentlemen, I leave the decision upon that Convention to the Parliament and people of England. [Loud cheers.] I believe that in that policy are deeply laid the seeds of future welfare, not merely to England, but to Europe and Asia; and confident that the policy we have recommended is one that will be supported by the country. I and those that act with me can endure these attacks. [Loud cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, let me thank you once more for the manner in which you have welcomed me to-day. [Cheers.] These are the rewards of public life that never pall [cheers]—the sympathy of those who have known you long, who have worked with you long, who have the same opinions upon the policy that should be pursued in this great and ancient Empire. [Cheers.] These are the sentiments which no language can sufficiently appreciate—which are a consolation under all circumstances and the highest reward that a public man can attain. The generous feeling that has prompted you to welcome my colleague and myself on our return to England will inspire and strengthen our efforts to serve our country [cheers], and it is not merely that in this welcome you encourage those who are doing their best for what they conceive to be the public interest, but to tell to Europe also that England is a grateful country and knows how to appreciate the efforts of those of her public servants who are resolved to maintain to their utmost the Empire of Great Britain. [Prolonged applause.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ENGLAND, MOTHER OF NATIONS

[Speech of Ralph Waldo Emerson at the annual banquet of the Manchester Athenæum, Manchester, November 1847. Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, presided.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—It is pleasant to me to meet this great and brilliant company, and doubly pleasant to see the faces of so many distinguished persons on this platform. But I have known all these persons already. When I was at home, they were as near to me as they are to you. The arguments of the League and its leader are known to all the friends of free trade. The gaieties and genius, the political, the social, the parietal wit of *Punch* go duly every fortnight to every boy and girl in Boston and New York. Sir, when I came to sea, I found the *History of Europe*¹ on the ship's cabin table, the property of the captain;—a sort of programme or play-bill to tell the sea-faring New Englander what he shall find on landing here. And as for *Dombey*, Sir, there is no land where paper exists to print on, where it is not found; no man who can read, that does not read it, and, if he cannot, he finds some charitable pair of eyes that can, and hears it.

But these things are not for me to say; these compliments, though true, would better come from one who felt and understood these merits more. I am not here to exchange civilities with you, but rather to speak of that which I am sure interests these gentlemen more than their own praises; of that which is good in holidays and working-days, the same in one century and in another century. That which lures a solitary American in the woods with the wish to see England, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race—its

¹ By Sir Archibald Alison.

commanding sense of right and wrong—the love and devotion to that—this is the imperial trait, which arms them with the sceptre of the globe. It is this which lies at the foundation of that aristocratic character, which certainly wanders into strange vagaries, so that its origin is often lost sight of, but which, if it should lose this, would find itself paralyzed; and in trade, and in the mechanic's shop, gives that honesty in performance, that thoroughness and solidity of work, which is a national characteristic. This conscience is one element, and the other is that loyal adhesion, that habit of friendship, that homage of man to man, running through all classes—the electing of worthy persons to a certain fraternity, to acts of kindness and warm and staunch support, from year to year, from youth to age—which is alike lovely and honourable to those who render and those who receive it;—which stands in strong contrast with the superficial attachments of other races, their excessive courtesy, and short-lived connection.

You will think me very pedantic, gentlemen, but holiday though it be, I have not the smallest interest in any holiday, except as it celebrates real and not pretended joys; and I think it just, in this time of gloom and commercial disaster, of affliction and beggary in these districts, that on these very accounts I speak of, you should not fail to keep your literary anniversary. I seem to hear you say that, for all that is come and gone, yet we will not reduce by one chaplet or one oak-leaf the braveries of our annual feast. For I must tell you, I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island, from which my forefathers came, was no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round; no, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air, but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fibre and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand.

Is it not true, Sir, that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colours from the port, but only that brave sailer which came back with torn sheets and

battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm?

And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honours, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs, which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in the storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born on the soil. So be it! so let it be! If it be not so, if the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts, and my own Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, The old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany ranges, or nowhere.

EARL OF ROSEBERRY

ROBERT BURNS

[Address delivered in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, July 21, 1896,
being the occasion of the Burns Centenary celebration at Dumfries, Scotland.]

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I cannot perhaps deny that to-day has been a labour, but it has been a labour of love. [The speaker had delivered an address in the morning before the tomb of Burns, at Dumfries.] It is, it must be, a source of joy and pride to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity, see too, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of world-wide reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of men, in the backwood and in the swamp, where the sentinel paces the black frontier or the sailor smokes the evening pipe, or where, above all, the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack, the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns.

I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The *adsum* of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime. It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for a constant working up to the great drama of the Revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the

time arrives—the dark volcanic country, the hungry, desperate people, the firefly nobles, the concentrated splendour of the Court; in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling queen; and during lone previous years brooding nature has been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox, and Goethe, Nelson and Mozart, Schiller, Pitt and Burns, Wellington and Napoleon, and among these Titans Burns is a conspicuous figure—a figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme. What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medical baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained, but at any rate let us discuss him again.

That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally, perhaps, more time than I. Pardon, then, the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has, perhaps, no right to attempt.

The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one. It has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have no time to consider it to-night; but I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple, though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But if I wished to prove my contention I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way. There seem to be two great natural forces in British literature—I use the safe adjective of "British" [laughter and applause]—and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. [Renewed applause.] I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English, partly because he hated and was perhaps the first to protest against the use of the word English as including Scottish. There are, I say, two great forces, which seem sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and

Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of the miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns.

Try and reconstruct Burns as he was—a peasant born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment [laughter]; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his plough. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly, in nightingale pauses, till he dies. The nightingale sings because he cannot help it. He can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara, and, remember, the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. "It will be the misfortune of Burns's reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet and nothing but a poet. Poetry," she continues—"I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him—was actually not his forte. None certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee," and she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes—"those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested."

It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone, but as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon, the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that "all the faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and

impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk or ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus: "Their great and various excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances."

The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two. "I think Burns," said Dr. Robertson to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and his prose." We are told, too, that he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak—and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence. All this seems to me marvellous. It surely satisfies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry. [Cheers.]

I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was no mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind, except the cruel and base—nay, we may go further and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and depressed part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. But, above all, he saw the charm of the home. He recognized it as the basis of all society. He honoured it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how sincerely the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. "I recollect," once said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me when he was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who did not witness, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained."

He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have I not," he once wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stock in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the

prospect of many more." The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings of the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are:—

"To make a happy fireside chime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

His verses then go straight to the heart of every home; they appeal to every father and mother; but that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. [Cheers.] He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he pauses. The sore, the weary, the wounded will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain this eternal heart will still afford resource.

But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere the touch of genius; nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas, may be said of his poetry: "He went out in all weathers"; and it may be added that all weathers suited him, that he always brought back something that cannot die! [Cheers.]

He is, then, I think, a universal friend in a unique sense, but was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman—I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromartie, Sir Edward Seymour, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, Fletcher writes: "I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This may be readily paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than frame its laws, and this again may be interpreted, that in former days, at any rate in the days of Fletcher, even to the days

of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. [Cheers.] If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that Scotland owes Burns? He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world—primarily to his country, but others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From distant Roumania the queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart. [Cheers.]

We must remember that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns's songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people, rough and coarse, and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious moulds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him these ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed life and sweetened the breath of Scotland. [Cheers.]

I have also used the words patriot and lover. These draw me to different lines of thought. The word patriot leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician, and he is even said to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. [Laughter.] That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Professor Masson has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. [Laughter.] My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns's politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear, it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions.

But Burns should not be claimed for any party. A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet [laughter and cheers]—that is to say, a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. [Renewed laughter.] I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed. A politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended,

but where there is any confusion between the two calling it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns or the politician thinks he needs something higher than politics. Burns's politics were entirely governed by the imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. He had much the same spirit of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution when it was setting all Europe to rights but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. [Laughter.] And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse.

The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry, and afterwards Minister for fifteen years under the title of Liverpool, was on duty at Burns's funeral, though we are told—the good man—that he disapproved of the poet and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wondered that a powerful Minister could have allowed one he admired so much to exist on an exciseman's pay, when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when he died. [Cheers.] And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet which in the Academy of Lagado would have surely been held a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers. [Laughter.]

So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that." Is not Burns's politics the assertion of the rights of humanity? In a sense far wider than party politics it erects all mankind, it is the charter of its self-respect, and it binds, it heals, it invigorates, it sets the bruised and broken on their legs, it refreshes the stricken soul, it is the salve and tonic and character, it cannot be narrowed into party politics. Burns's politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events.

And now, having discussed two trains of thought suggested by the words friend and patriot, I come to a more dangerous word, lover. There is an eternal controversy which it appears no didactic oil will ever assuage as to Burns's private life and

morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems, some maintain that his life must be read in his works, and again some think that his life damns his poems, while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing fire beneath and unable to avoid them, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems, and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is strong, though a high and excellent authority, Mr. Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point. But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist in his vices. They lie outside it. It is a life of work and truth and tenderness, and though like all lives it has its light and shade, remember that we know all the worst as well as the best.

His was a soul bathed in crystal. He hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love-passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent not from shame, but because it was a sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come. There shall I with speechless agony or rapture recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." But he had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift, but his imagination often led him wrong, and never more than with woman. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl he approached; hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstances. This much is certain—had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns's pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same treatment measured out to Burns as to others? The illegitimate children of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare and ruffle it with the best. It is for the illegitimate children of Burns,

though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. There were two brilliant figures both descended from the Stuarts who were alive during Burns's life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the offences of Burns, we heave an elegant sigh over the hundred lapses of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart. [Cheers.]

Again, it is quite clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life; but this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses, and who were all convivial, have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit so perilously attractive to men of genius, from the decorous Addison and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward. The eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home which cannot have been very exhilarating, with the nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern and the admiring circle there may well have been almost irresistible.

Some attempt to say that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny it. If he succumbed it was to good-fellowship and cheer. Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and, indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns's example—he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this, that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain at this distance to discern this dim spot on the poet's mantle? Shakespeare and Ben Jonson took their cool tankard at the "Mermaid." We cannot afford, in the strictest view of dietary responsibility, to quarrel with them for it. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then why, we ask, is there such a chasm between the "Mermaid" and the "Globe"; and why are the vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inverary marble and its contents? [Cheers.]

I should like to go a step further and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much

by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed, we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection.

Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No. Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery moving through the seen to the unseen; he is sown in dishonour; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold, in mists and wrath, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of spring, its breath, its sunshine; at the end he is reaped, the product not of one climate but of all, not of good alone but of sorrow, perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one?—how, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation, great in strength, and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness, and when we thank Heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves. [Cheers.]

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

SCIENCE AND ART

[Speech of Thomas H. Huxley at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 5, 1883. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Academy, said in introducing him: "With science I couple the name under which we know one of the most fearless, keen, and lucid intellects which have ever in this country grappled with the problems of natural science and set them solved before us, the name of Professor Huxley [cheers], a name known far and wide wherever the pregnant science of biology is studied, and through the vehicle of other tongues besides that strong and trenchant English with which he is wont to strike his thoughts so vigorously home."]

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to thank you for the extremely kind and appreciative manner in which you have received the toast of science. It is the more grateful to me to hear that toast proposed in an assembly of this kind, because I have noticed of late years a great and growing tendency among those who were once jestingly said to have been born in a pre-scientific age to look upon science as an invading and aggressive force, which if it had its own way would oust from the universe all other pursuits. I think there are many persons who look upon this new birth of our times as a sort of monster rising out of the sea of modern thought with purpose of devouring the Andromeda of art. And now and then a Perseus, equipped with the shoes of swiftness of the ready writer, with the cap of invisibility of the editorial article, and it may be with the Medusa head of vituperation, shows himself ready to try conclusions with the scientific dragon. Sir, I hope that Perseus will think better of it [laughter]; first for his own sake, because the creature is hard of head, strong of jaw, and for some time past has shown a great capacity for going over and through whatever comes in his way; and secondly, for

the sake of justice, for I assure you of my own personal knowledge that, if left alone, the creature is a very debonnair and gentle monster. [Laughter.]

As for the Andromeda of art, he has the tenderest respect for that lady, and desires nothing more than to see her happily settled and annually producing a flock of such charming children as those we see about us. [Cheers.]

But putting parables aside, I am unable to understand how any one with a knowledge of mankind can imagine that the growth of science can threaten the development of art in any of its forms. If I understand the matter at all, science and art are the obverse and reverse of Nature's medal, the one expressing the eternal order of things, in terms of feeling, the other in terms of thought. When men no longer love nor hate; when suffering causes no pity, and the tale of great deeds ceases to thrill; when the lily of the field shall seem no longer more beautifully arrayed than Solomon in all his glory, and the awe has vanished from the snow-capped peak and deep ravine—then indeed science may have the world to itself, but it will not be because the monster has devoured art, but because one side of human nature is dead, and because men have lost the half of their ancient and present attributes. [Cheers.]

LORD FISHER

"SLEEP QUIETLY IN YOUR BEDS"

[Speech delivered by Admiral Lord Fisher, then Admiral Sir John Fisher, in response to the toast of the Navy, at the Guildhall Banquet, November 11, 1907.]

MY LORD MAYOR:—The City of London has always kindly appreciated the Navy, and when you clapped just now as you did it was the Navy you were clapping. Now, as to the strength, the efficiency, and the sufficiency of the Navy, I am able to give you indisputable proofs. Recently, in the equinoctial season in the North Sea, we have had twenty-six of the finest battleships in the world and twenty-five of the finest cruisers, some of them equal to foreign battleships, and over fifty other vessels, under eleven admirals, and all working under a distinguished commander-in-chief, under very trying circumstances and in a very stormy time, and I look in vain to see any equal to that large Fleet anywhere. [Cheers.] That is only a fraction of our powers. [Cheers.] And that large Fleet is *nulli secundus*, as they say, whether it is ships or officers or men. [Cheers.]

Now, I turn to the other point, the gunnery of the Fleet. The gunnery efficiency of the Fleet has surpassed all records—it is unparalleled—and I am lost in wonder and admiration at the splendid unity of spirit and determination that must have been shown by everybody from top to bottom to obtain these results. [Cheers.] I am sure that your praise and your appreciation will go forth to them, because, remember, the best ships, the biggest Navy—my friend over there talked about the two-Power standard—a million-Power standard [laughter] is no use unless you can hit. [Cheers.] You must hit first, you must hit hard, and you must keep on hitting.

[Cheers.] If these are the fruits, I don't think there is much wrong with the government of the Navy. [Cheers.] Figs don't grow on thistles. [Laughter and cheers.] But a gentleman of fine feeling has lately said that the recent Admiralty administration has been attended with the devil's own luck. [Laughter.] That interesting personality [laughter]—his luck is due to one thing, and one thing only—he hesitates at nothing to gain his object. That is what the Board of Admiralty have done, and our object has been the fighting efficiency of the Fleet and its instant readiness for war; and we have got it. [Cheers.] And I say it because no one can have a fuller knowledge than myself about it, and I speak with the fullest sense of responsibility. [Cheers.]

So I turn to all of you, and I turn to my countrymen, and I say—Sleep quietly in your beds [laughter and cheers], and do not be disturbed by these bogeys—invasion and otherwise—which are being periodically resuscitated by all sorts of leagues. [Laughter.] I do not know what league is working this one. It is quite curious what reputable people lend themselves to these scares. This afternoon I read the effusions of a red-hot and most charmingly interesting magazine editor. He had evidently been victimized by a *Punch* correspondent, and that *Punch* correspondent had been gulled by some Midshipman Easy of the Channel Fleet. He had been there. And this is what the magazine editor prints in italics in this month's magazine—that an army of 100,000 German soldiers had been practising embarking in the German fleet. The absolute truth is that one solitary regiment was embarked for manœuvres. That is the truth. To embark 100,000 soldiers you want hundreds and thousands of tons of transport. You might just as well talk of practising embarking St. Paul's Cathedral in a penny steamer. [Laughter.] I have no doubt that equally silly stories are current in Germany. I have no doubt that there is terror there that the English Fleet will swoop down all of a sudden and gobble up the German Fleet. [Laughter.] These stories are not only silly—they are mischievous, very mischievous. [Hear, hear.] If Eve had not kept on looking at that apple [laughter]—and it was pleasant to the eyes—she would not have picked it, and we should not have been now bothered with clothes. [Loud laughter.]

I was very nearly forgetting something else that the *Punch* correspondent said. I put it in my pocket as I came away

to read it out to you. He had been a week in the Channel Fleet and he had discussed everything, from the admiral down to the bluejacket. He does not say anything about that Midshipman Easy. "In one matter I found unanimity of admission. It was that in respect to the number of fighting ships, their armament, and general capacity, the British Navy was never in so satisfactory a condition as it floats to-day." [Cheers.] So we let him off that yarn about the 100,000 German troops. [Laughter.] The day after to-morrow we are going to have a real German invasion, and we'll give it a hearty welcome. [Cheers.] I wish to take this public opportunity, as there may not be another, of offering to his Imperial Majesty on behalf of the Navy the expression of our admiration, and also of our pride that he is an Admiral of the Fleet in our Navy—a brother sailor. [Loud cheers.]

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

THE DRAMA

[Speech of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 4, 1895. The toast to the "Drama" was coupled with that to "Music," to which Sir Alexander Mackenzie responded. Sir John Millais in proposing the toast said: "I have already spoken for both music and the drama with my brush. [Hear, hear.] I have painted Sterndale Bennett, Arthur Sullivan, Irving, and Hare."]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN :—
There ought to be at least one strong link of sympathy between certain painters and certain dramatists, for in the craft of painting, as in that of play-writing, popular success is not always held to be quite creditable. Not very long ago I met at an exhibition of pictures a friend whose business it is to comment in the public journals upon painting and the drama. The exhibition was composed of the works of two artists, and I found myself in one room praising the pictures of the man who was exhibiting in the other. My friend promptly took me to task. "Surely," said he, "you noticed that two-thirds of the works in the next room are already sold?" I admitted having observed that many of the pictures were so ticketed. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "But," said I, anxiously, "do you really regard that circumstance as reflecting disparagingly upon the man's work in the next room?" His reply was: "Good work rarely sells." [Laughter.] My lords and gentlemen, if the dictum laid down by my friend be a sound one, I am placed to-night in a situation of some embarrassment. For, in representing, as you honour me by giving me leave to do, my brother dramatists, I confess I am not in the position to deny that their wares frequently "sell." [Laughter.] I might, of course, artfully plead in extenuation

of this condition of affairs that success in such a shape is the very last reward the dramatist toils for, or desires ; that when the theatre in which his work is presented is thronged nightly no one is more surprised, more abashed than himself ; that his modesty is so impenetrable, his artistic absorption so profound, that the sound of the voices of public approbation reduces him to a state of shame and dismay. [Laughter.] But did I advance this plea, I think it would at once be found to be a very shallow plea. For in any department of life, social, political, or artistic, nothing is more difficult than to avoid incurring the suspicion that you mean to succeed in the widest application of that term, if you can. If therefore there be any truth in the assertion that "good work rarely sells," it would appear that I must, on behalf of certain of my brother dramatists, either bow my head in frank humiliation, or strike out some ingenious line of defence. [Hear, hear.]

But, my lords and gentlemen, I shall, with your sanction, adopt neither of those expedients ; I shall simply beg leave to acknowledge freely, to acknowledge without a blush, that what is known as popular success is, I believe, greatly coveted, sternly fought for, by even the most earnest of those writers who deal in the commodity labelled "modern British drama." And I would, moreover, submit that of all the affectations displayed by artists of any craft, the affectation of despising the approval and support of the great public is the most mischievous and misleading. [Cheers.] Speaking at any rate of dramatic art, I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power of legitimately interesting a great number of people. I believe this of any art ; I believe it especially of the drama. Whatever distinction the dramatist may attain in gaining the attention of the so-called select few, I believe that his finest task is that of giving back to a multitude their own thoughts and conceptions, illuminated, enlarged, and if needful, purged, perfected, transfigured. The making of a play that shall be closely observant in its portrayal of character, moral in purpose, dignified in expression, stirring in its development, yet not beyond our possible experience of life ; a drama, the unfolding of whose story shall be watched intently, responsively, night after night by thousands of men and women, necessarily of diversified temperaments, aims, and interests, men and women of all classes of society—surely the writing of that drama, the weaving of that complex fabric, is one of the most arduous of the tasks which art has set us ;

surely its successful accomplishment is one of the highest achievements of which an artist is capable.

I cannot claim—it would be immodest to make such a claim in speaking even of my brother dramatists—I cannot claim that the thorough achievement of such a task is a common one in this country. It is indeed a rare one in any country. But I can claim—I do claim for my fellow-workers that they are not utterly unequal to the demands made upon them, and that of late there have been signs of the growth of a thoughtful, serious drama in England. [Hear, hear.] I venture to think, too, that these signs are not in any sense exotics; I make bold to say that they do not consist of mere imitations of certain models; I submit that they are not, as a few critics of limited outlook and exclusive enthusiasm would have us believe—I submit that they are not mere echoes of foreign voices. I submit that the drama of the present day is the natural outcome of our own immediate environment, of the life that closely surrounds us. And, perhaps, it would be only fair to allow that the reproaches which have been levelled for so long a period at the British theatre—the most important of these reproaches being that it possessed no drama at all—perhaps, I say, we may grant in a spirit of charity that these reproaches ought not to be wholly laid at the door of the native playwright. If it be true that he has been in the habit of producing plays invariably conventional in sentiment, trite in comedy, wrought on traditional lines, inculcating no philosophy, making no intellectual appeal whatever, may it not be that the attitude of the frequenters of the theatre has made it hard for him to do anything else? If he has until lately evaded in his theatrical work any attempt at a true criticism of life, if he has ignored the social, religious, and scientific problems of his day, may we not attribute this to the fact that the public have not been in the mood for these elements of seriousness in their theatrical entertainment, have not demanded these special elements of seriousness either in plays or in novels? But during recent years, the temper of the times has been changing; it is now the period of analysis, of general restless inquiry; and as this spirit creates a demand for freer expression on the part of our writers of books, so it naturally permits to our writers of plays a wider scope in the selection of subject, and calls for an accompanying effort of thought, a large freedom of utterance.

At this moment, perhaps, the difficulty of the dramatist lies less in paucity of subject, than in an almost embarrassing wealth of it. The life around us teems with problems of conduct and character, which may be said almost to cry aloud for dramatic treatment, and the temptation that besets the busy playwright of an uneasy, an impatient age, is that in yielding himself to the allurements of contemporary psychology, he is apt to forget that fancy and romance have also their immortal rights in the drama. [Hear, hear.]

But when all is claimed for romance, we must remember that the laws of supply and demand assert themselves in the domain of dramatic literature as elsewhere. What the people, out of the advancement of their knowledge, out of the enlightenment of modern education, want, they will ask for; what they demand, they will have. And at the present moment the English people appear to be inclined to grant to the English dramatist the utmost freedom to deal with questions which have long been thought to be outside the province of the stage. I do not deplore it, I rejoice that this is so, and I rejoice that to the dramatists of my day—to those at least who care to attempt to discharge it, falls the duty of striking from the limbs of English drama some of its shackles. [Hear, hear.] I know that the discharge of this duty is attended by one great, one special peril. And in thinking particularly of the younger generation of dramatists, those upon whom the immediate future of our drama depends, I cannot help expressing the hope that they will accept this freedom as a privilege to be jealously exercised, a privilege to be exercised in the spirit which I have been so presumptuous as to indicate.

It would be easy by a heedless employment of the latitude allowed us to destroy its usefulness, indeed to bring about a reaction which would derive us of our newly granted liberty altogether. Upon this point the young, the coming dramatist would perhaps do well to ponder; he would do well, I think, to realize fully that freedom in art must be guarded by the eternal unwritten laws of good taste, morality, and beauty; he would do well to remember always that the real courage of the artist is in his capacity for restraint. [Cheers.]

I am deeply sensible of the honour which has been done me in the association of my name with this toast, and I ask your leave to add one word—a word of regret at the absence to-night of my friend, Mr. Toole, an absence unhappily occasioned by an illness from which he is but slowly recovering. Mr. Toole

charges me to express his deep disappointment at being prevented from attending this banquet. He does not, however, instruct me to say what I do say heartily—that Mr. Toole fitly represents in any assemblage his own particular department of the drama ; more fitly represents his department than I do mine. I know of no actor who stands higher in the esteem, who exists more durably in the affection of those who know him, than does John Lawrence Toole.

MAX O'RELL

(PAUL BLOUET)

MONSIEUR AND MADAME

[Speech of Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) at the annual Ladies' Banquet of the Whitefriars Club, London, May 4, 1900. Max O'Rell, as toast-master, delivered the following speech in responding to the remarks of Sarah Grand to the toast of "Mere Man,"]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel somewhat jealous of my brother, Friar Austin, to-night. He had to propose an easy toast. I think I could have attempted the praise of woman, whose name I cannot hear without wanting to take off my hat. I have to attempt the praise of man, and I do not feel equal to it. I have half a mind to let the case go against him, but I consider Madame Sarah Grand has let us off pretty easy. Well, we are not quite so bad as we are painted sometimes. I believe half the lies that are told about men are not true. [Laughter.] We are in the habit of running ourselves down, to summon women to our help, but we do not believe a word of it. We are very much like those English people who at church call themselves miserable sinners, and who would knock down on the spot any one who would take them at their word on coming out of church. [Laughter.]

Now, the attitude of men towards women is very different, according to the different nations to which they belong. You will find a good illustration of that different attitude of men towards women in France, in England, and in America, if you go to the dining-rooms of their hotels. You go to the dining-room, and you take, if you can, a seat near the entrance door, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and also watch them as they cross the room and go to the table that is assigned to them by the head waiter. Now, in Europe,

you would find a very polite head waiter, who invites you to go in, and asks you where you will sit, but in America the head waiter is a most magnificent potentate who lies in wait for you at the door, and bids you to follow him sometimes in the following respectful manner, beckoning "There." [Laughter.] And you have got to do it, too. [Laughter.]

I travelled six times in America, and I never saw a man so daring as not to sit there. [Laughter.] In the tremendous hotels of the large cities, where you have to go to number 992 or something of the sort, I generally got a little entertainment out of the head waiter. He is so thoroughly persuaded that it would never enter my head not to follow him he will never look round to see if I am there. Why, he knows I am there, but I'm not. [Laughter.] I wait my time, and when he has got to the end I am sitting down waiting for a chance to be left alone. He says: "You cannot sit here." I say: "Why not? What is the matter with this seat?" He says: "You must not sit there." I say: "I don't want a constitutional walk; don't bother, I'm all right." Once, indeed, after an article in the *North American Review*—for your head waiter in America reads reviews—a head waiter told me to sit where I pleased. I said: "Now, wait a minute, give me time to realize that; do I understand that in this hotel I am going to sit where I like?" He said: "Certainly!" He was in earnest. I said: "I should like to sit over there at that table near the window." He said: "All right, come with me." When I came out there were some newspaper people in the hotel waiting for me, and it was reported in half a column in one of the papers, with one of those charming headlines which are so characteristic of American journalism, "Max sits where he likes!" [Laughter.] Well, as I said, you go to the dining-room, you take your seat, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and you will know the position of men. In France Monsieur and Madame come in together abreast, as a rule arm in arm. They look pleasant, smile, and talk to each other. They smile at each other, even though married. [Laughter.]

In England, in the same class of hotel, John Bull comes in first. He does not look happy. John Bull likes privacy. He doesn't like to be obliged to eat in the presence of lots of people who have not been introduced to him, and he thinks it very hard that he should not have the whole dining-room to himself. That man, though, mind you, in his own house

undoubtedly the most hospitable, the most kind, the most considerate of hosts in the world, that man in the dining-room of a hotel always comes in with a frown. He does not like it, he grumbles, and mild and demure, with her hands hanging down, modestly follows Mrs. John Bull. But in America behold the arrival of Mrs. Jonathan. [Laughter.] Behold her triumphant entry, pulling Jonathan behind! Well, I like my own country, and I cannot help thinking that the proper and right way is the French. [Applause.] Ladies, you know all our shortcomings. Our hearts are exposed ever since the rib which covered them was taken off. Yet we ask you kindly to allow us to go through life with you, like the French, arm in arm, in good friendship and camaraderie. [Applause.]

WILLIAM B. MELISH

THE LADIES

[Speech of William B. Melish at a banquet given in honour of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States, by the Templars of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, Pa., 1898. Colonel Melish, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was assigned the toast, "Our Ladies."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—Once in three years it falls to the lot of a few, a happy few, of us budding blossoms of the official corps of the Grand Encampment to be discovered by a triennial committee, and distinguished by having our names printed on the banquet lists, and told that we are to sit among the elect at the big centre table, and to respond to certain toasts. With all the vanity of man we gladly accept, and care little what the toast may be. So, when the Pittsburg Committee asked me to select my topic, I rashly said "any old thing," and they told me I was to talk about the ladies. Then I regretted that I had said "any old thing." [Laughter.] In vain I told them I knew but little of the subject, delightful though it be, and that what I did know I dare not tell in this presence. The Chairman unearthed some ancient Templar landmark of the Crusaders Hopkins and Gobin, about "a Knight's duty is to obey," hence as the poet says:—

"When a woman's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

Last Sunday when the Grand Master, and all the Grand officers, save possibly the Grand Prelate, made their *triennial* appearance in church, I picked up a book in the pew I was in, and was impressed with the opening chapters of a story called "The Book of Genesis." It is the first mention made of one who was entitled to be called the "first lady in the land." I read that the Creator "saw everything that He

had made, and behold it was very good," and He rested. Then He made man and said he was good—and He rested. He then made woman out of the rib of a man, but no mention is made of His remarks, or of His resting—in fact there has been no rest for mankind ever since. [Laughter.] The first lady was called woman—"because she was taken out of man," and twenty centuries look down upon us, and we realize that what she has taken out of man is a plenty. As the poet Moore pleasantly remarks :—

"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still,"

For two thousand years the Order of Knighthood has been endeavouring to ameliorate and elevate the condition of womankind. Among savages they are beasts of burden, among barbarians and Mohammedans they are toys or slaves, but among us, thanks to American manhood, they have our love and respect, they have all our rights, all our money, and, in these days of tailor-made garments, they have nearly all our clothes ; and we smile and smile, and wonder what next ? [Laughter.]

Is it surprising that a sedate, sober-minded, slightly bald-headed, middle-aged Templar Knight, "used only to war's alarms [laughter] and not to woman's charms," should be at a loss what to say on an occasion like this, or to do justice to such a subject ? It is delightful to have the ladies here. Like Timon of Athens we can truly say :—

"You have, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion to our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind,"

In the presence of the bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and warm red lips of the ladies it might be possible to work up to the proper degree of enthusiasm in the short time allotted me, if it were not for the stony glare of one which says, "Beware I am here !" [Laughter.] Now, in my innocence, I presumed that poets were the fellows who had prepared all the pretty things to say about the dear girls, but I find a variety of opinions expressed. That good old Masonic bard, Bobby Burns, says :—

"And nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
An' then she made the lasses, O,"

But you will note that Dame Nature swears this, and she is not a competent witness, as she had nothing to do with the little surgical episode when Brother Adam lost his rib. [Laughter.] Lord Lytton gave our sisters good advice, as follows :—

“ Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is Retreat,
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light.”

Another English authority named “ Howe,” in his *Advice to Wives*, says :—

“ A wife, domestic, good and pure
Like snail should keep within her door,
But not, like snail, with silver track
Place all her wealth upon her back.”

But who in these latter days would preach the heresies of those old-fashioned fellows to the hundreds of ladies present, plumed in all the titles and distinctions of the hundred and one woman's clubs of to-day, which they represent. Perish the thought !

Woman is being emancipated. She is enthroned in the sun, crowned with stars, and, trampling beneath her dainty feet the burnt-out moon, emblem of a vanished despotism that denied her the companionship of her husband, questioned her immortality, locked her up in the harem, or harnessed her to the plough. A hundred years from now, if she does a man's work, she will be paid a man's wages [applause], and some of us will not have to work for a living, but can go to our clubs in peace, take our afternoon naps, and be ready in the evening to get Mamma's slippers ready when she comes home from the office. [Laughter.]

But the problem for to-night is how to consider the various relations which women bear to us weak, frail men—as mother or mother-in-law, as sweetheart or wife. We are somewhat in the predicament of the green bridegroom at Delmonico's who said : “ Waiter, we want dinner for two.” “ Will ze lady and ze gentleman haf table d'hôte or à la carte ? ” “ Oh, bring us some of both, with lots of gravy on 'em ! ” Oh, ye Knights ! Take the advice of the philosopher who is talking to you, and be on the best of terms with your mother-in-law. [Laughter.] Only get her on your side, and you have a haven to fly to when all others fail to appreciate you, and when some

one of the others feels appointed a special agent to tell you about it. Now, it isn't everybody that knows this, and I commend it to you. [Laughter.]

Some men are like the two darkies I heard discussing the question of what a man should do if he were in a boat on a wide river, with his mother and his wife, and the boat should sink, and he could only save one woman. "Johnson," said Billy Rice, "who would you save, yo' mudder or yo' wife?" Johnson thought and said: "Billy! I would save my mudder. I could get anudder wife, but where under the blue canopy of hebben could I get anudder dear old mudder?" "But look here, Billy! 'Spose you was in de boat, in de middle of de river, wid yo' wife and yo' mudder-in-law?" "Oh, what a cinch!" said Billy. "And de boat," continued Johnson, "was to strike a snag and smash to pieces, and eberybody go into de water, who would you save?" "My wife dar! my mudder-in-law dar! and de boat strike a snag?" "Yes!" "I would save de snag," said Billy. "I could get anudder wife, I might den have anudder mudder-in-law, but where under de blue canopy of hebben could I find anudder dear, thoughtful old snag?" [Laughter.]

It has been well said that "all a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother." She has sustained at least one of these relations to even the poorest of us; but I wonder if there is a man here to-night so miserably abject and forlorn and God-forsaken as not, some time in his life, to have been able to regard her in the delightful relation of sweetheart? I hope not. I would rather he had had a dozen, than no sweetheart at all. The most unselfish devotion we may ever know is that of our mother; a sweet affection is that of our sisters, a most tender love is that of our daughters, but the love and affection we all want, and without which we are never satisfied, is that of the sweethearts who reward our devotion—out of all proportion to our deserts—by becoming our wives and the mothers of our daughters. [Applause.]

It is not less the pleasure than the duty of every man to have a sweetheart—I was almost tempted to say, the more, the merrier—and the sooner he makes one of his sweethearts his wife, the better for him. If he is a "woman-hater," or professes to be (for, as a matter of fact, there is no such anomaly as a genuine "woman-hater" at liberty in this great and glorious country), let him beware, as I believe with Thackeray,

that a "woman, with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. [Laughter.] Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don't know their own power." As the poet—what's-his-name—so beautifully and feelingly and touchingly observes:—

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"——
"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Next to God, we are indebted to woman for life itself, and then for making it worth living. To describe her, the pen should be dipped in the humid colours of the rainbow, and the paper dried with the dust gathered from the wings of a butterfly. There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad ; a keener pang than he feels for himself ; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct ; there is one who rejoices in another's honour more than in her own ; there is one upon whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight ; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than her own ; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another—that one is she who is honoured with the holy name of wife. [Applause.] With the immortal Shakespeare we may say :—

"Why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

I can do no greater justice to my subject, the occasion, and myself, than by closing with the words of Shelley : "Win her and wear her if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures. Heaven's best gift ; man's joy and pride in prosperity ; man's support and comfort in affliction." I drink her health. God bless her. [Prolonged applause.]



EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON, P.C.

RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

ON THE PLEASURES OF READING

[In his Rectorial address delivered at the University of St. Andrews, December 10, 1887.]

MR. PRINCIPAL AND GENTLEMEN:—It has probably not been the lot of many of my predecessors in the distinguished post to which you have elected me to deliver a Rectorial Address under circumstances more adverse to the deliberate reflection and the careful preparation which such a performance requires. So strongly do I feel the extreme difficulty of saying anything worthy of this place and of this audience, at a time when the daily and even hourly calls upon me are incessant, that I should have been disposed to defer to a more convenient season my first public appearance amongst you. From this, however, I was deterred by one consideration—namely, that if the Rectorial installation were postponed till next year, or the year after, I should have no opportunity of meeting those who interested themselves in the last Rectorial election. In University life, generation succeeds generation with such rapidity, that the leaders among the students of one year are the departed heroes of the next. And I prefer, therefore, even under the somewhat adverse circumstances which I have indicated, to meet those who took a principal part in the contest of last November, whether for or against me, to all the advantages which my audience might be expected to derive from a postponement of my Address.

I will confess to you at the outset that I have been much embarrassed in the selection of a subject. Not a few of my predecessors have found themselves, I should imagine, in a similar difficulty. A Rectorial Address might, so I was informed, be about anything. But this “anything” is too

apt, upon further investigation, to resolve itself into nothing. Some topics are too dull. Some are too controversial. Some interest only the few. Some are too great a strain upon the speaker who has to prepare them. Some too severely tax the patience of the audience which has to listen to them. And I confess to have been much perplexed in my search for a topic on which I could say something to which you would have patience to listen, or on which I might find it profitable to speak.

One theme, however, there is, not inappropriate to the place in which I speak, nor, I hope, unwelcome to the audience which I address. The youngest of you have left behind that period of youth during which it seems inconceivable that any book should afford recreation except a story-book. Many of you are just reaching the period when, at the end of your prescribed curriculum, the whole field and compass of literature lies outspread before you; when with faculties trained and disciplined, and the edge of curiosity not dulled or worn with use, you may enter at your leisure into the intellectual heritage of the centuries.

Now the question of how to read, and what to read, has of late filled much space in the daily papers, if it cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have profoundly occupied the public mind. But you need be under no alarm. I am not going to supply you with a new list of a hundred books, nor am I about to take the world into my confidence in respect of my favourite passages from the best authors. Nor again do I address myself to the professed student, to the fortunate individual with whom literature or science is the business as well as the pleasure of life. I have not the qualifications which would enable me to undertake such a task with the smallest hope of success. My aim is humble, though the audience to whom I desire to speak is large; for I speak to the ordinary reader with ordinary capacities and ordinary leisure, to whom reading is, or ought to be, not a business but a pleasure; and my theme is the enjoyment—not the improvement, nor the glory, nor the profit, but the *enjoyment*—which may be derived by such a one from books.

It is perhaps due to the controversial habits engendered by my unfortunate profession, that I find no easier method of making my own view clear than by contrasting with it what I regard as an erroneous view held by somebody else; and in the present case the doctrine which I shall choose

as a foil to my own is one which has been stated with the utmost force and directness by that brilliant and distinguished writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison. He has given us in a series of excellent essays his opinion on the principles which should guide us in the choice of books. Against that part of his treatise which is occupied with specific recommendations of certain authors I have not a word to say. He has resisted all the temptations to eccentricity which so easily beset the modern critic. Every book which he praises deserves his praise, and has long been praised by the world at large. I do not, indeed, hold that the verdict of the world is necessarily binding on the individual conscience. I admit to the full that there is an enormous quantity of hollow devotion, of withered orthodoxy, divorced from living faith, in the eternal chorus of praise which goes up from every literary altar to the memory of the immortal dead. Nevertheless, every critic is bound to recognize, as Mr. Harrison recognizes, that he must put down to individual peculiarity any difference he may have with the general verdict of the ages; he must feel that mankind are not likely to be in a conspiracy of error as to the kind of literary work which conveys to them the highest literary enjoyment, and that in such cases at least *securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

But it is quite possible to hold that any work recommended by Mr. Harrison is worth repeated reading, and yet to reject utterly the theory of study by which these recommendations are prefaced. For Mr. Harrison is a ruthless censor. His *index expurgatorius* includes, so far as I can discover, the whole catalogue of the British Museum, with the exception of a small remnant which might easily be contained in about thirty or forty volumes. The vast remainder he contemplates with feelings apparently not merely of indifference, but of active aversion. He surveys the boundless and ever-increasing waste of books with emotions compounded of disgust and dismay. He is almost tempted to say in his haste that the invention of printing has been an evil one for humanity. In the habits of miscellaneous reading born of a too easy access to libraries, circulating and other, he sees many soul-destroying tendencies; and his ideal reader would appear to be a gentleman who rejects with a lofty scorn all in history that does not pass for being first-rate in importance, and all in literature that is not admitted to be first-rate in quality.

Now, I am far from denying that this theory is plausible. Of all that has been written, it is certain that the professed student can master but an infinitesimal fraction. Of that fraction the ordinary reader can master but a very small part. What advice, then, can be better than to select for study the few masterpieces that have come down to us, and to treat as non-existent the huge but undistinguished remainder? We are like travellers passing hastily through some ancient city filled with memorials of many generations and more than one great civilization. Our time is short. Of what may be seen we can only see at best but a trifling fragment. Let us then take care that we waste none of our precious moments upon that which is less than the most excellent. So preaches Mr. Frederic Harrison. And when a doctrine which, put thus, may seem not only wise but obvious, is further supported by such assertions as that habits of miscellaneous reading "close the mind to what is spiritually sustaining" by "stuffing it with what is simply curious," or that such methods of study are worse than no habits of study at all, because they "gorge and enfeeble" the mind by "excess in that which cannot nourish," I almost feel that in venturing to dissent from it I may be attacking not merely the teaching of common sense, but the inspirations of a high morality.

Yet I am convinced that, for most persons, the views thus laid down by Mr. Harrison are wrong, and that what he describes, with characteristic vigour, as "an impotent voracity for desultory information," is in reality a most desirable and a not too common form of mental appetite. I have no sympathy whatever for the horror he expresses at the "incessant accumulation of fresh books." I am never tempted to regret that Gutenberg was born in the world. I care not at all though the "cataract of printed stuff," as Mr. Harrison calls it, should flow and still flow on until the catalogues of our libraries should make libraries themselves. I am prepared, indeed, to express sympathy almost amounting to approbation for any one who would check all writing which was *not* intended for the printer. I pay no tribute of grateful admiration to those who have oppressed mankind with the dubious blessing of the penny post. But the ground of the distinction is plain. We are always obliged to read our letters, and are sometimes obliged to answer them. But who obliges us to wade through the

piled-up lumber of an ancient library, or to skim more than we like off the frothy foolishness poured forth in ceaseless stream by our circulating libraries? Dead dunces do not importune us; Grub Street does not ask for a reply by return of post. Even their living successors need hurt no one who possesses the very moderate degree of social courage required to make the admission that he has not read the last new novel or the current number of a fashionable magazine.

But this is not the view of Mr. Harrison. To him the position of any one having free access to a large library is fraught with issues so tremendous that, in order adequately to describe it, he has to seek for parallels in two of the most highly wrought episodes in fiction—the Ancient Mariner, becalmed and thirsting on the tropic ocean; Bunyan's Christian in the crisis of spiritual conflict. But there is here, surely, some error and some exaggeration. Has miscellaneous reading the dreadful consequences which Mr. Harrison depicts? Has it any of them? His declarations about the intellect being "gorged and enfeebled" by the absorption of too much information, expresses no doubt with great vigour an analogy, for which there is high authority, between the human mind and the human stomach; but surely it is an analogy which may be pressed too far.

I have often heard of the individual whose excellent natural gifts have been so overloaded with huge masses of undigested and indigestible learning, that they have had no chance of healthy development. But though I have often heard of this personage, I have never met him, and I believe him to be mythical.

It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull; but there is no indication whatever that they are dull because they are learned. True dulness is seldom acquired; it is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in substance the same. Fill a man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine; neither will he become duller, as Mr. Harrison appears to suppose. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dulness would, if left to itself, have been merely vacuous, it may have become, under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.

I would further point out to you, that, while there is no ground in experience for supposing that a keen interest in

those facts which Mr. Harrison describes as "merely curious" has any stupefying effect upon the mind, or has any tendency to render it insensible to the higher things of literature and art, there is positive evidence that many of those who have most deeply felt the charm of those higher things have been consumed by that omnivorous appetite for knowledge which excites Mr. Harrison's especial indignation. Dr. Johnson, for instance, though deaf to some of the most delicate harmonies of verse, was, without question, a very great critic. Yet, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, literary history, which is for the most part composed of facts which Mr. Harrison would regard as insignificant, about authors whom he would regard as pernicious, was the most delightful of studies.

Again, consider the case of Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay did everything Mr. Harrison says he ought not to have done. From youth to age he was continuously occupied in "gorging and enfeebling" his intellect by the unlimited consumption of every species of literature, from the masterpieces of the age of Pericles to the latest rubbish from the circulating library. It is not told of him that his intellect suffered by the process; and though it will hardly be claimed for him that he was a great critic, none will deny that he possessed the keenest susceptibilities for literary excellence in many languages and in every form.

If Englishmen and Scotsmen do not satisfy you, I will take a Frenchman. The most accomplished critic whom France has produced is, by general admission, St. Beuve. His capacity for appreciating supreme perfection in literature will be disputed by none; yet the great bulk of his vast literary industry was expended upon the lives and writings of authors whose lives Mr. Harrison would desire us to forget, and whose writings almost wring from him the wish that the art of printing had never been discovered.

I am even bold enough to hazard the conjecture (I trust he will forgive me) that Mr. Harrison's life may be quoted against Mr. Harrison's theory. I entirely decline to believe without further evidence that the writings whose vigour of style and of thought have been the delight of us all, are the product of his own system. I hope I do him no wrong, but I cannot help thinking that, if we knew all, we should find that he followed the practice of those worthy physicians who, after prescribing the most abstemious diet to their patients, may be seen partaking freely, and to all appearances

safely, of the most succulent and the most unwholesome of the forbidden dishes.

It has to be noted that Mr. Harrison's list of the books which deserve perusal would seem to indicate that, in his opinion, the pleasures to be derived from literature are chiefly pleasures of the imagination. Poets, dramatists, and novelists form the bulk of what is specifically permitted to his disciples. Now, though I have clearly stated that the list is not one of which any person is likely to assert that it contains books which ought to be excluded, yet, even from the point of view of what may be termed æsthetic enjoyment the field in which we are allowed to take our pleasures seems to me unduly restricted.

Contemporary poetry, for instance, on which Mr. Harrison bestows a good deal of hard language, has, and must have for the generation which produces it, certain qualities not likely to be possessed by any other. Charles Lamb has somewhere declared that a pun loses all its virtue as soon as the momentary quality of the intellectual and social atmosphere in which it was born has changed its character. What is true of this, the humblest effort of verbal art, is true, in a different measure and degree, of all, even of the highest forms of literature.

To some extent every work requires interpretation to generations who are separated by differences of thought or education from the age in which it was originally produced. That this is so with every book which depends for its interest upon feelings and fashions which have utterly vanished, no one will be disposed, I imagine, to deny. Butler's *Hudibras*, for instance, which was the delight of a gay and witty society, is to me, at least, not unfrequently dull. Of some works which made a noise in their day, it seems impossible to detect the slightest trace of charm. But this is not the case with *Hudibras*; its merits are obvious. That they should have appealed to a generation sick of the reign of the "Saints," is precisely what we should have expected. But to us, who are not sick of the reign of the Saints, they appeal but imperfectly. The attempt to reproduce artificially the frame of mind of those who first read the poem is not only an effort, but is to most people, at all events, an unsuccessful effort.

What is true of *Hudibras*, is true also, though in an inconceivably smaller degree, of those great works of imagination which deal with the elemental facts of human character and human passion. Yet even on these time does,

though lightly, lay his hand. Wherever what may be called "historic sympathy" is required, there will be some diminution of the enjoyment which those must have felt who were the poet's contemporaries. We look, so to speak, at the same splendid landscape as they, but distance has made it necessary for us to aid our natural vision with glasses, and some loss of light will thus inevitably be produced, and some inconvenience from the difficulty of truly adjusting the focus. Of all authors, Homer would, I suppose, be thought to suffer least from such drawbacks. But yet, in order to listen to Homer's accents with the ears of an ancient Greek, we must be able, among other things, to enter into a view about the gods which is as far removed from what we should describe as true religious sentiment, as it is from the frigid ingenuity of those later poets who regarded the deities of Greek mythology as so many wheels in the supernatural machinery with which it pleased them to carry on the action of their pieces.

If we are to accept Mr. Herbert Spencer's views as to the progress of our species, changes of sentiment are likely to occur which will far more seriously interfere with the world's delight in the Homeric poems. When human beings become "so nicely adjusted to their environment" that courage and dexterity in battle will have become as useless among virtues as an old helmet is among weapons of war; when fighting gets to be looked upon with the sort of disgust excited in us by cannibalism; and when public opinion shall regard a warrior much in the same light that we regard a hangman—I do not see how any fragment of that vast and splendid literature which depends for its interest upon deeds of heroism and the joy of battle is to retain its ancient charm. About these remote contingencies, however, I am glad to think that neither you nor I need trouble our heads; and if I parenthetically allude to them now, it is merely as an illustration of a truth not always sufficiently remembered, and as an excuse for those who find in the genuine, though possibly second-rate, productions of their own age a charm for which they search in vain among the mighty monuments of a past literature.

But I leave this train of thought, which has perhaps already taken me too far, in order to point out a more fundamental error, as I think it, which arises from regarding

literature solely from this high æsthetic standpoint. The pleasures of the imagination derived from the best literary models form, without doubt, the most exquisite portion of the enjoyment which we may extract from books ; but they do not, in my opinion, form the largest portion, if we take into account mass as well as quality, in our calculation. There is the literature which appeals to the imagination or the fancy, some stray specimens of which Mr. Harrison will permit us to peruse ; but is there not also the literature which satisfies the curiosity ? Is this vast storehouse of pleasure to be thrown hastily aside because many of the facts which it contains are alleged to be insignificant, because the appetite to which they minister is said to be morbid ? Consider a little.

We are here dealing with one of the strongest intellectual impulses of rational beings. Animals, as a rule, trouble themselves but little with anything unless they want either to eat it or to run away from it. Interest in, and wonder at, the works of nature and the doings of man are products of civilization, and excite emotions which do not diminish but increase with increasing knowledge and cultivation. Feed them and they grow ; minister to them and they will greatly multiply. We hear much indeed of what is called "idle curiosity," but I am loth to brand any form of curiosity as necessarily idle. Take, for example, one of the most singular, but, in this age, one of the most universal forms in which it is accustomed to manifest itself—I mean that of an exhaustive study of the contents of the morning and evening papers. It is certainly remarkable that any person who has nothing to get by it should destroy his eyesight and confuse his brain by a conscientious attempt to master the dull and doubtful details of the European diary daily transmitted to us by "Our Special Correspondent." But it must be remembered that this is only a somewhat unprofitable exercise of that disinterested love of knowledge which moves men to penetrate the Polar snows, to build up systems of philosophy, or to explore the secrets of the remotest heavens. It has in it the rudiments of infinite and varied delights. It *can* be turned, and it *should* be turned, into a curiosity for which nothing that has been done, or thought, or suffered, or believed—no law which governs the world of matter or the world of mind—can be wholly alien or uninteresting.

Truly it is a subject for astonishment that, instead of expanding to the utmost the employment of this pleasure-

giving faculty, so many persons should set themselves to work to limit its exercise by all kinds of arbitrary regulations. Some persons, for example, tell us that the acquisition of knowledge is all very well, but that it must be useful knowledge—meaning usually thereby that it must enable a man to get on in a profession, pass an examination, shine in conversation, or obtain a reputation for learning. But even if they mean something higher than this—even if they mean that knowledge, to be worth anything, must subserve ultimately, if not immediately, the material or spiritual interests of mankind—the doctrine is one which should be energetically repudiated.

I admit, of course, at once, that discoveries the most apparently remote from human concerns have often proved themselves of the utmost commercial or manufacturing value. But they require no such justification for their existence, nor were they striven for with any such object. Navigation is not the final cause of astronomy, nor telegraphy of electro-dynamics, nor dye-works of chemistry. And if it be true that the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge was the animating motive of the great men who first wrested her secrets from nature, why should it not also be enough for us, to whom it is not given to discover, but only to learn as best we may what has been discovered by others?

Another maxim, more plausible but equally pernicious, is that superficial knowledge is worse than no knowledge at all. That “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing” is a saying which has now got currency as a proverb stamped in the mint of Pope’s versification—of Pope who, with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek, translated Homer; with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama, edited Shakespeare; and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy, wrote the *Essay on Man*. But what is this “little knowledge” which is supposed to be so dangerous? What is it “little” in relation to? If in relation to what there is to know, then all human knowledge is little. If in relation to what actually is known by somebody, then we must condemn as “dangerous” the knowledge which Archimedes possessed of mechanics, or Copernicus of astronomy; for a shilling primer and a few weeks’ study will enable any student to outstrip in mere information some of the greatest teachers of the past.

No doubt, that little knowledge which thinks itself to be great, may possibly be a dangerous, as it certainly is a most ridiculous thing. We have all suffered under that eminently absurd individual who, on the strength of one or two volumes, imperfectly apprehended by himself, and long discredited in the estimation of every one else, is prepared to supply you on the shortest notice with a dogmatic solution of every problem suggested by this "unintelligible world"; or the political variety of the same pernicious genius, whose statecraft consists in the ready application to the most complex question of national interest of some high-sounding commonplace which has done weary duty on a thousand platforms, and which even in its palmiest days was never fit for anything better than a peroration. But in our dislike of the individual, do not let us mistake the diagnosis of his disease. He suffers not from ignorance, but from stupidity. Give him learning and you make him not wise, but only more pretentious in his folly.

I say, then, that so far from a little knowledge being undesirable, a little knowledge is all that on most subjects any of us can hope to attain, and that as a source not of worldly profit but of personal pleasure, it may be of incalculable value to its possessor. But it will naturally be asked, "How are we to select from among the infinite number of things which may be known, those which it is best worth while for us to know?" We are constantly being told to concern ourselves with learning what is important, and not to waste our energies upon what is insignificant. But what are the marks by which we shall recognize the important, and how is it to be distinguished from the insignificant? A precise and complete answer to this question which shall be true for all men cannot be given. I am considering knowledge, recollect, as it ministers to enjoyment, and from this point of view each unit of information is obviously of importance in proportion as it increases the general sum of enjoyment which we obtain from knowledge. This, of course, makes it impossible to lay down precise rules which shall be an equally sure guide to all sorts and conditions of men; for in this, as in other matters, tastes must differ, and against real difference of taste there is no appeal.

There is, however, one caution which it may be worth your while to keep in view—Do not be persuaded into applying any general proposition on this subject with a foolish

impartiality to every kind of knowledge. There are those who tell you that it is the broad generalities and the far-reaching principles which govern the world, which are alone worthy of your attention. A fact which is not an illustration of a law, in the opinion of these persons, appears to lose all its value. Incidents which do not fit into some great generalization, events which are merely picturesque, details which are merely curious—they dismiss as unworthy the interest of a reasoning being.

Now, even in science, this doctrine in its extreme form does not hold good. The most scientific of men have taken profound interest in the investigation of facts from the determination of which they do not anticipate any material addition to our knowledge of the laws which regulate the universe. In these matters I need hardly say that I speak wholly without authority. But I have always been under the impression that an investigation which has cost hundreds of thousands of pounds; which has stirred on three occasions the whole scientific community throughout the civilised world; on which has been expended the utmost skill in the construction of instruments and their application to purposes of research (I refer to the attempts made to determine the distance of the sun by observations of the transit of Venus) would, even if it had been brought to a successful issue, have furnished mankind with the knowledge of no new astronomical principle. The laws which govern the motions of the solar system, the proportions which the various elements in that system bear to one another, have long been known. The distance of the sun itself is known within limits of error, relatively speaking, not very considerable. Were the measuring-rod we apply to the heavens based on an estimate of the sun's distance from the earth, which was wrong by (say) three per cent., it would not to the lay mind seem to affect very materially our view either of the distribution of the heavenly bodies or of their motions. And yet this information, this piece of celestial gossip, would seem to be that which was chiefly expected from the successful prosecution of an investigation in which whole nations have interested themselves.

But though no one can, I think, pretend that science does not concern itself, and properly concern itself, with facts which are not in themselves, to all appearance, illustrations of law, it is undoubtedly true that for those who

desire to extract the greatest pleasure from science, a knowledge, however elementary, of the leading principles of investigation and the larger laws of nature, is the acquisition most to be desired. To him who is not a specialist, a comprehension of the broad outlines of the universe as it presents itself to the scientific imagination, is the thing most worth striving to attain. But when we turn from science to what is rather vaguely called history, the same principles of study do not, I think, altogether apply, and mainly for this reason—that while the recognition of the reign of law is the chief amongst the pleasures imparted by science, our inevitable ignorance makes it the least among the pleasures imparted by history.

It is no doubt true that we are surrounded by advisers who tell us that all study of the past is barren except in so far as it enables us to determine the laws by which the evolution of human societies is governed. How far such an investigation has been up to the present time fruitful in results I will not inquire. That it will ever enable us to trace with accuracy the course which states and nations are destined to pursue in the future, or to account in detail for their history in the past, I do not indeed believe. We are borne along like travellers on some unexplored stream. We may know enough of the general configuration of the globe to be sure that we are making our way towards the ocean. We may know enough by experience or theory of the laws regulating the flow of liquids, to conjecture how the river will behave under the varying influences to which it may be subject. More than this we cannot know. It will depend largely upon causes which, in relation to any laws which we are ever likely to discover, may properly be called accidental, whether we are destined sluggishly to drift among fever-stricken swamps, to hurry down perilous rapids, or to glide gently through fair scenes of peaceful cultivation.

But leaving on one side ambitious sociological speculations, and even those more modest but hitherto more successful investigations into the causes which have in particular cases been principally operative in producing great political changes, there are still two modes in which we can derive what I may call "spectacular" enjoyment from the study of history. There is first the pleasure which arises from the contemplation of some great historic drama, or some broad and well-marked phase of social development.

The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, or parties, and of statesmen. The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasted permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly—fate, meanwhile, through all this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end—all these form together a subject the contemplation of which need surely never weary.

But there is yet another and very different species of enjoyment to be derived from the records of the past, which require a somewhat different method of study in order that it may be fully tasted. Instead of contemplating, as it were, from a distance, the larger aspects of the human drama, we may elect to move in familiar fellowship amid the scenes and actors of special periods. We may add to the interest we derive from the contemplation of contemporary politics, a similar interest derived from a not less minute, and probably more accurate, knowledge of some comparatively brief passage in the political history of the past. We may extend the social circle in which we move—a circle perhaps narrowed and restricted through circumstances beyond our control—by making intimate acquaintances, perhaps even close friends, among a society long departed, but which, when we have once learnt the trick of it, it rests with us to revive.

It is this kind of historical reading which is usually branded as frivolous and useless, and persons who indulge in it often delude themselves into thinking that the real motive of their investigations into bygone scenes and ancient scandals is philosophic interest in an important historical episode, whereas in truth it is not the philosophy which glorifies the details, but the details which make tolerable the philosophy. Consider, for example, the case of the French Revolution. The period from the taking of the Bastille to the fall of Robespierre is of about the same length as very commonly intervenes between two of our general elections. On these

comparatively few months libraries have been written. The incidents of every week are matters of familiar knowledge. The character and the biography of every actor in the drama have been made the subject of minute study; and by common admission, there is no more fascinating page in the history of the world. But the interest is not what is commonly called philosophic, it is personal. Because the Revolution is the dominant fact in modern history, therefore people suppose that the doings of this or that provincial lawyer, tossed into temporary eminence and eternal infamy by some freak of the revolutionary wave, or the atrocities committed by this or that mob, half drunk with blood, rhetoric, and alcohol, are of transcendent importance. In truth their interest is great, but their importance is small. What we are concerned to know as students of the philosophy of history is, not the character of each turn and eddy in the great social cataract, but the manner in which the currents of the upper stream drew surely in towards the final plunge, and slowly collected themselves after the catastrophe, again to pursue, at a different level, their renewed and comparatively tranquil course.

Now, if so much of the interest of the French Revolution depends upon our minute knowledge of each passing incident, how much more necessary is such knowledge when we are dealing with the quiet nooks and corners of history—when we are seeking an introduction, let us say, into the literary society of Johnson or the fashionable society of Walpole! Society, dead or alive, can have no charm without intimacy, and no intimacy without interest in trifles which I fear Mr. Harrison would describe as “merely curious.” If we would feel at our ease in any company, if we wish to find humour in its jokes and point in its repartees, we must know something of the beliefs and the prejudices of its various members—their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears, their maladies, their marriages, and their flirtations. If these things are beneath our notice, we shall not be the less qualified to serve our Queen and country, but need make no attempt to extract pleasure out of one of the most delightful departments of literature.

That there is such a thing as trifling information, I do not of course question; but the frame of mind in which the reader is constantly weighing the exact importance to the universe at large of each circumstance which the author

presents to his notice, is not one conducive to the true enjoyment of a picture whose effect depends upon a multitude of slight and seemingly insignificant touches, which impress the mind often without remaining in the memory. The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless is to read only what is interesting—a truth which will seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fitting objects of our commiseration, who may be often recognized by their habit of asking some adviser for a list of books, and then marking out a scheme of study in the course of which all these are to be conscientiously perused.

These unfortunate persons apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They reach the word "*Finis*" with the same sensation of triumph as an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his girdle. They are not happy unless they mark by some definite performance each step in the weary path of self-improvement. To begin a volume and not to finish it would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse from virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a form of cheating: it is a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretences; a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is quite wrong. In matters literary, works have no saving efficacy. He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and of skimming; and the first step has hardly been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure until interest in the subject, and not a desire to spare (so to speak) the author's feelings, or to accomplish an appointed task, is the prevailing motive of the reader.

I have now reached, not indeed the end of my subject, which I have scarcely begun, but the limits inexorably set by the circumstances under which it is treated. Yet I am unwilling to conclude without meeting an objection to my method of dealing with it which has, I am sure, been present to the minds of not a few who have been good enough to listen to me with patience. It will be said that I have ignored the higher functions of literature, that I have degraded it from its rightful place, by discussing only certain ways in which it may minister to the enter-

tainment of an idle hour, leaving wholly out of sight its contributions to what Mr. Harrison calls our "spiritual sustenance."

Now this is partly because the first of these topics, and not the second, was the avowed subject of my address; but it is partly because I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. I hold, indeed, the faith that all such pleasures minister to the development of much that is best in man, mental and moral; but the charm is broken and the subject lost if the remote consequence is consciously pursued to the exclusion of the immediate end.

It will not, I suppose, be denied that the beauties of nature are at least as well qualified to minister to our higher needs as are the beauties of literature. Yet we do not say we are going to walk to the top of such and such a hill in order to provide ourselves with "spiritual sustenance." We say we are going to look at the view. And I am convinced that this, which is the natural and simple way of considering literature as well as nature, is also the true way. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize, or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole system of our modern education.

Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not, if I could, destroy the examination system. But there are times, I admit, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether heaven has not reserved in pity to this much-educating generation some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed by the crammer or the coach, where it might be possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure, without finding every beauty labelled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveller along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted, I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus left outside the examination system should be the literature of our own country.

I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of

youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment, namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires some one else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system—a system necessary, and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended.

How great those pleasures may be, I trust there are many here who can testify. When I compare the position of the reader of to-day with that of his predecessor of the sixteenth century, I am amazed at the ingratitude of those who are tempted even for a moment to regret the invention of printing and the multiplication of books. There is now no mood of mind to which a man may not administer the appropriate nutriment or medicine at the cost of reaching down a volume from his book-shelf. In every department of knowledge infinitely more is known, and what is known is incomparably more accessible than it was to our ancestors. The lighter forms of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, which have added so vastly to the happiness of mankind, have increased beyond powers of computation; nor do I believe that there is any reason to think that they have elbowed out their more serious and important brethren.

It is perfectly possible for a man, not a professed student, and who only gives to reading the leisure hours of a business life, to acquire such a general knowledge of the laws of nature and the facts of history, that every great advance made in either department shall be to him both intelligible and interesting; and he may besides have among his familiar friends many a departed worthy whose memory is embalmed in the pages of memoir or biography. All this is ours for the asking. All this we shall ask for, if only it be our happy fortune to love, for its own sake, the beauty and the knowledge to be gathered from books. And if this be our fortune, the

world may be kind or unkind—it may seem to us to be hastening on the wings of enlightenment and progress to an imminent millennium, or it may weigh us down with the sense of insoluble difficulty and irremediable wrong; but whatever else it be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull.

WOODROW WILSON

WHY A LABOURING MAN SHOULD BE A DEMOCRAT

[Labour Day speech delivered by Mr. Woodrow Wilson,
at Buffalo, N.Y., September 2, 1912.]

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN :—It is proper on Labour Day that we should discuss the politics of the nation from the view-point of the labouring man. Government is an intensely practical thing, and every man must look at it from his own angle. To look at the politics of the day from the view-point of the labouring man, is not to suggest that there is one view proper to him, another to the employer, another to the capitalist, another to the professional man ; but merely that the life of the country as a whole may be looked at from various points of view and yet be viewed as a whole. Nothing is more unfortunate, nothing is more unwarranted, than to think of politics as a contest of classes, as made up of interests in competition with one another and in hot opposition to one another. The whole business of politics is to bring classes together upon a platform of accommodation and common interest. To-day we may look at ourselves in the light of those questions which particularly affect the working man, and perhaps those who are not working men will be none the worse for taking that view of things.

In a political campaign the voters are called upon to choose between parties and leaders. Many of them choose their party out of habit ; but, fortunately for our own freedom and intelligence in action, there is at this particular time an enormous number of men who are not choosing by tradition, but making their choice upon principle and upon a very clear view of what it is they desire to see accomplished in our national life, whether for themselves or for the nation as a

whole. Parties and platforms and candidates should be frankly put under examination to see what they will yield us by way of progress, and there are a great many questions which the working man may legitimately ask and press until he gets a definite answer. Intelligent working men will ask the men now seeking their votes what they may be expected to do for them. I do not mean for them separately, but what they may be expected to do for the country which will entitle them to the confidence of those who perform the daily labour which lies at the basis of all our life.

Most of the answers they get will turn upon the question of tariff duties, from which our politics never seems able to get away. On the one hand, they will be told that if the Democratic Party gets into power they may look to see industry languish, and wages go down, and employment become harder and harder to find. They forget that Democrats constitute something like half the nation, that Democrats are engaged in occupations of every kind, depend upon all sorts of business for their livelihood, share in every interest and enterprise of the country, and could not, as has been wittily said, do economic murder without committing economic suicide. It may safely be taken for granted that Democrats are not going to destroy themselves economically. All that is meant by the dire predictions of those who foretell disaster, if the Democrats should be successful, is that the Democrats will alter the tariff duties, will lower them, will put a great many articles on the free list, will set the process going which will certainly destroy the special privileges now being enjoyed by many classes of employers in this country.

These uncomfortable predictions come both from the old-line Republicans and from those Republicans of the new departure who are seeking to build up a third party of their own. From Republicans of the old line these forecasts of disaster, if the sacred system of protection should be touched in any part, were to be expected. They have long been their stock-in-trade. But they were hardly to have been expected from those who had cut themselves loose from the older connections, and who were boldly working to make new things out of old. And yet the predictions of the leaders of the new party are as alarming as the predictions of the veriest standpatter. There is the stimulating breath of hope in every part of the platform of the new party except that which touches the tariff and the trusts.

In fact, there is this very singular feature about the platform of the new party : It has two sides and two tones. It speaks warm sympathy with practically every project of social betterment to which men and women of broad sympathies are now turning with generous purpose, and on that side it is refreshing to read. But that is not the part of the platform that reads like a programme. It is a proclamation of sympathy rather, an indication of the direction in which the leaders of the party would fain some time move. The programme lies elsewhere, where the tariff is spoken of, and the trusts. In that portion of the document there is an air of business and a very definite indication of what is intended to be done, and by what means. Let us look critically at that part of it, therefore, and see how it looks from the point of view at which we are now standing, on this holiday of labour, when we have leisure to look about us.

It may be interpreted in the light of some interesting things Mr. Roosevelt has recently said. Mr. Roosevelt declares his devoted adherence to the principle of protection. Only those duties which are manifestly too high even to serve the interests of those who are directly protected ought in his view to be lowered. He declares that he is not troubled by the fact that a very large amount of money is taken out of the pocket of the general taxpayer and put into the pocket of particular classes of protected manufacturers, but that his concern is that so little of this money gets into the pocket of the labouring man and so large a proportion of it into the pockets of the employers. I have searched his programme very thoroughly for an indication of what he expects to do in order to see to it that a larger proportion of this "prize" money gets into the pay envelope, and I have found only one suggestion. There is a plank in the programme which speaks of establishing a minimum, or living, wage for women workers, and I suppose that we may assume that the principle is not in the long run meant to be confined in his application to women only. Perhaps we are justified in assuming that the third party looks forward to the general establishment by law of a minimum wage. It is very likely, I take it for granted, that if a minimum wage were established by law the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as nearly as might be down to the level of that minimum ; and it would be very awkward for the working man to resist that process successfully, because it

would be dangerous to strike against the authority of the Federal Government.

Moreover, most of his employers—at any rate, practically all of the most powerful of his employers—would be wards and protégés of that very Government, which is the master of us all; for no part of this programme can be discussed intelligently without remembering that monopoly, as handled by it, is not to be prevented but accepted. It is to be accepted and regulated. All attempt to resist it is to be given up. It is to be accepted as inevitable. The Government is to set up a commission whose duty it will be, not to check or defeat it, but merely to regulate it under rules which it is itself to frame and develop. So that the chief employers will have this tremendous authority behind them; what they do they will have the licence of the Federal Government to do, including the right to pay the wages approved by the Government.

And it is worth the while of the working men of the country to recall what the attitude toward organized labour has been of these masters of consolidated industries whom the Federal Government is to take under its patronage as well as under its control. They have always been the stout opponents of organized labour, and they have tried to undermine it in a great many ways. Some of the ways they have adopted have worn the guise of philanthropy and good will, and have no doubt been used, for all I know, in perfect good faith. Some of them have set up systems of profit-sharing, of compensation for injuries, and of bonuses, and even pensions; but every one of these plans has merely bound their workingmen more tightly to themselves. Their rights under these various arrangements are not legal rights. They are merely privileges which they enjoy so long as they remain in the employment and observe the rules of the great industries which employ them. If they refuse to be weaned away from their independence they cannot continue to enjoy the benefits extended to them.

When you have thought the whole thing out, therefore, you will find that the programme of the new party legalizes monopolies and systematically subordinates working men to them and to plans made by the Government both with regard to employment and with regard to wages. Take the thing as a whole, and it looks strangely like economic mastery over the very lives and fortunes of those who do the daily work of

the nation ; and all this under the overwhelming power and sovereignty of the national Government. What most of us are fighting for is to break up this very partnership between big business and the Government. We call upon all intelligent men to bear witness that if this plan were consummated, if this programme were carried through, the great employers and capitalists of the country would be under a more overpowering temptation than ever to take control of the Government and keep it subservient to their purposes. What a prize it would be to capture ! How unassailable would be the majesty and the tyranny of monopoly if it could thus get sanction of law and the support of parties ! By what means, except open revolt, could we ever break the crust of our life again and become free men, breathing an air of our own, choosing and living lives that we wrought out for ourselves ?

Perhaps this new and all-conquering combination between money and government would be benevolent to us, perhaps it would carry out the noble programme of social betterment which so many credulously expect of it ; but who can assure us of that ? Who will give bond that it will be generous and gracious and pitiful and righteous ? What man or set of men can make us secure under it by their empty promise and assurance that it will take care of us and be good ?

It is like coming out of a close and stifling air into the open, where we can breathe freely again and see the free spaces of the heavens above us, to turn away from such a programme, the identical programme suggested to committees of Congress by Mr. Gary and Mr. Perkins, to the proposals with which the great Democratic thinkers of the country offset and oppose such a platform. Democratic leaders turn away from any plan to legalize monopoly and give a federal commission leave to say how much of it there should be, because they know exactly what that would mean. What they propose is the restoration of freedom. What we need is the regulation of competition and the prosecution of what has created monopoly. When you have regulated it, you have in effect restored it. We are not opposed to regulation, we are not opposed to commissions even, if they be necessary instruments of administrative regulation ; but we know that unrestrained, unrestricted competition is the very thing that has created monopoly. Great industrial and financial combinations have become so powerful that they were able to crush competition

out and make a free field for themselves in which they could rule and dominate unhindered. When it is suggested to those who have been most instrumental in their development that competition ought to be restored, they cry out that it is competition that has been the death of successful enterprise. They speak of destructive competition, and it has indeed been destructive as used by them. If the special kinds of competition by which they built up monopoly had been restrained and prevented, monopoly would not have been built up. Nobody is jealous of business on a big scale, but everybody ought to be jealous of great combinations built together on the plan of a great car of juggernauts, which crushes out the life of those who lie prostrate before it; and monopoly will be no less a juggernaut when juggernauts are licensed and the drivers are federal commissioners.

In what age of the world have men ever been made free by being taken care of by the Government under which they live? Where will you find any freedom which they have not won for themselves by the assertion of their own manhood, by refusing to submit to the kind of authority that would make wards and children of them? Look back over the history of labour, of labour in this country. What has enabled the captains of industry to create the great combinations by which labour has been dominated and the conditions of every man's life who works determined? It has been the tariff. It has been the fact that they had the domestic market to themselves and could make what arrangements they pleased.

But all the while there has been free trade in labour itself. All the world is its market, to which any man may take his skill, intelligence, and industry, and offer it for hire. And in this free trade of labour what has brought about an increase of wages? How has it ever happened that a larger proportion of the product of industry got into the pay-envelope? Two things have determined that. In this age of organized capital advances in wages have been won chiefly by organized labour insisting upon its rights and its share. The other thing that has worked for the labouring man, when there has been a chance for it to work, has been the great economic law of supply and demand. In a free field of competition, where new enterprises may spring up, where men may fulfil their hope of independence and themselves more and more numerous become employers, there is an ever-increasing

market for labour, and with the increasing market for labour there is generally a steady advance in wages.

But what if there are to be no free enterprises? What if monopoly be licensed by the Government? What if the control of industry be permanently and by permission of statutes lodged in a comparatively small number of hands? Where is then the competition for labour? How then shall the labourer insist on his share being put into the pay envelope, except by his own determined and organized effort? And how is he to make headway against the Government itself? I do not see how any reasonable man is to expect under such a regime an era of social uplift, of the protection of children and of women, or of the enlargement of all those generous enterprises which make for the purification and strengthening of our lives.

I leave these things to your thoughtful consideration. Thresh them out. Look at them from top to bottom. Search them through. Some of the most stimulating and telling debates I have ever heard I have heard in companies of working men. And let me make this suggestion to you: I believe in the most thorough and pitiless discussion of public questions, and I want to call your attention to the fact that we are finding a new forum for their discussion. There are schoolhouses all over the land which are not used by the teachers and children in the summer months, which are not used in the winter time in the evenings for school purposes. These buildings belong to the public. Why not insist everywhere that they be used as places of discussion, like the old town-meetings to which everybody went and where every public officer was freely called to account and made to bear criticism to the uttermost? Keep the air clear with constant discussion. Make every public servant feel that he is acting in the open and under scrutiny; and above all things else, take these great fundamental questions of your lives with which political platforms concern themselves, and search them through and through by every process of debate. Then we shall have a clear air, in which we shall see our way to every kind of social betterment. When we have freed our government, when we have restored freedom of enterprise, when we have broken up the old partnerships between money and power which now block us at every turn, then we shall see our way to accomplish all the handsome things which platforms promise in vain if they do not start at the point where lie the gates of liberty.

PATRICK A. COLLINS

IRELAND'S DREAM OF NATIONALITY

[Speech delivered at the banquet of the Charitable Irish Society of the City of Boston, March 17, 1899. Mr. Collins had lately returned from his service abroad as United States Consul-General at London.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I have been so long a truant to these gatherings that I appreciate all the more your kindness in assigning me to respond to this time-honoured sentiment—"The day we celebrate." For more than 160 years some one has stood in this place to say what the day means to this society, what it means to us and ours, and all the men and women of our race in every land, as well as in Ireland. For everywhere on the earth our kindred are scattered, and on all the seas, speaking the speech of all men, and found in all their activities; and wherever they are, they group and gather to-day to honour saint and motherland.

The festival is religious, national, Irish. Fourteen hundred years ago a simple, sublime young man, with the atmosphere of heaven about him, walked through Ireland, preaching and baptizing, and when his footsteps had ended, the pagan land he saw at first had become Christian forever; and not only Christian itself, but destined for ages to give letters and light to Pict and Briton and Frank, and to send St. Gall to set the cross high on the Alps in the canton that still bears his name.

Christian and reverent Ireland became in that far-away time, and Christian and reverent it has remained, through all the troubled centuries, down to this hour. So, reverently, we honour the memory of the saintly Pict or Frank, who brought the light to Ireland, the light that shall last there till all the lights of the world go out; and so our kindred celebrate the day, and will throughout the ages.

Seven hundred years after St. Patrick went into Ireland to do God's enduring work, an English King sent missionaries there to do another kind of work—and that work is not yet done. It never will be done ; it simply never can be done while England is England and Ireland stands.

For these last 700 years the ghastly story runs of England's attempt to force her rule, and for more than two centuries to force her newly-acquired creed, upon a people who loved their religion with all the fervour taught by their own apostle, and who loved liberty with a passion never yet comprehended by a tyrant. The eye sweeps the island in those dreadful times, and sees nothing but flame and blood, desolation, ruin and misery. It rests upon the statute book, and reads nothing but infamy.

The coldest-blooded English historian admits that after four centuries of wasteful wars, the policy of his country changed from conquest to extermination. But as the people declined to submit, they also declined to die. A triumphant chapter in Kingsley's "Westward Ho" describes the murder by an English army of a host of unarmed Irish men, women, and children, not far from my early home, so that the story should be spread and terror seize the province. Elizabeth's lieutenant, when he thought his work was done, wrote to his mistress that "now all that is left of the ancient Irish is carcasses and ashes." But the prolific, unconquered race rose from its carcasses and ashes, survived the butcheries of Elizabeth and Cromwell, the perfidy of William, the banishment or murder of their leaders, the awful agony of penal terms, the ruin or plunder of their last chapel, and the loss of their last acre of land, ever resisting as best they could, till they lived at last to see the victor of Waterloo surrender to O'Connell.

In our own days, a pale young man from Ireland rose in the alien Parliament and declared that no more business for the Empire should be done till the case of his country was heard. And no more business was done until modern Irish reform began and the awful burden of the poorest people in Europe began to be lifted.

The poorest people they yet remain, crushed by a weight that only long companionship with misery can bear ; but the burden lightens year by year, and we may hope to see in the next generation better material conditions than Ireland has known since her land was stolen and her industries suppressed. More than that, another generation will see the



JOHN E. REDMOND

Makes an eloquent appeal.

land of Ireland practically owned by those who till it, or held on terms that allow them to live. Of course, there is no restitution, no return of the stolen land, any more than there is of stolen churches. St. Patrick could not say mass in the cathedral that bears his name, and that his followers built. But the people who occupy the land stolen from their ancestors are at last permitted to buy it from the descendants of those who stole it, and to pay for it by fifty years or more of painful toil and nameless privation; but at last the land will be theirs and forever, after ages of struggle and woe and misery, such as no other people ever endured. So ends the fight over Irish land.

And as in the meantime the Irish will till their own lands, so will they some time make their own laws and fly their own flag. For the Irish question, like the Irish man, has a soul as well as a body, and the soul of the Irish question is not land, but liberty. "Three acres and a cow" and fellowship with the earth may satisfy all the longings of swinish men, but the Irish Celt, next to God, loves liberty—for himself and for all men—and next to God he loves his country. For liberty and for country he has struggled through these dreary centuries, suffered and endured all hate and wrong, died on the field and swung from the gibbet, and he and his people are as Irish to-day as when Henry's horde came in to conquer—and to fail.

Do you think that this people, with a history so full of passionate aspiration and heroic fortitude, so full of courage, of sacrifice and glory, will surrender or fail at last? Not so, while they dream the dream of nationality, and still believe in a God that made them Celts, not Saxons, and has ever watched over them. Whether that dream shall become a reality in our day or in a later one, it will come true, by some fair chance to fight for it in the coming clash and smash of nations, or if England can get eyes to see that her Irish experiment has been and ever will be a failure, and conclude a lasting peace with her neighbour—come soon or late, in one form or in another—the Irish question will be settled at last, and settled upon Irish lines. Till then many things for England, great and powerful as she is, remain unsettled; when that question is settled many things that appear dark will be made plain, many things that vex England's councils and her politicians will pass away.

But in any case, time and the age and the progress of

mankind fight for Ireland. What she has suffered she will endure no more. All her gains are permanent. Every step is forward. Every throb of her great heart makes more life and blood and energy. God watch and ward the old land and keep the hearts of its mothers as pure and sweet as they are to-day, and the arms of her sons as strong, till the faith that never faltered is justified, till the passionate longing is satisfied at last. [Applause.]

HAROLD COX

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM

[An Address to the British Constitution Association at the Reception of the members by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University at Pembroke College on November 18, 1909, on the occasion of the Third Annual Conference.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—I have been invited to address you this evening on the very wide subject of Individualism and Socialism. The Association stands for Individualism. It was organized, and it exists, to fight against those modern movements which are consciously or unconsciously inspired by Socialist ideals, and which will tend to bring nearer the evils of a Socialist State. The Association is rapidly gaining strength because the country is rapidly growing more conscious of the dangers of Socialism. Socialism and Individualism represent two diametrically opposed schools of thought.

The Socialist believes in employing the compulsory powers of the State to regulate and direct all human affairs. The Individualist believes that human progress can only be secured by leaving individuals free to do the best they can both for themselves and for others. There is a common delusion that Individualism is identical with selfishness, but there is absolutely no ground for that belief. Altruism and egoism are equally parts of human nature. We all have both those qualities, and Individualism embraces unselfishness as much as selfishness. We can have a selfish Socialist and a selfish Individualist, an unselfish Socialist and an unselfish Individualist. It is not a question of motive, it is a question of method. Let me give an illustration. Take the case of two unselfish men, one a Socialist, the other an Individualist, but both unselfish. They see a man drowning in the river.

The Individualist in obedience to his principles jumps in to the rescue. The Socialist in obedience to his principles calls a policeman. The Individualist recognizes clearly enough that the individual by himself cannot do everything. He recognizes that you must have some collective action. You obviously must have collective action for the defence of the nation.

A thousand years ago we more or less looked after our own defence, if not individually, at any rate in small family or clannish groups. But that is past. We have found the economy of using collective action for national defence. In the same way we have found the economy of collective action for individual defence against robbery or violence. And so as life gets more complex we shall certainly find the desirability of employing concerted action for even more purposes than we employ it now. That is common ground, and therefore you may ask, "What then is the dividing line between the Socialist and the Individualist?" I think you will find that the dividing line is here, that the Individualist insists that, however much collective action may be extended, the final responsibility shall rest upon the individual for his own maintenance and the maintenance of those he brings into the world. That is one reason, among many others, why the Individualist prefers that collective action where it is necessary should if possible be entrusted rather to voluntary companies, or voluntary associations or societies, than left to the compulsory action of the State; because if it is done by voluntary organization then each individual will necessarily be compelled to pay himself for what he wants, whereas if it is done by the compulsory action of the State you have many individuals who have to pay for other individuals' wants.

This brings into light the essential divergence between the Socialist ideal and the Individualist ideal. The Individualist says that in the long run each man must pay for what he wants, the Socialist says we must all pay for what each man wants. For example, in this country railways are still happily in the hands of privately organized companies. The result is that they must be made to pay, and therefore individuals who use the railways must pay for the service rendered to them; they must pay their fares. On the other hand, the telegraph system of this country was very foolishly, as I think, taken out of the hands of private companies and put into the hands of the State, with the result that an enterprise which was a

lucrative one has not only ceased to be lucrative, but is now involving the taxpayers of this country in an annual loss of well over £1,000,000 a year. That means that the senders of telegrams are being subsidised by the taxpayer because their telegrams are being sent at less than cost price. Of course, I know there are contributing causes for the loss on State telegraphs. The service, being a Government service, is badly managed, but the broad, general fact remains that at the present moment the man who sends a telegram has part of that service, which is a personal service to him, paid for by somebody else. That is Socialism.

Let me carry the story a little further. When the Postmaster-General got his Telegraph Act through Parliament in 1869 it was drafted so widely that the court subsequently ruled that the Government monopoly covered the telephone as well as the telegraph. The result was that a succession of Postmasters-General, in the interests of their department, devoted all their energies to preventing the use of the telephone, because it would destroy the value of the State capital invested in the telegraph. That went on for twenty years, until the public insisted that this scandal should cease. The Postmaster-General has now made terms with the National Company and is also running a telephone service himself. In 1911 he will take over the whole service of the National Company, and probably a few years later we shall have to face a heavy loss on telephones as well as on telegraphs. In the meantime the loss on the telegraphs will continue to increase, for the increasing use of the telephone must necessarily render unproductive a large portion of the capital invested in the telegraphs.

If the telegraphs had remained the property of a private company that would have remained a private loss. You would have had private telephone companies competing with private telegraph companies and cutting them out and wasting telegraph capital. But that waste would have been a private loss. It would have been a loss to the people who voluntarily invested their money in the telegraph in the hope of making a profit. There would be no loss to the community, because if these people had not invested their wealth in telegraphs they would have drunk it or eaten it or otherwise spent it. The community has gained the use of the telegraphs for a certain number of years, and the people who voluntarily invested in telegraphs in the hope of making a profit did it with

their eyes open. But on the other hand, if your enterprises are conducted by the State, the State must raise the capital compulsorily from all citizens, and if some new enterprise comes along and cuts away the State enterprise, then the loss of capital is a loss to the whole nation. In the one case the loss is an individual loss voluntarily incurred; in the other case it is a national loss compulsorily incurred. I believe most firmly that as long as you allow the individual free play, as long as you tell him he may take the chance of profit as long as he is willing to take the chance of loss he will, with his unfailing optimism, invest his capital in great public utilities, and the public will gain by his private ambition. If he loses his capital, the loss is wholly his. If on the other hand he gains and makes a profit, the community also gains, because unless the community were getting value out of that service, it would not pay for it, and he would get no profit. In other words, the profit of the capitalist proves the advantage to the community of the particular service in which his capital is invested.

If ever we arrive at the time when there is State control over all the industries of the country, we shall find it impossible to accumulate capital for their development. I do not believe the taxpayers would stand the strain of setting by for future use money which they might spend now. If you will look round, you will see that individuals accumulate and communities spend. For this reason I hold that the institution of private property is of fundamental value to the community. It is an institution which can hardly be called an invention, for it springs from very primitive human instincts, but if it could be called an invention we might say it is the most marvellous invention that man has ever made for advancing the welfare of mankind. Individualists regard the institution of private property as essential; the Socialist wishes the State to absorb all property. Those of you who are familiar with Socialist writings know that they say that all they aim at is that the State shall own the means of production and distribution, and there they stop. But in practice they will find that it is just as impossible to discriminate between the character of the property they want to appropriate and all other property, as it is for Tariff Reformers to discriminate between raw materials and manufactured articles.

Take, for example, a sewing machine. Would that property be appropriated? It is a means of production, and the State

is to control all means of production. Is a man to be allowed to have a spade for his garden? He might use it for hired labour. Is he indeed to be allowed to have a private garden at all? He might grow vegetables and sell them to his neighbour. Is he to have money? No. Many Socialists say that money is to cease to be private property and become the property of the State. You cannot follow out the Socialist creed without arriving at this fact; that under Socialism, according to the doctrines laid down, the State will become the owner of everything. We shall all live in State-owned houses or State-owned barracks, we shall be fed at State tables, and our lives will be regulated by State officials. I think it is quite conceivable that human beings might continue to exist under such conditions, but they would be very different from the human beings of whom the world has yet had experience. Such a system as this could not be worked with success unless the State, in addition to feeding and housing and clothing the people, also undertook to regulate the reproduction of the race. Hitherto human beings have refused to submit this vital question to external control, and there are no present signs of their willingness to do so.

The man wishes to choose his own wife, and the woman her own husband, and if they are people who are worth their salt, if they are people who will be a help to the State instead of a drag upon it, they will insist on their own responsibility for their own children. They will fight to the death for liberty to bring up their own children in their own way; and that is why in the final resort Socialism is impossible. Do not therefore let us waste time in treading the smooth and easy paths which lead towards Socialism, for sooner or later we shall be compelled painfully to retrace our steps and once more to fix our hopes upon the development of individual responsibility and individual liberty.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE REALM OF LITERATURE

[Speech delivered by Matthew Arnold in response to the toast, "The Interests of Literature," at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 1, 1875.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Literature, no doubt, is a great and splendid art, allied to that great and splendid art of which we see around us the handiwork. But, sir, you do me an undeserved honour when, as president of the Royal Academy, you desire me to speak in the name of Literature. Whatever I may have once wished or intended, my life is not that of a man of letters but of an Inspector of Schools, and it is with embarrassment that I now stand up in the dread presence of my own official chiefs who have lately been turning on their inspector an eye of suspicion. [Laughter.]

Therefore, sir, I cannot quite with propriety speak here as a literary man and as a brother artist; but since you have called upon me, let me at least quote to you, and apply for my own benefit and that of others, something from a historian of literature. Fauriel, the French literary historian, tells us of a company of Greeks settled somewhere in southern Italy, who retained for an extraordinary length of time their Greek language and civilization. However, time and circumstances were at last too strong for them; they began to lose, they felt themselves losing their distinctive Greek character; they grew like all the other people about them. Only, once every year they assembled themselves together at a public festival of their community, and there, in language which the inroads of barbarism were every year more and more debasing, they reminded one another that they were once Greeks. [Cheers and laughter.]

How many of your guests to-night, sir, may remind one another of the same thing ! The brilliant statesman at the head of Her Majesty's Government [Gladstone], to whom we shall listen with so much admiration by and by, may even boast that he was born in Arcadia.

To no people, probably, does it so often happen to have to break in great measure with their vocation and with the muses as to the men of letters for whom you have summoned me to speak. But perhaps there is no one man here, however positive and prosaic, who has not, at some time or other of his life, and in some form or other, felt something of that desire for the truth and beauty of things which makes the Greek and the artist. The year goes round for us amid other preoccupations ; then with the spring arrives your hour. You collect us at this festival, you surround us with enchantment, and call upon us to remember, and, in our stammering and imperfect language, to confess, that we were once Greeks. If we have not forgotten it the reminder is delightful ; if we have forgotten it, it is salutary. [Cheers.]

In the common and practical life of this country, in its government, politics, commerce, law, medicine—even in its religion—some compliance with men's conventionality, vulgarity, folly, and ignobleness, and a certain dose of clap-trap, passes also for a thing of necessity. But in that world to which we have sometimes aspired, in your world of art, sir, in the Greek world—for so I will call it after the wonderful people who introduced mankind to it—in the Greek world of art and science, clap-trap and compliance with the conventional are simply fatal. Let us be grateful to you for recalling it to us ; for reminding us that strength and success are possible to find by taking one's law, not from the form and pressure of the passing day, but from the living forces of our genuine nature. [Cheers.]

" Vivitur ingenio ; cetera mortis erund."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

[Address by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, delivered at the Appomattox Day Celebration of the Hamilton Club, at Chicago, Ill., April 10, 1899.]

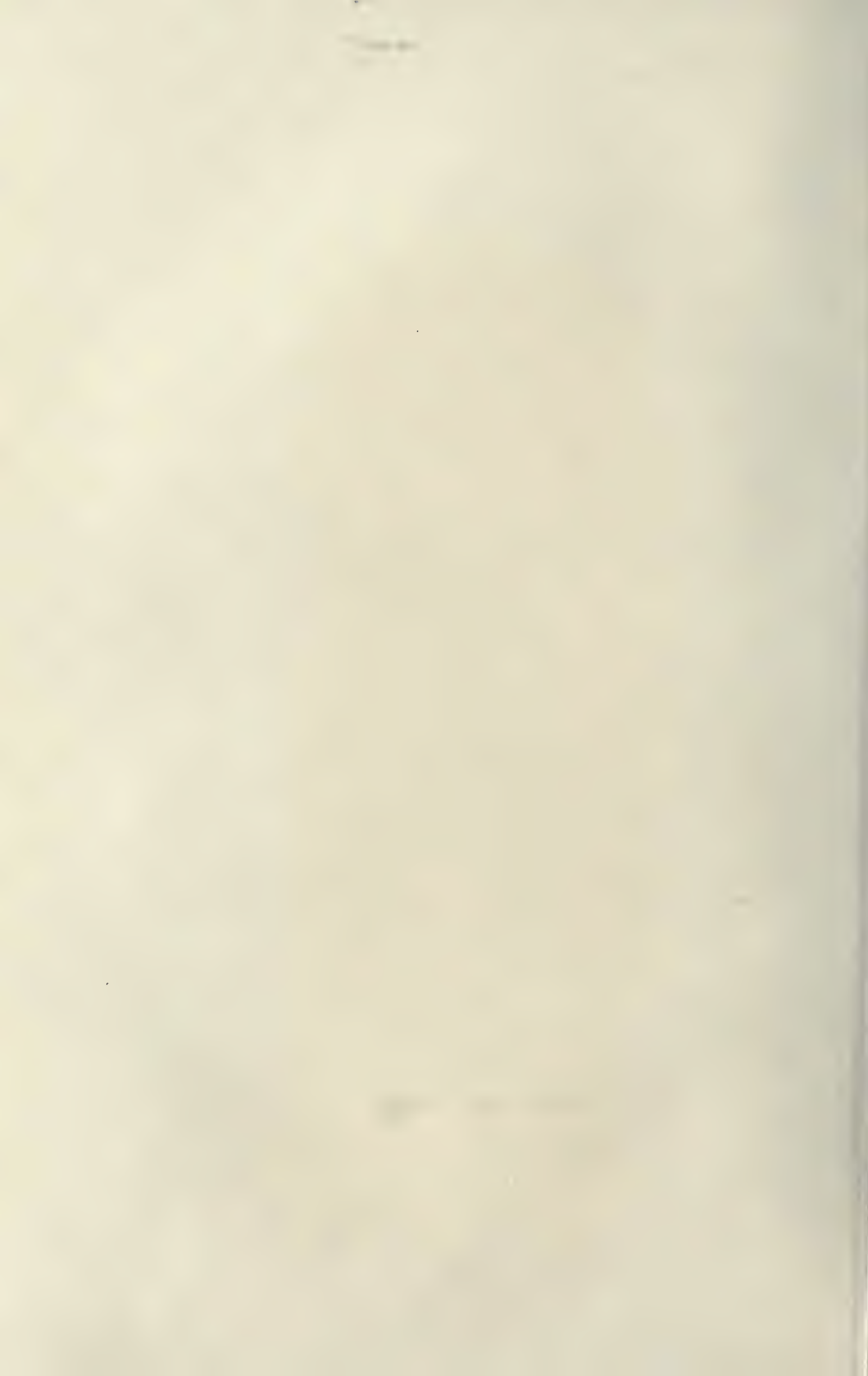
GENTLEMEN :—In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who pre-eminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of the strenuous life ; the life of toil and effort ; of labour and strife ; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in your eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive ? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich, and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness ; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Advocates the strenuous life.



of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honour upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbour; who is prompt to help a friend; but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a General, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labour as a period not of preparation but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and above all it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the grey twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things and war and strife a worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heart-break of many women, the dissolution of many homes; and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when

it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering, simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it we would have shown that we were weaklings and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days—let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected, that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them; sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk; busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day; until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound in the end to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. Last year we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest or enter into it as beseemed a brave and high-spirited people; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners. So it is now. We cannot avoid the responsibilities that confront us in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. All we can decide is whether we shall meet them in a way that will redound to the national credit, or whether we shall make, of our dealings with these new problems, a dark and shameful

page in our history. To refuse to deal with them at all merely amounts to dealing with them badly. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution there is, of course, always danger that we may not solve it aright, but to refuse to undertake the solution simply renders it certain that we cannot possibly solve it aright.

The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the overcivilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valour of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag. These are the men who fear the strenuous life, who fear the only national life which is really worth leading. They believe in that cloistered life which saps the hardy virtues in a nation, as it saps them in the individual; or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which recognizes in commercialism the be-all and end-all of national life, instead of realizing that, though an indispensable element, it is after all but one of the many elements that go to make up true national greatness. No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honour must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity; to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads; to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand: for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race.

We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and

avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the Isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West.

So much for the commercial side. From the standpoint of international honour, the argument is even stronger. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us echoes of glory, but they also left us a legacy of duty. If we drove out a mediæval tyranny only to make room for savage anarchy, we had better not have begun the task at all. It is worse than idle to say that we have no duty to perform and can leave to their fates the islands we have conquered. Such a course would be the course of infamy. It would be followed at once by utter chaos in the wretched islands themselves. Some stronger, manlier power would have to step in and do the work; and we would have shown ourselves weaklings, unable to carry to successful completion the labours that great and high-spirited nations are eager to undertake. The work must be done. We cannot escape our responsibility, and if we are worth our salt, we shall be glad of the chance to do the work—glad of the chance to show ourselves equal to one of the great tasks set modern civilization. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the task. Let us not be misled by vainglory into underestimating the strain it will put on our powers. Above all, let us, as we value our own self-respect, face the responsibilities with proper seriousness, courage, and high resolve. We must demand the highest order of integrity and ability in our public men who are to grapple with these new problems. We must hold to a rigid accountability those public servants who show unfaithfulness to the interests of the nation or inability to rise to the high level of the new demands upon our strength and our resources.

Of course, we must remember not to judge any public servant by any one act, and especially should we beware of attacking the men who are merely the occasions and not the causes of disaster. Let me illustrate what I mean by

the army and the navy. If twenty years ago we had gone to war, we should have found the navy as absolutely unprepared as the army. At that time our ships could not have encountered with success the fleets of Spain any more than nowadays we can put untrained soldiers, no matter how brave, who are armed with archaic black-powder weapons against well-drilled regulars armed with the highest type of modern repeating rifle. But in the early eighties the attention of the nation became directed to our naval deeds. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic Secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that last summer it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world. We rightly pay all honour to the men controlling the navy at the time it won these great deeds, honour to Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, to the Captains who handled the ships in action, to the daring Lieutenants who braved death in the smaller craft, and to the heads of bureaux at Washington who saw that the ships were so commanded, so armed, so equipped, so well engined, as to ensure the best results. But let us also keep ever in mind that all of this would not have availed if it had not been for the wisdom of the men who during the preceding fifteen years had built up the navy. Keep in mind the Secretaries of the navy during those years; keep in mind the Senators and Congressmen who by their votes gave the money necessary to build and to armour the ships, to construct the great guns, to train the crews; remember also those who actually built the ships, the armour, and the guns; and remember the Admirals and Captains who handled battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo boat on the high seas, alone and in squadrons, developing the seamanship, the gunnery, and the power of acting together, which their successors utilized so gloriously at Manila and off Santiago.

And, gentlemen, remember the converse, too. Remember that justice has two sides. Be just to those who built up the navy, and for the sake of the future of the country keep in mind those who opposed its building up. Read the *Congressional Record*. Find out the Senators and Congressmen who opposed the grants for building the new ships, who opposed the purchase of armour, without which the ships were

worthless ; who opposed any adequate maintenance for the Navy Department, and strove to cut down the number of men necessary to man our fleets. The men who did these things were one and all working to bring disaster on the country. They have no share in the glory of Manila, in the honour of Santiago. They have no cause to feel proud of the valour of our sea Captains, of the renown of our flag. Their motives may or may not have been good, but their acts were heavily fraught with evil. They did ill for the national honour ; and we won in spite of their sinister opposition.

Now, apply all this to our public men of to-day. Our army has never been built up as it should be built up. I shall not discuss with an audience like this the puerile suggestion that a nation of seventy millions of freemen is in danger of losing its liberties from the existence of an army of 100,000 men, three-fourths of whom will be employed in certain foreign islands, in certain coast fortresses, and on Indian reservations. No man of good sense and stout heart can take such a proposition seriously. If we are such weaklings as the proposition implies, then we are unworthy of freedom in any event. To no body of men in the United States is the country so much indebted as to the splendid officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy ; there is no body from which the country has less to fear ; and none of which it should be prouder, none which it should be more anxious to upbuild.

Our army needs complete reorganization—not merely enlarging—and the reorganization can only come as the result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established, and the positions of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster officers should be filled by detail from the line. Above all, the army must be given a chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish War, Major-Generals in command of divisions who had never before commanded three companies together in the field. Yet, incredible to relate, the recent Congress has shown a queer inability to learn some of the lessons of the war. There were large bodies of men in both branches who opposed the declaration of war, who opposed the ratification of peace, who opposed the upbuilding of the army, and who even opposed the purchase of armour at a reasonable price for the battle-ships and cruisers, thereby putting an absolute stop to the building of any new fighting ships for the navy.

If during the years to come any disaster should befall our arms, afloat or ashore, and thereby any shame come to the United States, remember that the blame will lie upon the men whose names appear upon the roll-calls of Congress on the wrong side of these great questions. On them will lie the burden of any loss of our soldiers and sailors, of any dishonour to the flag; and upon you and the people of the country will lie the blame, if you do not repudiate, in no unmistakable way, what these men have done. The blame will not rest upon the untrained commander of untried troops; upon the civil officers of a department, the organization of which has been left utterly inadequate; or upon the Admiral with insufficient number of ships: but upon the public men who have so lamentably failed in forethought as to refuse to remedy these evils long in advance, and upon the nation that stands behind those public men.

So at the present hour no small share of the responsibility for the blood shed in the Philippines, the blood of our brothers and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes, lies at the thresholds of those who so long delayed the adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them—a war, too, in which our own brave men who follow the flag must pay with their blood for the silly, mock-humanitarianism of the prattlers who sit at home in peace.

The army and navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the Western Hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course, we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and Nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty towards the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order, we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby

excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

In the West Indies and the Philippines alike we are confronted by most difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way; for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race; if we are too weak, too selfish, or too foolish to solve them, some bolder and abler people must undertake the solution. Personally, I am far too firm a believer in the greatness of my country and the power of my countrymen to admit for one moment that we shall ever be driven to the ignoble alternative.

The problems are different for the different islands. Porto Rico is not large enough to stand alone. We must govern it wisely and well, primarily in the interest of its own people. Cuba is, in my judgment, entitled ultimately to settle for itself whether it shall be an independent State or an integral portion of the mightiest of republics. But until order and stable liberty are secured, we must remain in the island to insure them; and infinite tact, judgment, moderation, and courage must be shown by our military and civil representatives in keeping the island pacified, in relentlessly stamping out brigandage, in protecting all alike, and yet in showing proper recognition to the men who have fought for Cuban liberty. The Philippines offer a yet graver problem. Their population includes half-caste and native Christians, warlike Moslems, and wild pagans. Many of their people are utterly unfit for self-government and show no signs of becoming fit. Others may in time become fit, but at present can only take part in self-government under a wise supervision at once firm and beneficent. We have driven Spanish tyranny from the islands. If we now let it be replaced by savage anarchy, our work has been for harm and not for good.

I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretence of humani-

tarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about "liberty" and the "consent of the governed," in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men. Their doctrines if carried out would make it incumbent upon us to leave the Apaches of Arizona to work out their own salvation and to decline to interfere in a single Indian reservation. Their doctrines condemn your forefathers and mine for ever having settled in these United States.

England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men accustomed to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally, and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilization. So, if we do our duty aright in the Philippines, we will add to that national renown which is the highest and finest part of national life; we will greatly benefit the people of the Philippine Islands; and, above all, we will play our part well in the great work of uplifting mankind. But to do this work, keep ever in mind that we must show in a high degree the qualities of courage, of honesty, and of good judgment. Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering in dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are saved from being treasonable merely from the fact that they are despicable.

When once we have put down armed resistance, when once our rule is acknowledged, then an even more difficult task will begin, for then we must see to it that the islands are administered with absolute honesty and with good judgment. If we let the public service of the islands be turned into the prey of the spoils politician we shall have begun to tread the path which Spain trod to her own destruction. We must send out there only good and able men, chosen for their fitness and not because of their partisan service, and these men must not only administer impartial justice to the natives and serve their own Government with honesty and fidelity, but they must also show the utmost tact and firmness, remembering that with such people as those with whom we are to deal weakness is the greatest of crimes, and that next

to weakness comes lack of consideration for their principles and prejudices.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavour. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease, and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully ; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word ; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified ; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavour, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

RT. HON.
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

PATRIOTISM

[Address of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, delivered at Glasgow, November 3, 1897, upon his installation as Lord Rector of Glasgow University.]

MY LORD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My first duty is to thank you for the great honour which you have conferred upon me in electing me to fill a position which in past times has been dignified by so many illustrious men. Since Francis Jeffrey delivered the first address, pronounced under similar circumstances, the history of the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow has been in some sort a record of the public life and intellectual activity of the United Kingdom—politicians, poets, and preachers, the representatives of letters and of science, men of thought and men of action, have successively occupied this platform, and have anticipated me in the task which I have undertaken to perform. The honour that you have done me has been enhanced by the fact that it was unsolicited and unexpected, and that it has been conferred by the unanimous voices of the four nations which form the constituent body. My appreciation of it has been quickened by the sense that I possess none of those claims of previous association of birth or nationality or of academic distinction which, in many cases, have guided and justified your selection, and that your choice has therefore been determined solely by your generous appreciation of a public service which has now extended over a period of nearly thirty years.

In the course of this interval of time to which for a moment I look back, momentous changes have taken place in

the constitution and situation of this kingdom. Public opinion has altered greatly on many of the questions which occupied it at the beginning of the period ; false judgments have been corrected, and new ideals have been formed ; the leaders and teachers of my youth have most of them passed away, and we can now estimate their characters, uninfluenced by the heat of the controversies which they provoked, and can judge them impartially in the light of the results which they achieved. When so much is altered—persons, opinions, and circumstances—I should think it a poor boast to pretend that I alone do remain unchanged ; but in view of the confidence that you have now vouchsafed to me I ask you to believe that through all the vicissitudes of things I have consistently sought—it may be sometimes with faltering steps and by mistaken roads—the greatness of the Empire and the true welfare of the people at large. This is not the place nor the time to indicate how far these objects have been advanced during the past thirty years. I would rather look forward to the future—the future which belongs to the young, and which will be shaped by the next generation, who have it in their power to undo or to carry on our work. It is this sense that the younger generation may, at their pleasure, realize or defeat the hopes which we have formed for the future, that makes their approbation so grateful to a statesman who looks beyond his own life and tries to prefigure the destinies of his race and country.

A thought of this kind has suggested to me the subject on which I propose to speak this afternoon. It would be presumptuous in me to follow the example set by many of my predecessors and to advise you in the prosecution of the studies which are to fit you for your several places in the world. I will only venture to remind you of one universal precept and rule of success which, spoken long before Universities were thought of, applies to academic studies as it does to every action and decision of human life : “ Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” No work is worth doing badly ; and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.

But I propose to speak to you on a subject which, although of more importance to your country than any classical or mathematical learning, yet forms no portion of any curriculum and remains without a Chair and without a text-book.

"Learning," says Lord Bacon, "should be made subservient to action"; and your action will largely depend on the conception which you form in youth of the duties and privileges involved in that greatest of civic virtues and most important element of national character which we now call patriotism. What is this patriotism, this almost universal instinct for which more men have given their lives than for any other cause, and which counts more martyrs than even religion itself—this potent sentiment which has produced so great and splendid deeds of heroic bravery and of unselfish devotion—which has inspired art, and stimulated literature, and furthered science—which has fostered liberty, and won independence, and advanced civilization—and which, on the other hand, has sometimes been misunderstood and perverted and made the excuse for brutal excesses and arbitrary tyranny?

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, tells us that a patriot is "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country," and that patriotism is "love and zeal for one's country," and we may accept these definitions as his serious interpretation of the words, although, as we shall see directly, the doctor indulged on another occasion in a more cynical explanation. But have the words always borne this interpretation? Some time ago, when pursuing a different subject, I noticed incidentally the fact that they do not occur once in the whole of Shakespeare's writings. The omission seemed to me suggestive, and I communicated through a friend with Dr. Murray, the editor of that wonderful monument of patient and discriminating scholarship and erudition, the *New English Dictionary*. By his kindness I am informed that the word "patriot" was taken immediately from the French, where it was in use as early as the fifteenth century in the sense of "citizen," "fellow-citizen," or "compatriot." It occurs occasionally in the literature of the sixteenth century, at the end of which it was accompanied by such adjectives as "good," "true," or "worthy," which ultimately were imported into the meaning of the noun, until, finally, a "patriot" necessarily implied a good citizen and a true lover of his country. The transitional stages are illustrated by the words of the preface to King James's Bible in 1611—"Was Catiline a good patriot that sought to bring the city to a combustion?" and again, by Milton, who spoke in his letter on education of "living to be brave men and worthy patriots." But by the end of the century the modern use of the word was fully

established, and when Dryden writes of men who usurp "the patriot's all-atoning name," patriot is used alone and without an adjective as equivalent to a good son of his country.

This gradual evolution of the meaning suggests the probability that the sentiment itself has undergone transformations; and we shall find, accordingly, that, although love of country is as old as the history of the nations, the particular form of this universal feeling which we now associate with the name of patriotism is really one of the manifestations of that spirit of the age, the comprehension of which was impressed upon your predecessors by Lord Beaconsfield, when he was Lord Rector of your University, as an essential part of education.

But before attempting these finer distinctions, let me extend somewhat our original definition. Patriotism presupposes a "patria" or patrie, and Lord Shaftesbury in his *Characteristics*, quaintly complains of our language, that we have no word to express our native community, but that of country, which already is used in two other senses as the equivalent of the Latin "rus" and "regio" and the French "campagne" and "pays." He ridicules the idea of a patriotism founded on the accident of birthplace alone, pointing out that, in this case, a Briton born at sea would have no country but the ocean and no countrymen but the fishes and monsters of the deep. The justification of the sentiment must be found in something more than an attachment to the soil which might be attributed to a fungus; and depends on the pursuit of common interests, the defence of a common independence, and the love of common liberties. It is strengthened by a common history and common traditions, and it is part of a national character formed under these conditions. It implies undoubtedly an exclusive preference, and this is sometimes made an accusation against it; but in this respect it is only the natural development of that sentiment of filial and domestic affection which has characterized the relations of kindred since men first dwelt together in families.

The tribe is a larger family and has called forth many of the feelings which we connect with patriotism, such as reverence for tradition, respect for ancestors and preferential regard for common interests; but having no country, the nomads of the desert and the prairie cannot be patriots in the modern sense. The patriotism of the Jews was a religious exclusiveness, fanatically cherished and centred in Jerusalem as the site of the temple, and the city peculiarly

favoured by Jehovah. The Greeks were animated by an intense patriotism, which was, however, almost universally narrowed to the city. Once or twice in their history the cities of Greece united in a true sentiment of national devotion against a foreign enemy; but the union was only for the moment of danger, and the patriotism of Athens or Sparta or Corinth, nourished on the rivalries of small communities, was a municipal rather than a national sentiment. The Romans, with their subject provinces tributary to the mother city, never secured or even attempted to create that community of interest and equality of privilege throughout their Empire which might have gained for it the patriotic support of all its population. The feeling may have been more intense among the actual citizens of Rome in proportion as it was more restricted; but it was certainly confined to a very small proportion of those who lived under the Roman Eagles, and it differed in degree and in character from the sentiment which has since exercised so great an influence on civilized States.

But even in later times, the ideas connected with the word have undergone change and development. During the whole of the Middle Ages the multiplicity of states and petty provinces and free cities led to endless disputes and aggregations, and provoked a spirit of intestine conflict which was alien to any real devotion to country or nation. Men fought and paid taxes to support the claims of their rulers with little personal interest in the result, and sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, as the immediate ambitions of their leaders dictated. There was no fixed standard to which all paid allegiance. The conflicts of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, or the Wars of the Roses in England, not to speak of the thousand petty struggles—battles, as Milton calls them, of the kites and the crows, the memories of which are only preserved in local histories, were altogether unfavourable to the growth and maintenance of any but the most restricted patriotism exhibited in connection with a particular city at some special period of its history.

It is to be noted, however, that there was one moment when a really national sentiment was evoked in France; when, for a short time, Joan of Arc aroused enthusiasm, which, uniting all Frenchmen in a common object, freed the soil of the country from foreign rulers. But when she died, betrayed by those she had served so well, a martyr at

the hands of enemies too frightened of her influence to be either just or generous, the enmities and the jealousies, for a moment allayed, soon revived, and all national feeling was lost in domestic broils and personal quarrels.

It is only slowly that nations are definitely formed. Artificial and arbitrary arrangements of territory, and populations distributed against their will, make no solid basis for a structure of national unity. But gradually we shall find the same causes working to the same ends in every country, although operating upon them at different times. France, the United Kingdom, Italy, and Germany, by some process of unconscious affinity or natural selection or political necessity, have become nations in the true sense of the word ; and this change has been assisted by the growth of that national patriotism of which it is now one of the first and most urgent duties in all these cases to maintain the unity which it has created. If patriotism has aided the work of consolidation, it has itself been stimulated and strengthened in proportion as its sphere of interest has been enlarged. The individual patriotism of cities and provinces of weaker nationalities has not been extinguished, but there has risen a wider and nobler patriotism in which has been merged much that was mean and narrow in the provincial or parochial sentiment. There exists to-day in the provinces of France and Italy, in the kingdoms and principalities of Germany, and in the cantons of Switzerland, local and separate, but perfectly legitimate and laudable pride in their distinctive traditions, race, and character ; but this sentiment is now only ancillary to the wider patriotism of a Frenchman, an Italian, a German, or a Swiss.

But besides the multiplicity of petty and conflicting interests which for a long time delayed the growth of the patriotic sentiment, two causes influenced the character of the feeling. The first was the intensity of religious differences which produced a line of division more marked than that of race or nationality. A Catholic Frenchman, for instance, in the time of Charles IX, was further removed in sympathy from his Huguenot fellow-countrymen than from any foreigner of Catholic nations. At that time, and during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the feelings of loyalty and devotion which we associate with patriotism were engendered by attachment to a faith, and not by love of country. The other cause which gave a different complexion to national sentiment was its personification in the prince or ruler. Louis XIV said truly,

"*L'état, c'est moi*," and the boast of Frenchmen in his day was that "*nous sommes les sujets du plus grand Roi du monde*." The ideas of duty and self-sacrifice took the shape of personal loyalty to the Sovereign ; the dynasty represented the greatness and unity of the nation ; and the crime of treason was the most execrable of all human offences.

The fact is that, in its present sense, the idea of patriotism was not generally accepted till the French Revolution, when loyalty to the Monarch was rudely divorced from loyalty to the country ; and the dangers which threatened the existence and independence of their native land roused the masses of the French people, who for the first time felt their responsibility, to a fervour of enthusiasm and devotion such as the world has never witnessed before. It was in truth a new sentiment, no longer sanctioned and encouraged as in the past by the prestige of the Monarch, the claims of the Church, or the exigent demands of a privileged aristocracy ; but a popular outburst of exclusive pride in a country, which the masses of the people had just discovered to be their own, and an overwhelming confidence in the infallibility of principles and institutions to which they owed their newly acquired rights of possession. It was characterized by all the virtues and disfigured by all the abuses of which the sentiment is capable. It was more intense, more devoted, and at the same time more arbitrary and more aggressive than it has ever been before or since. The name of patriot became the exclusive property of the partisans of the Revolution in its worst excesses as well as in its nobler principles ; but both in its best and its worst evolutions, it was an agency of incalculable energy and force. Beginning as a legitimate and praiseworthy movement for the defence of the liberties of the country against the attacks of foreign despots, and protesting its respect for the rights of man and the fraternity of peoples, it hurled back the combination of its foes, and then forgetting its principles, and intoxicated by a sense of power, embarked on a crusade of fanatical proselytism, and asserted its claims to impose its own dogmas on reluctant nationalities with as much indifference to their feelings as any Mahommedan conqueror. Throughout all this period of Titanic struggle, patriotism was the most potent factor in the contest and ultimately decided the issue. Animated by patriotism which gave to her armies a superhuman strength, France was able to confound all the efforts of her enemies. Then, ignoring in

other nations a love of independence and freedom as strenuous as her own, she at last created and evoked in them this all-powerful sentiment, and was in the end driven back to her frontiers by an exhibition of the same spirit as that which had enabled her to defend them.

Stein and Hardenberg in Prussia taught their countrymen to emulate the patriotism which the Revolution had induced in their neighbours, and turned to account in indomitable defence of the independence of their own country, the popular feeling which had proved itself so irresistible in France. The degradation of patriotism in France, and its growth in the rest of the Continent, was greatly due to the policy of the first Napoleon, who, as Comte reminds us, was almost a foreigner in France, and whose enormous personal ambition was accompanied by a superstitious reverence for the ancient hierarchy. He was enabled by his genius to pervert the sentiment of patriotism into immorality, and once more to identify it with personal rule. But when he fell, destroyed by the patriotism which he had created in other nations at the same time that he undermined it in his own, French patriotism flowed in quieter channels during the Monarchy and the Second Empire, until in our own days we have seen its splendid resurrection in the dignity, the devotion, and the courage with which France has repaired the disasters of "the terrible year."

I know of no eloquence more touching, more imbued with the true fervour of genuine patriotism, than that in which Gambetta, the greatest of the statesmen of modern France, apostrophized his country as the mother of sorrows, and claimed for her, in her defeat and her humiliation, a love deeper than the pride with which she should be hailed in the hour of victory and triumph. It is not too much to say that if France to-day is still a great nation, a centre of intellectual activity and a pioneer of civilization, she owes this position entirely to the fact that her greatest statesmen, writers, and preachers have never ceased to foster the spirit of patriotism among her people.

There is one fact in connection with all the recent manifestations of national patriotism which is especially to be emphasized. It is that now and henceforth we are dealing with an entirely popular sentiment—not confined to individuals or to classes, but identified inseparably with the national character. It has become a democratic passion

and has ceased to be a privileged distinction. The cause of the change is not far to seek. In his great work on *Democracy in America*, De Tocqueville points out, with his usual keenness of analysis, that there are two kinds of patriotism—that of instinct and that of reason. The former, disinterested, indefinable, but associating the affections with the place of birth and united with a love for old customs and a respect for old traditions. The patriotism of reason, on the other hand, is due to a perception of the personal interest of the citizen, and depends on his having a share in the government of his country, and on his identifying himself with its prosperity and security. It may be doubted, perhaps, if the distinctions can be thus strictly drawn, and if the patriotism of instinct is always disinterested, or if the patriotism of reason is altogether indifferent to sentimental considerations. But it is at least certain that the enjoyment of independence and the consciousness of a share in the responsibility of government are necessary to the full development of a feeling which largely depends on a sense of ownership; and that the growth of liberties has conduced to that widely diffused and popular patriotism which is the strong defence of nations and the security for their freedom. Patriotism of a King, of an aristocracy, or of a privileged class, has indeed influenced at all times the history of the world; but the patriotism which has entered into the life-blood of a whole nation is likely to prove a still more powerful agency in maintaining its stability and stimulating its progress.

I have dwelt on the experience of France at some length, because the patriotic spirit has played so prominent a part in its history. But every nation which has shared the feeling has given to it a distinctive national character, and has derived from it distinctive advantages and disadvantages. French patriotism has, in accordance with national characteristics, been more passionate, more assertive, more excitable, than any other. It has led the nation into great excesses, it has stimulated its vanity, it has rendered it unjust to the merits of others, and has sometimes tempted it to abuse its own strength and power. But it has also kept alive its intellectual activity, sustained its self-respect in times of adversity, carried its arms to successful vindication of its liberties, placed it in the front rank of the nations of the world, and induced among its citizens the most splendid examples of heroism, self-sacrifice, and personal devotion. Time would fail me

to follow the influence of this feeling on the other nationalities of Europe. Patriotism has secured the unity of Germany and Italy ; it has created and consolidated the enormous empire of Russia ; and it has preserved the independence of Switzerland and Holland. But I pass on to consider it more especially in connection with the history of our own country.

In England the long-drawn-out vicissitudes of the Hundred Years' War with France offered little opportunity for the display of this sentiment. The struggle between Norman nobles settled in England, and French princes, with conflicting claims of heirship and possession, constitute a sanguinary lawsuit in which the English yeomen testified their loyalty to their feudal superiors, with slight personal interest in the conflict, and with no national issues of supreme importance at stake. As in France so in England, love of country showed itself in devotion to the King or ruler in whom the country was personified. In such circumstances we cannot look for the patriotism of reason, although the patriotism of instinct, with all its passionate affection and generous sacrifice, may not be wanting ; and in this connection it is worth noting that although Shakespeare has made no use of the words, the true spirit of patriotism breathes in every line of that splendid passage in which the dying John of Gaunt apostrophizes his country :—

“ This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.”

Yet it is instructive and interesting to notice that in the same sentences he indicates as the chief source of his love and pride that his country is :—

“ This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars
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This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,”

In the civil wars which followed the death of Henry V loyalty must frequently have been in doubt which king to follow, and when even families were separated in hostile

camps a common patriotism was impossible. But after the earlier Tudors had consolidated their power, and in the time of Elizabeth, the genius of the nation began to find its bent and to carry with it a popular interest from which patriotism has evolved. The attempted aggression of Philip II so roused the pride and the indignation of the English people that in spite of the bitterness of the religious controversy which was still raging, Catholic and Protestant, noble and peasant, vied with each other in their eagerness to defend their "water-walled bulwark, hedged in with the main." The reign of Elizabeth marks also the future direction of the energies of the British race, and gives the first clear indication of that restless and audacious spirit of enterprise, which was to make the ocean our highway and to conduct us to an unexampled dominion in every part of the globe. The feeling ebbed and flowed according as the seat of authority was filled by Cromwell or Charles II, by James or William III, but the conviction remained deep-seated in the minds of the British people that they had found their mission, and that the sceptre of empire had been definitely placed in their hands.

Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, however, patriotism tended to become a byword, and almost a reproach. The word was abused as a weapon in political controversy, seldom indeed in connection with our foreign relations, but constantly as a method of stigmatizing the iniquities of a party at home. When Bolingbroke undertook to write an essay on the spirit of patriotism he produced only a pamphlet directed against his political opponents; and when he subsequently attempted to describe a patriot king, it is evident that he thought the first test of such a monarch would be his preference of Henry Bolingbroke to Robert Walpole. Lesser men than Bolingbroke were not slow to imitate his example. No borough-monger was so corrupt, or office-seeker so base, no scribbler so scurrilous, that he did not dub himself a patriot and every one who differed from him a traitor to his country. And so was justified the exclamation of Johnson, uttered, be it noted, in the presence of Mr. Fox, that "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel," and the assurance of Junius that "nothing will satisfy a patriot but a place." But while the main purpose of Bolingbroke's essays must be held to be the discredit of his political opponents, there is in the patriot king one incidental

sentence which does in some measure recognize the existence of that national ambition which, kindled by Drake and Raleigh and Grenville, and never since extinguished, has constantly burned in the hearts of the British nation. "To give ease," he says, "and encouragement to manufactory at home, to assist and protect trade abroad, to improve and keep in heart the national colonies like so many farms of the mother country, will be principal and constant parts of the attention of a patriot prince." If these aspirations have been at times silent, discouraged by official indifference, they have never wholly died in the popular imagination; and we have been privileged to see in connection with the celebrations of a reign admirable in all its personal features, and glorious in its imperial attributes, a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for the unity and kinship of the Empire, which may well quicken the blood and raise the hopes of

"All the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole."

In this necessarily brief and imperfect review of the history of patriotism I have not spoken separately of Scottish and of Irish patriotism before the union between the three countries. By the necessity of the case and as we have seen in the history of the separate provinces or nationalities of other European countries, it was bound to find its expression in hostility to its more powerful neighbour. Now that England, most happily for itself, has been for so long absorbed by Scotland and united to Ireland, the streams of local patriotism should form one river, and the emulation which may still properly continue, should be no more than friendly rivalry between members of the same family.

But while we are bound to-day to recognize no patriotism which does not embrace the United Kingdom, and I should like to add the British Empire—there is no Englishman worthy of the name who will fail to sympathize with Scotsmen who celebrate the memory of Wallace and of Bruce, or with Irishmen who recall the exploits of leaders who have fought and suffered for Irish rights. We are proud of all that is great and noble in the history of the sister kingdoms—it has become part of the history of the greater nation of which we are each a member; and we appreciate the striking and eloquent words in which Lord Rosebery summed up the results of this local patriotism, and said that but for it "the centuries

of which we are so proud—so full of energy and passion and dramatic history—might have passed silently and heedlessly over a dark and unknown province.” How much the United Kingdom as a whole has gained by the influence of this feeling on its policy, it is hardly necessary to say.

Although our patriotism has been of a sober kind, little aided by such commemorations as have been the rule in other countries, and often slighted and discouraged by those in authority, it has nevertheless burned with a steady flame in all times of stress and danger, and has enabled the nation to maintain its place, to carry out its work in the face of the most formidable combinations, and to create an Empire which has extorted the admiration and sometimes the envy of foreign observers. “England,” wrote a German editor the other day, in a spirit which we may well wish were more frequently imitated by Continental critics, “has interests defined over the whole earth; her ships cruise in all oceans, and the red coats of her soldiers are to be seen in every continent. She fights in all quarters of the globe, often under the greatest difficulties, and constantly, with comparatively insignificant military forces, yet almost invariably holds her ground; and indeed, not only defends what she has, but is incessantly adding to her possessions. Threatened and fully occupied on the Indian frontier, Great Britain simultaneously conducts a victorious campaign in Egypt against powerful, dangerous, and ruthless foes.

“This manifestation of universal power, this defence and extension of a world-wide Empire, such as has not been paralleled for nearly twenty centuries, gives fresh proof of the invincible and unbroken vigour and vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race. England is still a distinguished pioneer of civilization, and the best wishes of her people always accompany those enterprises which are undertaken not only to extend her power and dominion, but also to promote indirectly the interests of humanity and civilization. The British sword is always followed by the British plough and ship, and it is this which establishes the success of her forward policy, since it constantly affords to it fresh justification.”

On a review of the whole subject, it will be evident to you that the sentiment of which we have been speaking, has grown and widened with the advance of civilization and the progress of liberty. To-day it is more powerful than ever before, and it is strongest in the most democratic

communities—in France, in Switzerland, in the United States, and in the United Kingdom. Its influence has everywhere tended to secure toleration in religious controversies, and to moderate the bitterness of party contest. It has lessened the frequency of war by encouraging the union of smaller states and nationalities, and thereby decreasing occasions of strife. So long as it was restricted to limited interests, it was restless, jealous, and aggressive; but with enlarging scope and responsibility, it has shown itself more inclined to respect the rights of others while still claiming the exclusive devotion of its own citizens. It has encouraged originality, and stimulated every nation to find and pursue its own vocation, and to develop to the fullest degree its national genius and character. And meanwhile it has promoted among the citizens of every land in which it has taken root a sense of public duty, and the growth of a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the commonwealth.

To the ordinary mind such results are matters for congratulation, and yet in all times there have been a few individuals superior to the considerations by which ordinary minds are influenced, who have harped on the abuses to which, like every other virtue, patriotism is liable, and have chanted the claims of some abstract humanity in preference to those of their native country. Among the ancients a school of philosophy taught that the world at large was the country for which alone all should work and make sacrifices. I am not aware that the world at large benefited by these theories, but it is curious to note that the same Horace who taught us that it was "sweet and seemly to die for one's country," also declared in the true cosmopolitan spirit that "the brave man was at home in every land as fishes in the ocean."

Philosophers in all ages have been fond of paradox and somewhat indifferent to the practical application of their principles. The Encyclopædists and some of the German philosophers professed a similar doctrine; and in the early days of the French Revolution the human race was welcomed to the Constituent Assembly, with Anacharsis Clootz as their speaker. But common sense and patriotism were too strong for the theories of sentimentalists, and Clootz and his followers disappeared—"spectre chimeras," as Carlyle calls them, "who flit, squeaking and gibbering, till oblivion swallows them." The fact is that a vague attachment to the whole human race is a poor substitute for the performance of the duties of a

citizen ; and professions of universal philanthropy afford no excuse for neglecting the interests of one's own country. Molière makes one of his characters say : "*L'ami du genre humain n'est pas du tout mon fait*," and experience shows that "*l'ami du genre humain*" is very likely to degenerate into "the friend of every country but his own."

But it is said patriotism is not to be distinguished from Jingoism and Chauvinism. It leads to unlawful aggrandizement, duplicity, and selfish violence, which are sought to be justified by reasons of State. It places the interests of the country above all moral standards. It may be admitted that there is a false patriotism which would carry to extremes the doctrine of the American statesman, "My country, right or wrong,"—a patriotism which panders to national vanity and is blind to see what is good elsewhere and which cannot conceive of benefit to one's country unless it involves injury to another. But these are the abuses and not the necessary consequences of the sentiment, and they may be found in full activity in countries, such, for instance, as China and Turkey, where no national patriotism exists. There is, however, something worse than this false patriotism—which after all carries no authority and is not sanctioned by any popular approval—and that is the factious spirit which would sacrifice national interests to secure the defeat of an opponent or a personal triumph. Such a spirit animated the great Whig leader, Fox, when he rejoiced in the defeats of British arms, and gloated over the failure of our negotiations ; and though I am persuaded that no party leader would nowadays follow his example, yet we have still to guard ourselves against excess of party zeal, and the self-righteousness which "always finds his country in the wrong."

Meanwhile let us freely recognize the truth of Bolingbroke's axiom, however ill he may have applied it, that "patriotism must be founded on great principles and supported by great virtues." It involves duties as well as privileges, and these duties rise in connection with the domestic relations of the citizen to his country as well as in all that concerns the attitude of the country towards foreign nations. In both cases the idea of patriotism involves that of personal sacrifice. Our obligations do not end with obedience to the laws and the payment of taxes. These things are compulsory and involuntary evidence of our love of country, since the police insist on the one, and the Treasury takes good care of the other.

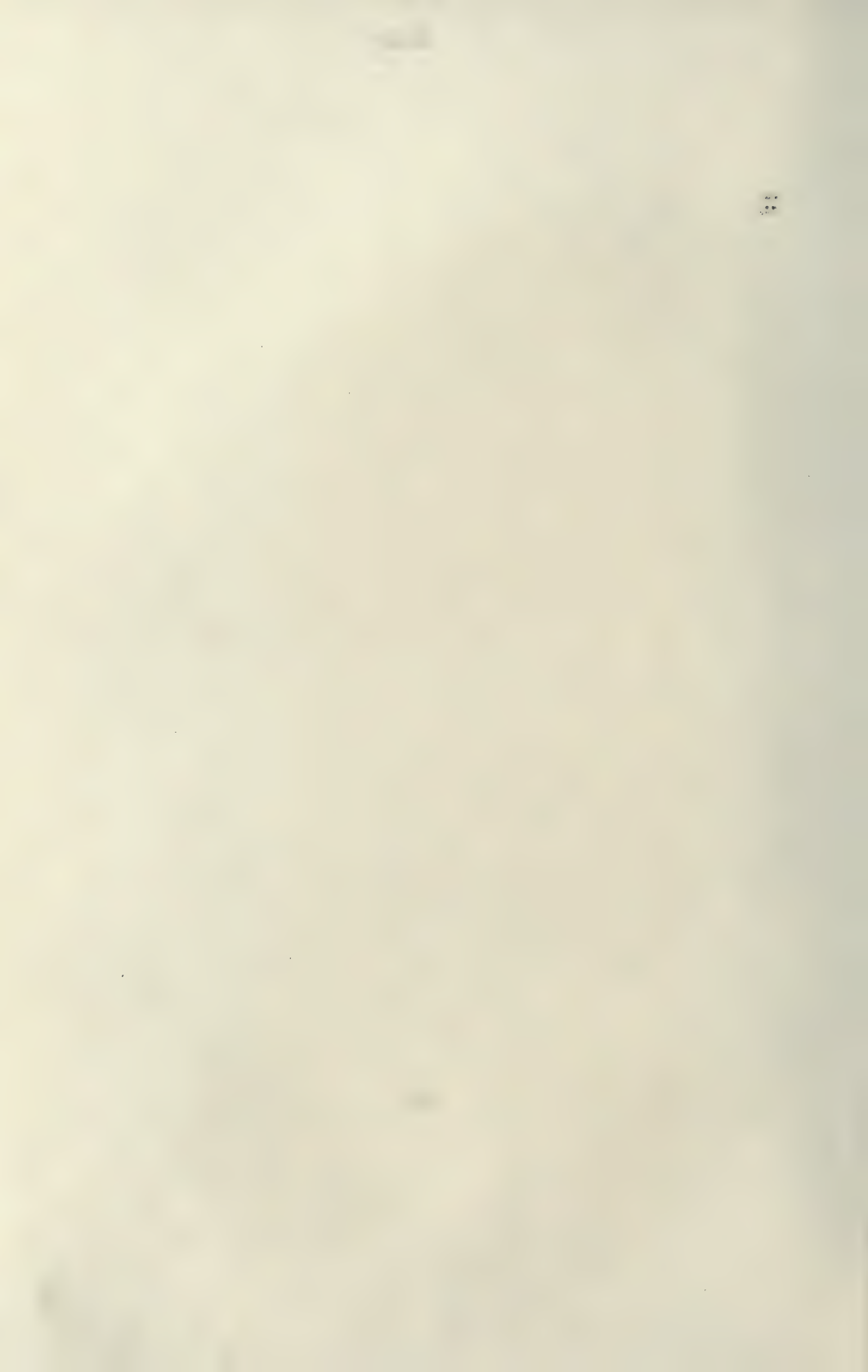
But we give a free and additional proof of patriotism in taking our full share of public work and responsibility, including the performance of those municipal obligations on the due fulfilment of which the comfort, the health, and the lives of the community so largely depend. One of the most satisfactory features of modern times is the greater interest taken by the educated and leisured class in the unambitious but most useful work of local institutions, while in national politics the pecuniary disinterestedness and integrity of our public men has now been for a long time a marked feature of our political life.

It is not necessary to refer to the gross corruption of Sir Robert Walpole's day to show how greatly we have advanced. In much later times the idea of serving the nation for the nation's sake found few supporters, and no less a personage than the great historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was not ashamed to write with naïve and characteristic detachment from all but his own personal inclinations, "I went into Parliament without patriotism and without ambition, and all my views tended to the convenient and respectable place of a Lord of Trade." To leave politics to the politicians, whether in national or in municipal work, is as fatal to the best interests of the State as to leave to mercenaries the defence of its territories. In this generation, happily, a higher ideal obtains; but even now there are many who fail to see that if the country is to be what they think it is, and what they know it should be, the result can only be reached by a general display of public spirit, or the contribution of all to the common good, and by efforts to develop the nobler side of the national character and to cure its defects.

It is, however, in our external relations that national patriotism has its greatest opportunities and its greatest dangers. It is self-evident that the primary object of every country must be to defend its freedom and independence, and to make such preparations as are necessary for its security. But unless it is prepared to go somewhat further than this, and to maintain its self-respect and safeguard its honour, it will inevitably incur the contempt of its enemies and lose the affection of its children. I have said that one of the fundamental ideas of patriotism is preference. It does not follow that this preference should involve the injury of others, but each nation may legitimately strive to become richer, stronger, and greater. Competition among nations, as among indi-



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viduals, is the stimulus to progress. Each nation has its distinctive qualities and special capacities. To discover them and to encourage their exercise is to fulfil the national mission, and calls for the display of all virtues of patriotism. The special mission of the United Kingdom has been clearly marked out by her insular position and by the qualities of her people—by their love of adventure, their power of organization, and by their commercial instincts. It is to be seen persistently colouring all her later history through which the steady expansion of the Empire has proceeded, and during which she has sometimes unconsciously, sometimes even unwillingly, been building up and consolidating that great edifice of Imperial dominion which is now as much a necessity of our national existence as it is a legitimate source of national pride.

There is a small minority, no doubt, who view with little satisfaction the astounding spectacle of their country's greatness, who carp at our titles of possession, condemn the methods of acquisition, and attribute to the lowest motives of greed, and to a vulgar desire for aggrandizement, the extension of British rule in so many quarters of the globe. This is a very one-sided and jaundiced conception of the colonial Empire of Great Britain, and leaves altogether out of sight the fact that, unlike those vast aggregations of territory in the past which form the only precedent to such a dominion, it has been the aim and practice of the founders of our Empire to extend its citizenship as widely as possible, and to induce in every part that sense of equal possession in all its privileges and glories on which a common patriotism may be founded.

The makers of Venice, with whose peculiar circumstances as a commercial community, dependent for its existence on its command of the sea, we have much in common, declared it to be their principal object "to have the heart and the affections of our citizens and subjects"; and in adopting this true principle of Empire, they found their reward in the loyalty of their colonies and dependencies when the mother city was threatened by enemies, whom her success and prosperity had raised against her. We have gone far in imitating her example; and wherever our rule has been established, peace and progress and security to life and property have followed in its train, and have materially improved the condition of the native population. If the annals of our conquests have been occasionally stained by crimes of oppres-

sion and rapacity, they have also been illustrated by noble deeds of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice ; and it is ungrateful to refuse to the adventurers and the pioneers whose enterprise has built up the Empire, a generous recognition of their difficulties and a just appreciation of their motives. Let us by all means impress on all who exercise authority the maxim of the Venetian statesmen, and let us inculcate justice and honesty in all our dealings with native races ; but let us discourage the calumnies by which some of the bravest and best of our countrymen have been defamed, and cheer them by a full recognition of services which they have rendered. There is something unworthy in the eagerness with which representatives of universal philanthropy clutch at every accusation of perfidy and cruelty which is brought against those who are risking life or reputation in our service, and use these unproved charges in order to enforce arguments for shirking our responsibility and limiting our obligations—for a Little England and a policy of surrender. Nowhere can such reasoning be more distasteful than in Scotland, which has given the United Kingdom so many of its ablest administrators, its bravest soldiers, and its most devoted missionaries.

It is the clear duty of patriotism, not dwelling overmuch on details, to consider in its broadest aspects this question of the expansion of the Empire in which we seem to be fulfilling the manifest duty of our race. In such a review can any impartial mind retain a doubt that the pressure of the European and civilized races on the more backward inhabitants of other continents has on the whole made for peace and civilization and the happiness of the world ? But for this the vast territories of the United States and of Canada might have been left to a few hundred thousand of Indian braves, inhuman in their customs, stagnant in civilization, and constantly engaged in intertribal warfare. India would have remained the sport of contending factions, the prey to anarchy, and the constant scene of cruelty and of tyranny ; while Africa, depopulated by unspeakable barbarities and surrendered to the worst forms of slavery and fetishism, would have pined in vain for a deliverer. It is no exaggeration to say that in one single year of such conditions more lives would be taken and more cruelties enacted than in all the wars that have ever been undertaken by civilized nations in furthering their work of development and colonization. I believe that this work has specially devolved upon our country—that it is our interest,

our duty, and our national mission to carry it to a successful issue.

Is it contended that the weary Titan staggers under "the too vast orb of his fate" and that we have not the strength to maintain the burden of Empire? We are richer, more numerous, and in every way more powerful than our ancestors when they laid the foundations of our dominion, and encountered in the task a world in arms. We have a firm assurance of the loyalty and affection of the sons of Britain across the sea, and of their readiness to play their part in the common defence. We do not lack efficient instruments for our great purpose, and we can still count on the energy and devotion of our countrymen and on their ability to win the confidence and respect of the people whom they are sent to govern for their good, on the bleak mountains of the Indian frontier, amidst the sands of the Sudan, in the swamps and forests of Western Africa—wherever the British flag floats—Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen are to-day fronting every danger, enduring every hardship—living as brave men and dying as heroes in the faithful performance of duty and passionate love of their country. They ask from us that their sacrifice shall not be in vain. If such is still the spirit of our people, why should we shrink from our task or allow the sceptre of Empire to fall from our hands

"Through craven fears of being great"?

I have faith in our race and in our nation. I believe that, with all the forces and enthusiasm of which democracy alone is capable, they will complete and maintain that splendid edifice of our greatness, which, commenced under aristocratic auspices, has received in these later times its greatest extension; and that the fixity of purpose and strength of will which are necessary to this end will be supplied by that national patriotism, which sustains the most strenuous efforts and makes possible the greatest sacrifice.

EARL OF CARNARVON

FREEMASONRY : ANCIENT AND MODERN

[An Address delivered at the installation of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (King Edward VII), as Grand Master of English Freemasons, at Royal Albert Hall, London, April 28, 1874.]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS AND MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER :—It has been, from time immemorial, the custom when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair to remind him of the duties that he then undertook, and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your Royal Highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honoured custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion.

Sir, your Royal Highness knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition; secondly, it is known and practised in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men; and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. [Cheers.] Let me say, further, that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the Middle Ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the tracery of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw

one further distinction—no one will say that it is an invidious one. In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue—with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. The Craft here has allied itself with social order, with the great institutions of the country, and above all, with Monarchy, the crowning institution of all. Your Royal Highness is not the first—but many of your illustrious family have sat in that chair. By the lustre of your great name and position you will reflect honour upon the Craft to-day ; but it is also something, sir, to be at the head of such a body as this vast assembly now represents ; for I may truly say that never before, in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eyes rest at this moment.

And there is this further and inner view to be taken—that, far as my eye can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, of gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have solemnly undertaken obligations of worth and morality, men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. Sir, I am but expressing, though very feebly, the feelings and the aspirations of this great assembly when I say that I trust that the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never, sir, have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day.

ALFRED F. ROBBINS

ON SIR EDWARD GREY, K.G.

[At a Press Gallery dinner to Sir Edward Grey, K.G., M.P., House of Commons, May 3, 1912. Mr. Alfred F. Robbins, in submitting the toast of "Our Guest," said:]

MR. CHAIRMAN, GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE PRESS GALLERY:—I am very proud to have been accorded by the Committee the privilege of submitting the toast of the evening, our guest, Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. [Cheers.] To-night the Republic of Letters welcomes the Plenipotentiary of the King, and our guest is welcome not only for what he is, but for what in every sense he represents. [Cheers.] He springs from a family which for centuries has been an asset in English public life, not an unrealized but a valued asset, alike in the Senate and the field.

To such a gathering as this, it is good to recall that a Grey rode to Westminster from Northumberland over five centuries ago, when still the Commons assembled at the Abbey, long before they moved to St. Stephen's Chapel, and when the Press Gallery was absolutely undreamed of, while with "the Merry Monarch" first came to Parliament an Edward Grey. [Cheers.]

Our guest of this evening is essentially an all-round man—a champion at tennis; an expert in fly-fishing, using, one imagines, a dry fly; devoted to out-door sports and the study of birds—eagles, perhaps, for choice. [Laughter and cheers.] He is the one man among us to-night who has lived up to what he was taught at school of that one-time fashionable subject, the use of the globes. To him Bosnia is as familiar as to some of us is Brixton, Turkey as Turnham Green [laughter]; Macedonia he better knows than Maida Vale, and Persia than Peckham [renewed laughter].



RT. HON. SIR EDWARD GREY, K.G., P.C.

According to an old, and not always understood, adage, an Ambassador is one who lies abroad for the benefit of his country; but the Foreign Secretary, the maker of Ambassadors, stays at home [loud laughter]—to the same end, telling the truth, sparingly perhaps, but with precision [Hear, hear], and speaking for Britain to the world. [Cheers.] His office is unique in the Administration, in that it is always filled by a statesman plainly designated by the nation in advance. [Hear, hear.] In the Foreign Secretary's own lifetime it has been held by Russell and Clarendon, Granville and Rosebery, Salisbury and Lansdowne, every one of whom had been marked out for the position, as Canning and Palmerston had been before them, and as Sir Edward Grey is to-day. [Loud cheers.]

This year our guest celebrates his jubilee, and we give him the more joy because with the jubilee has come the Garter [renewed cheers]. "The right honourable baronet in the blue riband," as Walpole was accustomed to be called in debate, when night after night he wore the Garter on the Treasury bench, is little likely to be satirized, as that statesman was, as "Sir Bluestring," or to be recommended by political opponents to anticipate the inevitable course of justice by using the insignia as a means to hang himself. [Laughter.] By consent of all, the fact of Sir Edward Grey being accorded the distinction has removed from that most noble Order the old stigma that it had about it no confounded nonsense of merit. [Laughter and cheers.]

It was said of our guest's ancestor, Charles, first Earl Grey—father of the Charles Earl Grey of Reform Bill fame—that he was "a charming man, and, for his time of life, very handsome." We will adopt the compliment without the qualification [cheers], and will assure Sir Edward Grey that none can wish him better fortune throughout his career than the members of the press [cheers]. We fully recognize that it is his duty to be discreet. [Hear, hear.] It may be that, because diplomatists are accustomed to practise what theologians, I believe, term an economy of truth, ingenuous souls like ourselves are sometimes provoked to reaction [laughter], with the result that we are gravely told that we have been indiscreet [renewed laughter], though even diplomatists have been known to indulge in "Recollections." [Laughter.]

But we never forget what is due to the statesman who, in critical times, and with the cordial support of all his countrymen, has to speak with the enemy in the gate, and to say, "I

am England." [Loud cheers.] It is then we feel regarding him, as we feel to-night, that when there is put the question of our fine old dramatist, "What's he, of that brave presence?" we can give the reply with all heartiness, "A gentleman of England, and my friend." [Cheers.] And so I raise my glass, and ask my fellow-members of the Press Gallery and us all to drink with enthusiasm the health of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Knight of the Garter. [Prolonged cheers.]

ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE SCOTCH-AMERICAN

[Speech by Andrew Carnegie, delivered at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, New York, November 30, 1891.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—This is, indeed, the age of instantaneous photography. I appear before you to-night commissioned to kodak, develop, and finish the Scotsman at home, in four minutes ; in four minutes more, to picture him in America ; and in two minutes more, to celebrate the union of the two varieties, and place before you the ideal character of the world, the best flower in the garden, the first-prize chrysanthemum—the Scotch-American.

Gentlemen, no race pure in blood has ever amounted to anything, either in the human or in the lower varieties of the animal kingdom. The Briton sings: "Saxon and Dane, Norman and Celt are we." The American is great chiefly because he is a conglomerate of all the races of Europe. For the improvement of a race we must have a cross. Taken by himself, the Scotsman's qualities give him a high place ; taken by himself, the American is also in the front ; but it is only through their union that the crowning mercy has been bestowed upon the world, and perfection at last attained in the new variety known as the Scotch-American, who in himself combines, in one perfect whole, the best qualities and all the virtues of both, and stands before the world shining for all, the sole possessor of these united talents, traits, characteristics and virtues, rare in their several excellencies and wonderful in their combination. [Laughter.]

The result of lack of fusion between the races is seen in the royal families of Europe, most of whom are diseased, many weak-minded, not a few imbecile, and none of them good for much. The nobilities of the Continent show the

operation of the same law, and the aristocracy of Britain has been preserved from equal degradation only by the wise fusion which is constantly going on between the different classes of our parent land. We must have these mixtures if we are to live and improve. But the greatest and best of all these that ever was made is the union between the Scot and the American. Scotch wives for American husbands is a fusion which I am told is hard to beat, and I have a very decided opinion, which many of you have good reason, I know, to endorse, that Scotch husbands for American wives is an alliance which cannot be equalled. [Laughter and applause.]

The original home of the Scot is a little land, the northern part of an island in the North Sea stretching almost to a line with Greenland, the land of the mountain and the flood, stern and tempestuous in climate, broad and rugged in its hills, but its moors glorious with the purple heather and its dells exquisite in their loveliness with the foxglove, the wild-rose and the bluebell. This most beautiful of all lands is inhabited by a sturdy race who have been forced to plough upon the sea and reap upon the crag, their lives an unceasing struggle. By the bracing influence of poverty, uncursed by the evils of luxury, a race twin brother to the Swiss has been developed, who have held the mountain fastnesses against all odds and have maintained their free institutions in the midst of surrounding despotisms. Switzerland and Scotland have thus become, to all lovers of liberty, sacred ground. An attempt at this day to touch either would be met by a general protest throughout the civilized world, whose cry would be "Hands off Switzerland! Hands off Scotland! for these are the cradles of liberty and independence." Even the determination of this New World to hold aloof from the struggles of Europe would melt away in a breath of indignation, if the liberty of Scotland or Switzerland were assailed. In the largest sense, the land of Wallace, Knox, Scott, and Burns belongs not to itself alone, but to the world. [Applause.]

What are the elemental traits of the Scot? Two are prominent: an inextinguishable love of liberty, both civil and religious, and a passion for education. Before he was educated, away back before the days of Bannockburn, in the days of Wallace and Bruce, imbedded in the Scotsman lay the instinct of freedom and independence. He was born to be

neither slave nor sycophant; he would have liberty if he had to fight for it, and independence if he had to die for it. Let it never be forgotten that these sentiments have been powerfully moulded by his religion, for while the Church in other lands of Europe, when connected with and supported by the State, has always been the tool of power, and is to-day the tool of power in England, the Church of Scotland has sprung from the people and has remained true to its origin, the Church of the people. In all the crises of Scottish history, among the most powerful advocates of the cause of the people, have been men in the pulpit, and this from the days of Knox and Melville to the present.

His mountains and his glens, his moors and his heather, his babbling burns, his religion, climate—everything surrounding him has inculcated in the core of the heart of the Scotsman this intense and all-consuming love of liberty and independence.

What, gentlemen, is the greatest glory of a State? The universal education of its people. In this Scotland stands pre-eminent. John Knox is immortal, not because of his theological and ecclesiastical services, important as they were, but because of his resolve that there should be established a public school in every parish in Scotland. Education has done its work with the Scotch. One might be challenged to produce a Scotchman who cannot read, write, and cipher, and cipher well, too, and who knows just where the balance lies and to whom it belongs. For the education of their children the poorest Scotch family will suffer privation. They may starve, but rear their children in ignorance they will not. Frugal, shrewd, prudent, peaceable, conscientious in the discharge of duty to a degree, and, above all other races, gifted with the power of concentration, the Scottish race of four millions, as is acknowledged by all, has produced an effect upon the world which no other four million of human beings, or double that number, can pretend to lay claim to. [Applause.]

Every Scotchman is two Scotchmen. As his land has the wild, barren, stern crags and mountain peaks, around which tempests blow, and also the smiling valleys below, where the wild-rose, the foxglove, and the bluebell blossom, so the Scotchman, with his rugged force and hard intellect in his head above, has a heart below capable of being touched to the finest issues. Sentimental, enthusiastic, the traces

of a hare-brained race floating about him from his Celtic blood, which gives him fire, he is the most poetic being alive. Poetry and song are a part of his very nature. He is born to such a heritage of poetry and song and romance as the child of no other land enjoys. Touch his head, and he will bargain and argue with you to the last. Touch his heart, and he falls upon your breast. Such is the Scot as we find him at home. [Applause.] And, possessed of such traits, when he settles in this future home of our race—the English-speaking race—and broadens and develops under the bracing effect of our political institutions founded upon the royalty of man, and quickened by a climate which calls forth with increased force the activities of body and mind, what part has he played from the American side of his history? Sir, we have heard a great deal to-night, and trust to hear more, of the land we live in. The Americans have what every man worthy of the name of man must have—a country to live for; if need be, a country to die for. [Applause.]

Who made the American nation? A little more than a century ago, what was the American? A puny, miserable colonist, a dependent of another nation. He was nothing higher, nothing better, than a Canadian,—a man without a country, and therefore, but little of a man. Who gave the American a country? Bancroft tells: "The first voice for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch Presbyterians of North Carolina." [Applause.] The great claims of the Puritans, of the Virginia planters, are gladly admitted; and to the Dutch of New York every one is willing to express our gratitude for the part they played. But these races only followed the first voice crying aloud to the poor degraded colonists to rise and be men. That voice was the echo from the heather hills, and rightly so, for ours is the race whose main work for centuries was the maintenance of the existence of our own country at home against England. The same great task devolved upon the Scot here. It is the mission of the true Scot ever to lead the people wherever he goes, in the cause of liberty and independence, and, in any struggle for liberty, our place is ever in the van. And when this Scotch idea had electrified the land and the second declaration was signed, no fewer than six of these great Scotch-American leaders attached their names and pledged their lives,

their fortunes, and their sacred honour. The part that our race played in the Revolutionary struggle, taken in comparison with our numbers, both in council and in the field, is one worthy of a race of heroes. Wherever the Scot goes, he cannot live without a country. The development of the Australian Commonwealth to-day is another proof of his ineradicable yearning for a country of his own. If there be no country, he calls upon his less alert, less independent fellow-citizens, to follow him and create one. He found this a colony, and he summoned it to arise and become a Nation.

There was another service which he rendered to this country, second only, if it be second, to giving to it the original idea of independence. The most remarkable political work known to man is, admittedly, the Constitution of the United States. It is the universal charter of political government. Mr. Gladstone himself has proclaimed it the greatest political work that was ever struck off, at one time, by the brain and purpose of man. Lord Salisbury and many Conservative leaders are now extolling its rare deeds. Who gave that inestimable charter to this country? That constitution is substantially the work of our race, the Scotch-American—Alexander Hamilton. No other single influence, nor, perhaps, all other influences combined, in the making of this great instrument, were so potent as the contribution of that one Scotch-American. [Applause.]

Our race is entitled to share the rich heritage of the great republic. We stand here as of right, by virtue of the share—a large share—we took in the making of America. We are joint proprietors here. Just as we find difficulty in crediting one human brain with all that we find in Shakespeare, it is difficult to credit the makers of the American Constitution with a full knowledge of the merits of their work. They builded wiser, much wiser, than they knew. Designed for three millions of people, occupying the fringe of the Atlantic seaboard, it has been found capable of governing the majority of the English-speaking race. Radical in the extreme, founded upon the equality of the citizen, and yet most conservative in its provisions and actions, it has just been copied, in the main, by the Australian Constitutional Convention. [Applause.] Wherever an English-speaking community exists, it adopts the principles of that Constitution: even the motherland itself year by year, irrespective of the party that may be in power, whether you call it Liberal or Conservative, is

engaged in bringing its institutions into harmony with that great work of political perfection ; and no Parliament has done more in that direction than that which now sits. It is founded upon justice and equality, and its principles are rapidly permeating the English-speaking race throughout the world. [Applause.]

We all hear much in these days of Imperial Federation, which is an attempt to band together the minority, leaving out the majority, of the English-speaking race. This phase is rapidly passing away, and giving place to what I may venture to claim is a nobler conception—the confederation of the entire race. Each of the three great branches—the British, the Australian, and the American, including our Scotland, Canada, merged in the union, to be perfectly independent—these three branches, cemented by an alliance which year after year, generation after generation, must assume closer and closer forms, as, by increased speed of communication, the parts come nearer and nearer to each other. This idea is beginning to take root. I have already been told that three distinguished Englishmen have recently declared that, if it were necessary to its realization that even Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales were to become states of the American union, they were prepared for this, because the fruits certain to flow from such a federation were such as to justify any change of form.

A great orator is to follow me and speak of the destiny of our adopted country. This idea postulates as that destiny that our adopted country adopt all other English-speaking communities under the ample folds of the American Constitution, of which Webster said that, although it had extended further and further and the population had doubled over and over again, they had not outrun its benefits or its protection. Neither would the scattered portions of the English-speaking race, if all embraced within its folds, exhaust its benefits or its protection. Such a confederation would hold in its hand the destinies and the peace of the world. It would banish humanity's deepest disgrace, the murder of men under the name of war, saying to any disturbers of the peace—

“ Hold, I command you both !
The one that stirs the first makes me his foe,
Unfold to me the causes of your quarrel
And I will judge betwixt you.”

[Applause.]

Gentlemen, not a sword would be drawn, not a shot fired, if the English-speaking people unitedly say nay. I shall be told this is a wild dream; that the man who always dreams accomplishes nothing. If that be true, it is none the less true that the man who never dreams, never accomplishes anything either. If it be a dream, it is a noble dream, and illumines the path to the coming brotherhood of man—the Parliament of man. The English-speaking race has already banished war from its members. Since a Scotch Prime Minister settled the *Alabama* controversy by arbitration, there has been no thought of war; from that day till now, up to the Behring Sea arbitration, it is manifest that English-speaking men are never hereafter to be called upon to murder each other in war. Thus far we have already travelled, and I submit to you to-night that, as it was our Scotch-American race that first proclaimed the independence of this country and forced separation, the duty falls upon us to proclaim the new doctrine of reconciliation, confederation, and reunion. It is an idea worthy of a sentimental, romantic, idea-creating race, gifted with that rarest of all gifts, imagination, which raises man to God-like action, or at least to God-like dreams. [Applause.]

If the drawing together of all portions of the English-speaking race be a dream, wake me not, let me dream. It is a dream better than most realities. Give me as my constant hope that—through which I see in the future the drawing together closer and closer of the English-speaking race under a Federal constitution, which has shown that the freest government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole—there may come a common citizenship embracing all lands, the only test being :—

“If Shakespeare’s tongue be spoken there,
And songs of Burns are in the air,”

[Applause, loud and long-continued.]

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS

NATIONAL SERVICE

[Speech delivered at a dinner in London given by "The Pilgrims" to the Prime Ministers of the Oversea Dominions, May 23, 1911.]

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :—I consider it a great privilege to preside over this gathering to-night and to be the first to welcome at a public entertainment the Prime Ministers of the British Empire, who have come across the seas to take part in the high and responsible duties of the Imperial Conference. I hope it is not necessary for me to assure you, gentlemen, that our welcome comes from the heart. The feelings of pride and affection with which we in this old country regard the stalwart and confident younger nations which have sprung up under the shelter of our common flag, are feelings the full strength and intensity of which do not always appear on the surface in ordinary times and in the midst of everyday affairs. But they lie at the very springs of our national life, and it only requires the occasion—a great celebration of common patriotism and thanksgiving, like the crowning of our King ; a great common loss, such as that we mourned during the past year ; or a great common danger—to reveal their full strength and intensity.

Gentlemen, we welcome you as representatives of our sister nations, and we welcome you for yourselves as statesmen who, in your several portions of the Empire, have to grapple with the great problems of laying the foundations of a strong and healthy national life, often with slender resources, yet ever with an eye to the immense possibilities of the future. In some of you, too, we welcome former and valued friends. Let me express first of all the satisfaction which we feel at the presence of Sir Wilfred Laurier. We appreciate the sacrifice involved in his leaving Canada at a time of such acute political

stress, in order to attend to his Imperial duties. We appreciate it all the more because we can hardly imagine what a Conference would have been like without Sir Wilfred Laurier. For this, my Lords and gentlemen, is the fourth Conference Sir Wilfred Laurier has attended. Governments have disappeared, Prime Ministers and Colonial Secretaries have vanished, but Sir Wilfred Laurier remains. He has watched the gradual evolution of these Conferences from occasional informal meetings at times of ceremony into a permanent Imperial Institution, and we are glad to have the endorsement of his prudent and reflective statesmanship upon any fresh developments which may take place on this occasion.

Sir Joseph Ward, too, is here, not for the first time. We welcome him as the leader of the bold, constructive, and ardent Imperial patriotism which we have learnt to associate with the beautiful and prosperous Dominion which he represents.

General Botha, again, is no stranger to many of us, and it is a real pleasure to me to offer him the heartiest of welcomes. I had good reason to appreciate General Botha's redoubtable qualities as a soldier in the field, and I have since learned to respect his statesmanship and patriotism in peace no less than I respected his courage and constancy in war.

From our oldest Colony Sir Edward Morris comes, fresh from the experience of what British diplomacy and British legal skill have done for the sturdy seafaring folk whose interests he is here to represent.

We are very glad to have Mr. Fisher with us to-night. We welcome him as a worthy representative of the Australian democracy—a democracy as bold in its domestic legislation as it is constant and vigilant in its sense of responsibility for the safety and strength both of Australia and of the Empire. We welcome you, gentlemen, both for yourselves and for those whom you represent and who are in all our thoughts to-night. We welcome you also as statesmen who are meeting in conference to consider by what practical measures our common inheritance can be maintained against common dangers.

We also tender a hearty welcome to the Premiers of the Provinces of Canada and of the States of Australia.

My Lords and gentlemen, we live in an age of competition for power—naval power, military power, and the economic power which underlies both navies and armies, and for the sake of which both navies and armies are kept up—the full meaning of which is only now beginning to dawn upon us. We

in this country are already feeling the pressure of that competition as we have never felt it before. You, in the younger countries, though it has not been brought home to you as closely as to us, are also beginning to see what dangers to the free expansion of your national energies, nay, even to your very national existence, are involved in these new developments of world-power. More and more we here are coming to realize that, if I may adopt Canning's famous phrase, we have to call a new world of empire into being to redress the balance in which this old England of ours is being outweighed. "United we stand, divided we fall"—that is a maxim the general truth of which is, I think, readily admitted in every part of the Empire.

It was the deep sense of this truth which inspired that sudden and splendid rally of patriotism at the time of the South African war. What the younger nations then did for the sake of preserving the unity of the Empire, none of us are likely to forget. Least of all am I likely to forget it, privileged as I was to lead in the field those gallant troops from every portion of the King's Dominions who came just when the need for their help was the greatest.

It was the same perception of a common danger and a common duty which gave the initiative, two years ago, to that spontaneous outburst of feeling throughout the Dominions in favour of participation in the task of maintaining the sea-power of the Empire—a perception which has since borne practical fruit, and which has led Australia and New Zealand to adopt the principle of Universal Citizen Service; which, in my opinion, is not only the most effective instrument of national strength, but the truest expression of the patriotism of a free people. But, my Lords and gentlemen, in face of really great dangers, patriotic preparations must be properly concerted and must be adequate, or they will be fruitless. Forgive me if, as a plain soldier, I speak out frankly and say that it is useless to meet an enemy with forces which are too few, or too ill-organized, or too ineffectively controlled, for victory. It is the men and the ships that are known to be available on the day that war breaks out which count, and not those which are still in process of improvisation by a belated wave of patriotic fervour.

Hitherto, the people of this country have retained an exclusive control of the foreign policy of the Empire; and, on the whole, I think it will be generally admitted they have

exercised that control wisely, firmly, and with a due sense of responsibility towards their fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire. They have maintained, to all intents and purposes, the whole burden, as well as the control, of that sea-power which is the very breath of life to our existence as an Empire. Up to the period of the South African war, they furnished and practically controlled the whole of the military forces required for any purpose except local defence, and on them still falls the responsibility of providing those forces for any future contingency.

This state of affairs, my Lords and gentlemen, cannot continue. It cannot continue, because the task of maintaining the Empire is becoming too onerous for one single portion of the Empire to bear unaided. It cannot continue, because the spirit of the younger nations is too manly and generous to allow the burden of their protection to continue to fall upon the parent nation. The sending of the South African contingents and the building of the Dominions' navies mark the first definite stages in the breaking down of the system which sufficed up to the end of the last century, and have opened out the whole series of questions which may be summed up in the one great question: Is the Empire to fall asunder and perish, or is it to be united and defended on the sure foundation of equal partnership and equal responsibility?

My Lords and gentlemen, as a believer in what the Empire has done and in what it can do for the uplifting of mankind, I think that the great question I have ventured to sum up is the only one worth considering. As a soldier, and as a student of the great problems of war and peace, I speak with a profound conviction and deep sense of responsibility when I say that it is not enough to have a general preference for the unity and maintenance of the Empire, unless we are also animated by the resolve to make that unity real and effective against all possible dangers, and to do so before it is too late.

The problem before you, gentlemen, from our oversea Dominions is immense alike in its extent and its complexity. It is the greatest problem that human statesmanship has ever had to face. Will you believe me when I tell you that it is urgent? If you once grant me that, I have hope enough of your courage and statesmanship, faith enough in the patriotism of the free self-governing peoples of the Empire, to believe that a right solution will be found, and will be found in time. It is in that hope and in that faith I welcome you here to-night.

SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES

("SUB ROSA")

ON ADVERTISING AND ELECTIONS

[Speech delivered at the Sphinx Club. It should be mentioned that a letter was read from Sir Robert Perks explaining that his absence on this occasion was on account of the third reading of the Budget.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—I think perhaps the very last subject that I ought to be asked to speak upon is whether advertising wins elections or whether anything wins them [laughter]—and I can certainly plead "Not guilty" to ever winning an election. I have fought two, and my losses are 100 per cent. The first time I stood, there were four men running for the same seat with a Mr. Hunnabel hanging on the flank. The second time I fought only two others stood; there were three running for the one seat. It is conceivable I shall have the advantage of standing when there are only two, and then I look forward to having a walk-over. Now as to advertising. There are various ways of bringing your views before the public. One is not coming to a place and making a speech, but sending a letter which will be read. Any press-man knows that gets a better chance of being published than a speech, and the journalist is pleased at getting a written statement which can easily be reproduced. I notice that Sir Robert Perks has written explaining that this marvellous third reading had detained him elsewhere. I have been in the House during the two days of it and I have not seen Sir Robert there. [Laughter.] I may have missed him, of course.

Well, now, in a time of election, however modest a candidate may be, it is impossible to escape altogether from some element of advertising. Your Chairman has referred to a period in the history of posters when something was used

called a half-tone. I do not think half-tones are much good at election times now, either in print or in speaking. But one of my first experiences with a suggested poster was when I stood for a place called Jarrow, and an artist brought me a suggested picture which represented me as Ajax defying the lightning. Well, I do not know much about Ajax. I daresay he was a very worthy character. But the weather was warm, it was in July, and so perhaps it would not have been altogether so inappropriate as it would have been in a winter election for me to appear entirely unclothed, as I did in that particular poster. I did not think the nude suited my particular style of beauty, and so I declined that poster, and the artist to this day says that is why I lost the election.

Well, then comes the photographer. I should be sorry to say how often I have been photographed within the last ten days or a fortnight. There was one enterprising firm sent me a letter asking me if I would be photographed taking a hurried and early breakfast, then leaving my house, then journeying through the streets, then on arriving at my Committee room, then interviewing my agent, then posing with my hat off beating my chest as if uttering a peroration, and so on during every hour of the day—an hourly snap, and all the time smiling. When you are a candidate you have to smile until your face aches. Another form of advertisement is you must say you are winning when you know you are not. [Laughter.] That takes some doing with a cheerful countenance, I can assure you. I do not know if this hourly photographing is going much further. They will ask you, on the lines of a well-known advertisement, to "try it in your bath." That is another form of advertisement.

Of course, the very nature of advertisement, the very soul of it, is a bold statement as to your own merits, or the merits of whatever it is you are advertising. Every advertiser says his stuff is the best in the world, and you have to say it when you are a candidate for Parliament. I have said it with considerable emphasis, but the intelligent constituents of Bermondsey did not take my view. [Laughter.] And, of course, while singing your own praises may be demoralizing, the balance is readjusted by what the other side says about you. There were papers published in London, morning papers sold for a halfpenny, which said much that was evil concerning me. One paper particularly distinguished itself by saying, "Mr. Hughes also ran"—which is, I think, a sporting term

to mean I was quite out of it, well in the rear, far behind all other candidates, but still I did run. [Laughter.]

Now the last speaker has said that what wins elections is personal magnetism or personality. Of course, it follows from that, that if you lose you have not got personal magnetism and personality. I am living and learning. Somebody suggests it was whiskers that won at Bermondsey. Well, I was a barefaced candidate [laughter], but the Socialist was not only barefaced but baldheaded [more laughter]—so it seems to me that the more hair you have the better you get on. The man with most hair was at the top, the next man, with a medium amount of hair, was at the middle, and the man with the least at the bottom. I think some of you gentlemen may be able to get an advertisement for Tatcho out of that.

Well, of course, it is impossible to say whether a shrinking and modest, unadvertising candidate would ever win an election, because such a being has never been met with. You never knew of a really modest candidate. He would never have a chance, for you must sound your own trumpet and sound your own drum pretty effectively to be put in the running at all. So that advertising is evidently absolutely essential for any candidate. Your own speeches, I suppose, advertise you to some extent, but whether they advertise you favourably or not depends upon your power of speech to some extent. I have known men who at the end of a long speech have left off with a worse chance than when they began. I have known men in the House of Commons—and I daresay Mr. Guinness will bear me out—whose speeches have not advanced their cause, and I would say the same thing about noble lords in another place. It has been customary, I believe, for a certain type of newspaper men to sneer at the advertising side of journalism: it used to be customary, but I think that has fallen out, for the advertising side of journalism has risen immensely, not only in importance but in ability during recent years. [Hear, hear.]

There is not the least doubt that some of the cleverest things written are written in the shape of advertisements. They are the most interesting apart from their truth, which is not great as a rule. Well, they are as true as the editorial—put it on that humble basis—but they use more downright literary ability very often than a great deal that is found in other columns of the paper; and yet newspaper men have sneered at advertisements. Now here is a verse which was

written by a newspaper man, a man who used to work with me on a halfpenny paper. He says:—

“Great is advertisement! 'tis almost fate;
But, little mushroom men, of puffball fame,
Ah, do you dream to be mistaken great
And to be really great are just the same?”

That is a sneer at advertisements. That was written by Mr. L. Goodman, and he used to work on the *Star* with me, and he would never have got what he did get at the end of the week if it had not been for his successful effort in getting in advertisements. Then another gentleman has written:

“Great is advertisement—with little men,”

Some of the greatest men go in for it. I saw something about Hall Caine—we cannot go higher than that—only to-day. I think he has been photographed walking in his garden, plucking a raspberry and eating it, and saying “Good-bye” to his wife. And other tender domestic scenes of that sort are published to show how an author lives. Great is advertisement in that case.

A great man, a man who said the best thing on advertisement, as he said the best thing on most things, was Dr. Johnson, the great Fleet Street hero. He said: “Promise, large promise is the soul of an advertisement.” [Laughter.] Here we get to the Parliamentary candidate again. Promise, large promise is the cause, as a rule, of a successful candidature. I suppose I did not promise quite as much as Mr. Dumphreys. Mr. Guinness, here, evidently promised more than the gentleman who stood against him, therefore he got in. And if anything is said against advertising because it is writing for the sake of getting money, let me quote another wise remark by Dr. Johnson, that hero, as I always call him, that rough-and-tumble hero of Fleet Street. He said no man but a block-head ever wrote anything except for money. I thoroughly agree with that. I speak not as an editor, they are above my sphere altogether; I speak not as a Member of Parliament, they are far above me; I speak as the mere working journalist, and if to write for money, whether it be money obtained for advertisement or any other way, if there be anything derogatory in that, well I associate myself with that humble effort entirely.

I never got what I ought to have got, the remuneration

has always been inadequate, but I have always attempted to get all I could. I even attempted to get returned for Bermondsey, and after listening to the speech which we have heard and after thinking on the topic, the only explanation I have to offer is that I was too modest—it has always been my bane—I was too modest and I did not advertise myself enough. I am sure if I had only had the skilled assistance of some of these gentlemen here—I have no doubt you would have given it for a consideration—I mean professionally, absolutely professionally—if I had had that skilled assistance perhaps I might have had to be where Sir Robert Perks is not—in the House of Commons, to-night. [Laughter and applause.]

HON. ALFRED DEAKIN

"OUR DOMINIONS ACROSS THE SEAS"

[Speech delivered at the Academy Banquet May 4, 1907. The President of the Academy (Sir Ed. Poynter, P.R.A.) proposed the toast, "Our Dominions Across the Seas." The Hon. Alfred Deakin, the Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia, responded.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—On behalf of Dominions overseas, so far as it is possible for me to do so, I return most sincere and heart-felt thanks for this, one of the most remarkable among the many manifestations of the most generous cordiality with which you have been pleased to greet their representatives at every step. I should not have been surprised, sir, if I had detected a note of apology in your reference to the circumstances in which you were good enough to introduce this toast. I can understand you must have been rather pressed by the necessities of the case, when in the pursuit—I think that was your word—of the most artless person your choice fell upon a colonial politician. [Laughter.]

I notice you were good enough, in your short review of the circumstances of the Commonwealth from an artistic point of view, to anticipate anything it would have been possible for me to say as to the development of artistic taste in these new countries. You have shown, sir, that at all events the rudiments are to be found there, and no more natural home could be discovered. Every country has its charms, and among those I might venture, or you might venture, to think somewhat exceptional is that we not only see the sun, but we feel its stimulating and exhilarating beams [laughter]; we possess an atmosphere which, if realized by the people of your metropolis, would lead to a

universal exodus which would prove a benefit to us and to them. [Hear, hear.]

Amid these surroundings there are already some beginnings of what we hope may yet prove to be art. It is, no doubt, as you have said, as yet in its imitative stage, and necessarily this very hall in which I am standing, these pictures upon which I look, represent the chief sources of our imitation. Nevertheless, beside this, as you have noticed, there is already springing up something native, something apart, something that seeks to find its home amid new surroundings; and in this we venture to believe we see the beginning of something which will not be merely an imitation but an initiation. [Hear, hear.] So far that has proceeded but a short distance, but the fact that our taste is not exclusive is shown by the reception—to which again you have alluded—given to works of art by British painters when they have found their way to the Antipodes. [Hear, hear.]

Recent successes in that direction have been no less marked than those with which they commenced some twenty or thirty years ago, but if there is any doubt or question as to the susceptibilities of the Australian people to appeals of this kind, the extraordinary reception given to that great religious and artistic work, "The Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt, in its passage through the cities of the Commonwealth, when it attracted tens of thousands of devout and admiring observers, would furnish a sufficient reply. [Hear, hear.] So in other branches of the arts, in sculpture, in music, in song, in poetry, art is in the bud, the soil is rich, the sap is strong, and there is some promise already, to be seen. [Cheers.] It is true there is a tendency, perhaps a familiar one, to accentuate the differences rather than the beauties which our country possesses—to seek for originality by an attempt towards the abnormal rather than towards those normal graces which lie scattered in profusion around us. No doubt this will pass, and in the simple and healthy fashion which has always been the distinguishing quality—at all events the distinguishing quality as compared with other schools of art—of the great British school, of which the Royal Academy is the inheritor, we too shall hope to find in those paths of truthfulness and in that pursuit of the elements of simple beauty the graces of truth. [Cheers.]

We have laboured under some other artistic disabilities

which could scarcely be foreseen, and were taught by experience. Our country is the creation of its pioneers; we cannot speak of them without recognition of that heroism of theirs which has made our prosperity possible to-day. [Hear, hear.] Yet the note of our pioneers towards our country—a country which the native-born feel is their own—was that of strangers in a strange land. To them nothing could be beautiful that was not England, nothing could be green that did not remind them of your glorious copses and your luscious meadows. They were weighed down by deep-seated memories which attached their affections to graces that are not ours, and so they became blind to the fascinations around them. Hence a melancholy note in our art and poetry so unexpected in a country new, vigorous, and beautiful beyond description. [Cheers.] They were always looking backward, sad with a sense of separateness and aching for that which they had left oversea. Nothing could be more honourable, nothing more pious, but the note struck is a false note so far as it relates to Australia—a land of young, strong, vigorous people, a land of sunshine, a land not only of boundless resources, but of inexhaustible beauties, different in their tone, different in their influence, different in their appeals, but striking right home to the hearts of those who grow up with them. [Cheers.]

Therefore it is to the future we look, forward, not backward, inspired in our political life and in our daily life by the same ideals that have led you, our fathers and brothers, to the majestic place you now occupy in the world's regard; leading us on, as we hope, in the field of art towards sincerity of aim and fidelity of expression, following the steps of nature so far as our ability permits, but animated with a fiery faith in the destinies of our country and the possibilities of our race. [Cheers.] Already in our short experience there are the materials for that art I have ventured to describe. In the story of our goldfields and their development; in the story of the felling of our forests and the building of our homesteads; in the story of the cultivation of the soil, of the passage of the trackless desert by explorers with their lives in their hands, and the hum of industrial and peaceful development proceeding in our whole territory to-day—in these we find the materials for future art, in a barren stage, no doubt, breathing of adventure and of action. We lack the leisure, perhaps we lack the delicacy and refinement,

and our artists at all events lack the audience and the encouragement which would enable them to express with brush and pencil the very life they see around them pulsating in its vigour.

But, after all, each age has its task, each age has its duty, and in this country at least none will be found who will despise the material basis on which the nation has yet to be reared, looking to the achievements of the fathers whom we honour and looking to the possibilities of the country we possess, and, with the help of God, we shall hold for the old flag and the old blood. [Cheers.] Looking to this, we may be delvers of the soil, we may be hewers of the forest, rude and crude ; but for all that we lay with hope and confidence foundations upon which another generation shall upbuild an artistic fabric worthy of your appreciation and true to the note it expresses to the old stock. When that is done it will be remembered ; but if the task for the future is to express all that as you here express it, in forms of beauty, the task of to-day, severe, sober, prosaic, and practical, is to conquer the continent for the British race. [Loud cheers.]

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

POLITICAL LIFE AND THOUGHT IN ENGLAND

[Speech of Lord Randolph Churchill at Cambridge, June 6, 1885, at a dinner given by the University Carlton Club, of which he was then President.]

GENTLEMEN:—It may not be uninteresting to many of you to know that the Cambridge Carlton had a very remarkable effect on my own political career, whatever it is and such as it has been. There was a time, last year, when it happened to me to be engaged in something partaking of the nature of a struggle—at any rate, in a difference of opinion—with men of great position, great responsibility, and great experience, as to the form which modern Conservative political organization ought to take. Well, that difference of opinion at one time became very sharp, and I did not know what the result of it might be; and I was getting extremely anxious, more for the sake of the Conservative party than for my own sake. But this matter had attracted a great deal of public attention, and one evening I came home from the House of Commons very anxious and rather discouraged, because at the House of Commons, among people whom I ought to look upon as my political friends, I had met with nothing but gloomy looks; and I felt very much inclined to retire from the game, thinking I was doing more harm than good, and rather—to use a slang expression—disposed to cut the whole concern.

However, when I arrived at my house I found there waiting for me a deputation from the University Carlton. Three gentlemen—three, I will venture to say, of the most accomplished and able envoys ever sent out on any mission—were waiting for me; and the only error which they com-

mitted—and it was a very serious error—was that, instead of going into my house and waiting for me there, with whatever accommodation that dwelling might afford, they waited for me in the street, and had been waiting for me some time. And they conveyed to me an expression of entire sympathy and agreement from this club with the views which I had then put forth, and they invited me to a banquet to be held in this town under the auspices of this club.

I do not think you can imagine the effect that expression of sympathy and that cordial invitation had upon me at the time. Before I received it, I felt that I was very young, very inexperienced, and very much alone, and I did not know to what extent any portion or fraction of public opinion might be with me. But the expression of opinion from your club filled me with hopes that after all I was not going so very far wrong—that I might still persevere a little longer; and though I was not able at that time to come to the banquet to which I was invited, still I did persevere; everything came all right, everything settled down, both to the harmony, and, I think, to the advantage of the Tory party. That was, to my mind, and must always be, so far as I am concerned, a most interesting and memorable incident. It was an encouragement from youth to youth.

I can never fail to take the deepest and most abiding interest in the fortunes of the University Carlton. I cannot say how glad I am that we should meet together at last, and make each other's acquaintance. When I arrived at Brindisi, in April, on my return from India, the only letter which met me from Europe was an invitation from this club to become its President, and to attend the annual dinner. I knew that it would be my duty and my pleasure to obey that invitation, but as the time of the dinner drew near I thought to myself: "What on earth am I going to say at the dinner?" because I knew from experience that a university audience is perhaps more critical than any political audience could possibly be. I thought that the ordinary topics, not to say the commonplaces, of party controversy would be inappropriate to the concentrated essence of intelligence which I see before me, although it is undoubtedly very important at all times to explain, and to enlarge upon, the nature of the differences which exist between the Conservative and the Liberal party, particularly as regards the present state of things.

Still, if I were to take up your time this evening by bringing up the case which the Conservative party have against Her Majesty's Government, I feel that I should be imitating the action of the man who carried coals to Newcastle. I have no doubt that on that subject you can tell me a great deal more than I can tell you. Besides which, really, as regards the position of the Government at the present moment, it is such an intensely wretched position that they have almost passed beyond the scope of blame. No one, not even their worst enemy, can feel anything for them but pity. My own feelings with regard to them are precisely similar to my feelings when I read in the paper of some criminal condemned to death. I imagine one would more appropriately address them as the Judge is generally supposed to address the convict who has been condemned to death: "Unfortunate man, I do not wish by any word of mine to add to the agony of your last moments." I thought, therefore, that, whatever happened, I at any rate ought to try to direct your attention to some subject a little less commonplace, and suggest respectfully to your consideration some subject or other not usually brought up at political gatherings.

I was thinking over this, and it suddenly occurred to me how very little time the ordinary politician has for political thought. An English politician of the present day lives in such a giddy hurly-burly of events, incidents flash before his mind with such dazzling rapidity of cause and consequence, and he has at the same time to deal with such a complexity, such a heterogeneous mass of business, that as for sitting down quietly to think out, and getting to the bottom of, any grave political situation—as you would sit down to study a problem of chess—such a process is out of the question and almost impossible. What is the nature of the life of an ordinary member of Parliament? He has to fly up to the House of Commons, and from the House of Commons he has to fly down to a public meeting, at which public meeting he is supposed and expected to discuss an illimitable range of British interests, and the policy of the Government as regards those interests; and having done this, he is again obliged to fly back to the House of Commons, and there perhaps take part either by voting or speaking on some most difficult or complicated question brimming over with serious results, either to himself personally or to his party. Besides that, he has more or less—and generally,

I fear, less rather than more—to digest and assimilate an immense quantity of newspaper and periodical literature, and he has to deal with an enormous mass of correspondence; because the great feature of the present day is not only the *cacoëthes loquendi*, but also the *cacoëthes scribendi*.

There are many people nowadays who take a great interest in politics, and everybody who takes a great interest in politics always thinks it necessary, from time to time, to write voluminously, generally in very imperfect caligraphy, to his own particular friend in the House of Commons for whom he happens to have a fancy. That is the nature of the duties of an ordinary member of Parliament. And what must be the nature of the duties of a Minister, who, in addition to all that, has to think of the business of his department, and the condition of his Government, and the prospects of his party? In such a state of things, how can you expect, on any subject, anything like political thought? How can you expect your Government or your public men to avoid blunders? How can you expect the statesmanship of men like Lord Grey, or men like Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Canning, or, in later years, Lord Beaconsfield? I do not believe that any of these great statesmen whom I have named, in the whole course of their career, attended half a dozen of those public meetings of the nature which some of us have to attend every week or every month. Cabinet Councils were very few, the House of Commons rarely sat late, and the sessions were comparatively short; so that these great men had ample time to devote their abilities to deep consideration of the affairs of their country. Yet you had blunders then, and Governments came to grief; and if that was the state of things then, what can you expect now?

This is essentially an age of action. It does not appear to me to be an age of thought. I doubt very much whether, if Adam Smith, or even Mr. John Stuart Mill, had lived in these days, they would have been able to produce the works which they did produce. Railways and telegraphs, the steam printing-machine, and shorthand writing have done their best to kill political thought. It is essentially an age of action, but action based rather on instinct than on logic, or reason, or experience. Look how suddenly things occur, how very little anything is foreseen, and how very rapidly everything is forgotten. Take even such

instances as the death of General Gordon, or the battle of Penj-deh, or even the vote of credit, and Mr. Gladstone's great war speech. These are events which caused intense and immeasurable excitement at the moment. That excitement lasted for about twenty-four hours. Everybody chattered to everybody about that particular subject for that space of time, and then it was decently interred, for all practical political purposes, in the political cemetery of utter oblivion. I do not think this at all an exaggerated or untrue picture of the manner in which we conduct our Government and our political affairs. It is a very serious consideration. Yet, strange to say, I suppose there never was a time in the history of England when profound political thought and prolonged political study were more essential to the interests of England.

The process of government has never approached even the nature of an exact science. It has always been purely empirical, and still continues to be so; and yet the difficulties of government now grow greater and greater every day, and experience seems to become less useful. I suppose there is not a man in England more experienced in the public service—I doubt whether there has ever been a man of greater experience in the public service—than Mr. Gladstone; and yet look at the extraordinary ill-luck, to put it in the mildest way, which has attended his Government every single day. There are a great many people—I dare say there are people in this university—who will tell you that, if you want to be able to judge the present, and forecast the future, you must study history. Well, I apprehend that the study of history in our present case is almost useless. The study of history to the Russian politician is very useful, because it will tell him what must be the inevitable and speedy end of a grinding and cruel despotism. The study of history to the German may be useful, because it will tell him that a military oligarchy, acting under the semblance of a constitutional form, is a political system of ephemeral duration. The study of history to the Frenchman is useful, because it will tell him that the transition from a republic to absolute and irresponsible power in one man is alike easy and regular. But, in our case, the study of history to an English politician affords very little guide whatever, because the state of things you have to deal with in England, at the present moment, is unparalleled in history.

What are the duties of the English Government at the present moment? They have to provide for the security, and, as best they can, to minister to the happiness of some three hundred millions or more of human beings, and these three hundred millions are scattered over every quarter of the world, and they comprise every imaginable variety of the human race, of custom, of religion, of language and dialect. And what is the nature of the government which has to discharge these extraordinary and unparalleled duties? You have an hereditary monarchy, exercising an immense influence indirectly, but hardly any influence directly—almost precisely the reverse of what was the nature of an hereditary monarchy two hundred years ago. You have an hereditary Chamber possessing executive and legislative powers; and you have a representative Chamber controlling these two forces and seeking to acquire, and gradually acquiring, into its own hands almost all executive and legislative authority. All these three institutions are institutions of extremely ancient origin, and they are all institutions intensely conservative in their constitution and their procedure. Because, mind you, if the House of Commons were to be elected in November, and were to be composed almost entirely of the Radical party, still you may take it for certain, the spirit and the procedure of that House would be intensely conservative.

What is the foundation of this very curious and ancient structure? The foundation is totally new, purely modern, absolutely untried. You have changed the old foundation. You have gone to a new foundation. Your new foundation is a great seething and swaying mass of some five million electors, who have it in their power, if they should so please, by the mere heave of the shoulders, if they only act with moderate unanimity, to sweep away entirely the three ancient institutions which I have described, and put anything they like in their place, and to alter profoundly, and perhaps for a time ruin altogether, the interests of the three hundred million beings who are committed to their charge. That is, I say, a state of things unparalleled in history.

And how do you think it will all end? Are we being swept along a turbulent and irresistible torrent which is bearing us towards some political Niagara, in which every mortal thing we now know will be twisted and smashed beyond all recognition? Or are we, on the other hand, gliding

passively along a quiet river of human progress that will lead us to some undiscovered ocean of almost superhuman development? Who can tell? Is it not, gentlemen, an age—is not this a moment—when political thought, and deep political thought, is necessary? To what extent do you think these five million electors will be controlled, or influenced, by law or custom, by religion or by reason? I can understand—it is not difficult to understand—that five million people may govern themselves with more or less success; but to what extent will these five million people be able to control and direct the destinies—and in what manner will they do so—of the three hundred millions whom they have in their power? And to what extent will the five million electors be exempt from the ordinary human influences of passion and caprice? This is a problem totally new. It is a problem upon which history throws no light whatever, and moreover it is a problem which comes at a time when the persons who are chiefly responsible for the government of our country are precluded by the very circumstances of their life from giving it the deep attention which it absolutely requires.

I believe that a club like yours can give much assistance in this direction. You are not yet drawn into that political machine which kills thought and stifles reflection. I dare say many of those whom I see before me soon will be, but some of you perhaps may not. At any rate, all I would say to you, filling the honourable position of President, to which you have so kindly elected me, is to give time while you have time to political thought, and to the present consideration of these questions, and to questions analogous to those which I have tried to set before you. Discuss them and write about them, and lecture about them, and endeavour, in your respective spheres, to stimulate also political thought among the masses of your fellow-countrymen. But you can do more than this, because, by able summaries of statistical information, by precise investigation into sharply opposing arguments, and by original conclusions, all put together in an agreeable and attractive literary form, you may be able to do much to restrain politicians from acting hastily and heedlessly at critical moments and upon important subjects. In all probability, you possess enormous advantages for this task. You represent the most perfect centre of higher education, practical and theoretical, which any country can

show. You possess mental powers at the present moment in their highest degree of energetic efficiency. Because, depend upon it that the mental powers of a man of twenty-one for getting at the bottom of any difficult question, or for arriving at the truth on any much-contested subject, are worth double and treble the mental powers of a man of thirty-five or forty, who, harassed and exhausted by ten or fifteen years of active political life, and by the circumstances of that life, is precluded from giving to the subject the concentrated attention you can give it. Do you suppose that a man at thirty-five or forty could go in for the higher mathematics of this university with any chance of success? Why, he would be mad; every undergraduate in the schools would beat him hollow. And yet, the difficulties of the extraordinary problems of higher mathematics are as nothing compared with the mystery, darkness, and confusion that surround some of our great political questions at the present day. I am quite certain that it is impossible for any of you to overestimate the benefits you can confer upon society, and your country generally, by devoting and applying your best energies to the development and popularization of high and deep political thought.

I have shown—very cursorily, indeed, but in a manner which your own intellects will fill up—the extraordinary, unparalleled and complicated nature of the political problems with which political parties in England have to deal; and I have asked you, on my own behalf and on behalf of other politicians busily engaged, for your assistance. At the same time, gentlemen, I do not wish you to suppose, for a moment, that I am alarmed as to the future. My state of mind when these great problems come across me—which is very rarely—is one of wonder, or, perhaps, I should say of admiration and of hope, because the alternative state of mind would be of terror and despair. And I am guarded from that latter state of mind by a firm belief in the essential goodness of life, and in the evolution, by some process or other which I do not exactly know and cannot determine, of a higher and nobler humanity. But, above all, my especial safeguard against such a state of mental annihilation and mental despair is my firm belief in the ascertained and much tried common-sense which is the peculiarity of the English people. That is the faith which I think ought to animate and protect you in your political future; that is the faith of the Tory

democracy in which I shall ever abide ; that is the faith which your club can, and I hope will, widely and wisely, propagate ; and that is the faith which, dominating our minds and influencing our actions on all occasions, no matter how dark and gloomy the horizon may appear to be, will contribute to preserve and adapt the institutions of our country and to guarantee and to consolidate the spreading dominions of the Empire. [Applause.]

MARK TWAIN

THE BABIES

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) at a banquet given by Army of the Tennessee at Chicago, Ill., November 13, 1879, in honour of General Grant on his return from his trip around the world. Mark Twain responded to the toast, "The Babies: As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—"The Babies!" Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen: but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies. [Laughter.] It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and even something over. [Laughter.]

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere bodyguard; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for the time, distance, weather, or anything else: you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. [Laughter.] He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he

clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose, you had to take it. [Laughter.]

When the thunders of war sounded in your ears, you set your faces towards the batteries and advanced with steady tread ; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop [laughter], you advanced in—the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services being unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman ? No ; you got up and got it ! If he ordered his pap-bottle and it wasn't warm, did you talk back ? Not you ; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right !—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet ! [Uproarious laughter.]

And how many things you learned as you went along ! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but “too thin”—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Laughter.] If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school much) that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself ? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your “undress uniform” [laughter], you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing “Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree-top,” for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee ! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—“Go on ! What did you do ?” You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.]

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything ! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself ;

one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to ; he is enterprising, irrepresible, brimful of lawless activities ; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent rot ; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection. [Great laughter.]

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land, are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it ; and putting in a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but justifiable, profanity over it, too ; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse ; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended ; in another, the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early [laughter], and in a mighty array of other cradles there are some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time.

And in still one more cradle, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago ! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and prolonged applause.]

LORD PALMERSTON

ILLUSIONS CREATED BY ART

[Speech of Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 2, 1863. Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, introduced Lord Palmerston, who responded.]

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :—I need not, I am certain, assure you that nothing can be more gratifying to the feelings of any man than to receive that compliment which you have been pleased to propose, and which this distinguished assembly has been kind enough so favourably to entertain in the toast of his health. It is natural that any man who is engaged in public life should feel the greatest interest in the promotion of the fine arts. In fact, without a great cultivation of art no nation has ever arrived at any point of eminence. We have seen great warlike exploits performed by nations in a state, I won't say of comparative barbarism, but lacking comparative civilization ; we have seen nations amassing great wealth, but yet not standing thereby high in the estimation of the rest of the world : but when great warlike achievements, great national prosperity, and a high cultivation of arts are all combined together, the nation in which those conditions are found may pride itself on holding that eminent position among the nations of the world which I am proud to say belongs to this country. [Loud cheers.]

It is gratifying to have the honour of being invited to these periodical meetings where we find assembled within these rooms a greater amount of cultivation of mind, of natural genius, of everything which constitutes the development of human intellect than perhaps ever has assembled within the same space elsewhere. And we have besides the gratification of seeing

that in addition to those living examples of national genius the walls are covered with proofs that the national genius is capable of the most active and admirable development. [Cheers.]

Upon the present occasion, Mr. President, every visitor must have seen with the greatest delight that by the side of the works of those whose names are familiar to all, there are works of great ability brought hither by men who are still rising to fame; and, therefore, we have the satisfaction of feeling that this country will never be wanting in men distinguished in the practice of the fine arts. [Cheers.] One great merit of this Exhibition is that whatever may be the turn of a man's mind, whatever his position in life, he may at least during the period he is within these walls, indulge the most pleasant illusions applicable to the wants his mind at that time may feel. A man who comes here shivering in one of those days which mark the severity of an English summer, may imagine that he is basking in an African sun, and he may feel an imaginary warmth from the representation of a tropical climate. If, on the other hand, he is suffering under those exceptional miseries which one of the few hot days of an English summer is apt to create, he may imagine himself inhaling the fresh breezes of the seaside; he may suppose himself reclining in the cool shade of the most luxuriant foliage; he may for a time, in fancy, feel all the delights which the streets and pavements of London deny in reality. [Cheers and laughter.]

And if he happens to be a young man, upon what is conventionally said to be his preferment, that is to say, looking out for a partner in life, he may here study all kinds and descriptions of female beauty [laughter and cheers]; he may satisfy his mind whether light hair or dark, blue eyes or black, the tender or the serious, the gay or the sentimental are most likely to contribute to the happiness of his future life. [Cheers.] And without exposing himself to any of those embarrassing questions as to his intentions [laughter] which sometimes too inquisitive a scrutiny may bring [much laughter], without creating disappointment or breaking any hearts, by being referred to any paternal authority which he may not desire to consult, he may go and apply to practical selection those principles of choice which will result from the study within these walls.

Then those of a more serious turn of mind who direct their

thoughts to State affairs, and who wish to know of what that august assembly the House of Commons is composed, may here [pointing to Phillips's picture behind the chair] without the trouble of asking an order, without waiting in Westminster Hall until a seat be vacant, without passing hours in a hot gallery listening perhaps to dull discourses in an uninteresting debate—they may here see what kind of thing the House of Commons is, and go back edified by the sight without being bored by dull speeches. [Cheers and laughter.]

Now, don't, gentlemen, imagine that I am romancing when I attribute this virtue to ocular demonstration—don't imagine that that which enters the eye does not sometimes penetrate to the mind and feelings. I will give you an instance to the contrary. I remember within these walls seeing two gentlemen who evidently, from their remarks, were very good judges of horses, looking with the greatest admiration upon the well-known picture of Landseer, "The Horse-shoeing at the Blacksmith's"; and after they had looked at it for some time one was approaching nearer, when the other in an agony of enthusiasm said: "For heaven's sake, don't go too near, he will kick you." [Cheers and laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, I said that a public man must take great interest in art, but I feel that the present Government has an apology to make to one department of art, and that is to the sculptors; for there is an old maxim denoting one of the high functions of art which is "*Ars est celare artem*." Now there was a cellar in which the art of the most distinguished sculptors was concealed to the utmost extent of the application of that saying. We have brought them comparatively into light; and if the sculptors will excuse us for having departed from that sage and ancient maxim, I am sure the public will thank us for having given them an opportunity of seeing those beautiful works of man of which it may be said, "*Vivos ducent de marmore vultus*." I trust, therefore, the sculptors will excuse us for having done, not perhaps the best they might have wished, but at least for having relieved them a little from the darkness of that Cimmerian cellar in which their works are hid. [Cheers.] I beg again to thank you, gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in drinking my health. [Loud cheers.]

EARL OF HALSBURY

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

[Speech delivered at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall,
London, November 9, 1904.]

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—
I have now been for many years in the exercise of the great office that I hold, and I have never come to the great City of London without recognizing that one of the greatest functions in the State is the administration of justice. [Hear, hear.] I do not think that those who are charged with the administration of justice can properly be said to have an adequate view of what they have to do if they do not remember that with them rests in a great measure those great issues of peace and war—whether between individuals or between nations—which are dependent on the people's feeling satisfied that their rights have been duly adjudicated upon. I could not help thinking when I heard your Sheriff describing the rights that were to be maintained by the forces of the Crown, that one of the things to be always remembered is that all people are not at all times agreed as to what rights are. [Hear, hear.]

One of the difficulties that arises in the administration of every Government and period—and I may say parenthetically that there is high classical authority for saying that all Governments have been established for the purpose of administering justice—is that States and individuals differ as to what is justice and what are the rights which they respectively possess. If people will only think for a moment they will recognize the fact that, if you are to say "We will not in any circumstances resent with a man's heart and with a man's arm this invasion of our rights," you would be submitting to—well, I will not call it a quakerization of mankind, because that might give

offence to some of our friends, but it would be giving a licence to every one absolutely to despise the rights of others and to inflict upon others evils greater than that of war.

I do not mean to say that there are not some cases which call upon a man to strike with a man's heart and a man's arm and to leave the issue to a higher tribunal. There are such things as men shall ask and ought to ask, and when they have done so, even if they close their eyes in a sense of defeat, nevertheless they will have fought the good fight; they will have closed their eyes even in defeat in the hope and belief that they have a reward hereafter. I say this because that general proposition of an arbitration about everything, whether it is honour or not, is one of those propositions which will not be accepted by the common sense and the belief of mankind. On the other hand, what can be more cruel or wicked than the idea of multitudes of men being plunged into such scenes as we have heard described? One cannot help thinking from time to time and asking oneself how many of these people marching to destruction have the faintest conception of what they are fighting about? It is, therefore, undoubtedly one of those things that we should desire, that the disputes which may and which will arise should be peacefully disposed of. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs made an observation which, I think, requires a little amendment. He spoke of some arrangements by which disputes should be not arranged but prevented. That, I think, is beyond the power of any Government in this world. What my noble friend meant, no doubt, was an arrangement beforehand that when disputes did arise there should be some arrangement to dispose of them. That disputes will arise is certain: individuals and nations will take exaggerated views of their rights. I have heard that even among Christian Churches doubts as to their rights may arise [laughter], doubts which cannot be settled without recourse to those secular tribunals which we lawyers know as Courts of justice.

Then people sometimes take an extreme view of their international rights and, without waiting for arbitration, take the law into their own hands. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams will tell you something about concrete forms of the administration of justice, but I am speaking of that administration in the abstract. In connexion with that one of the first things that has to be recognized is that when a case has been submitted to a tribunal the determination of that tribunal must be

respected. One of the greatest virtues that we may attribute to the English Bench is that it will give its decisions without reference to favour or affection ; that its judgments will be in accordance with what is right, and will not be affected by the question of who may be the more powerful or the more wealthy litigant. [Hear, hear.] If any other view of the tribunal were possible, the confidence with which the people regarded it would be gone. If it could be supposed that the Judges could be influenced by the desire to give a popular decision, would any enlightened and civilized community regard their decisions as conclusive of their rights ? Every one ought to be secure of justice, whatever it may lead to—whether it is bludgeons and bricks, or whether, in a more educated and theological community, it is vituperation more appropriate to one of the great markets of your City. [Laughter.] So long as justice is thus administered without fear or favour, so long, I am sure, that administration as represented by his Majesty's Judges will receive the respect and confidence of the City of London. [Cheers.]

RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

WELSH CHARACTERISTICS

Speech delivered at St. David's Day dinner in London,
March 1, 1911.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—When I was considering the topic upon which I should address you I was struck by the thought of what would be the reflections of a Welshman in London on the great differences between London and Wales. If a superficial observer were asked to say what he thought was the principal characteristic of London, and what he thought was the principal characteristic of Wales, I dare say he would say that freedom dwelt among the mountains and that culture was developed in the city. But I am not so sure that that generalization would be true ; on the contrary, I think the reverse of it is true. I believe that Wales has much more claim to count as its principal characteristic culture, and that London has much more claim to count as its principal characteristic freedom.

Where else in the world—where else in the history of the world is there freedom such as there is in London now ? Here a man, so long as he does not break the laws or does not get practical jokes played on him [laughter], may live year after year without a question being asked him—who he is, where he came from, what he does, and what he thinks. He may be richer than the dreams of avarice, he may be poorer than the nightmares of poverty, but no one is going to make any inquiry, and unless he seeks them for himself he will be charged with no public duty, he will be asked to take part in no communal life, he will have no neighbours, and he need submit himself to the judgment of no circle of friends. The last people in the world that the Londoner knows are those who live next door to him.

In this mighty labyrinth of streets, crowded as they are with the vastest accumulation of human beings that the history of the world has ever known, a man may enjoy as complete detachment from all forms of civic and social observations—he may find a solitude more secure from intrusion—as he might find in the deserts of the Sahara. The most remarkable feature of London is that it produces a freedom more complete and, I will add, more slatternly than ever has yet been discoverable among men.

But that is not the sort of freedom which has been cherished in the valleys of Wales. There, freedom has implied war against oppression rather than immunity from obligation. [Cheers.] There, freedom has meant opposition to the invader, but it has never meant that the individual was free from the restraints, the obligations, and the responsibilities imposed upon him by the society in which he lived, which are altogether additional to and completely separate from the ordinary restraints imposed by the law of the land. In Wales men are responsible to friends and neighbours who know a great deal about their private lives, and are never reluctant to know a great deal more. In Wales every man is checked by a strong local opinion, and very often, if he is a religious man, by a strong opinion of the religious community of which he is a member. In Wales men live in comradeship; they do not live as solitary beings, but as members of a social organism. That is the feature, as I understand it, of Welsh national and social life.

All these are restraints on liberty, as the Londoner views it. But are they not restraints which, within reasonable limits, are salutary and helpful, and even enriching to the life of man? Are they not restraints which make the life of the ordinary humble person more interesting, more dignified, more purposeful, more conscious of value than the liberties of this vast London caravanserai? Are they not restraints which are the true and necessary foundation of culture? Of the luxury of London, of its wealth, of the mighty, prodigious forces which are here at work, I would certainly speak with all respect. But of its culture, when we consider that this great metropolis is not able to sustain by its money, or its interest, a popular autumn opera, or to create a National Theatre, or even, with rare exceptions, to maintain one, or at the outside two theatres which pursue consistently the serious drama—when we consider all these facts, what-



RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

ever recognition we would pay to the virtues of London and to London life, and to the glories of this great city, whatever respect we would show, whatever recognition we would give to the immense forces for good which are at work in this immense community, I believe it is true to say that culture is more a characteristic of the Welsh valleys than of the great metropolis. [Cheers.]

In Wales, which you love so well, there is widespread among the common people the love of music and the love of poetry. Wales is a sea of song. In Wales there is broadcast among the masses of the people a true zeal for learning. In Wales, and I know nowhere else in the British Islands, the farmer and the quarryman will tramp for many miles to be present at the adjudication of an ode. Why, even the Welsh shepherds are not without their fame. [Laughter.]

And is it not true that a lecturer on higher education would find in many, if not in most, Welsh villages, not merely a welcome, not merely an audience, but a "collection," contributed by persons to whom money is of great consequence, but freely contributed because it is understood through the Principality that by learning men may raise themselves and their country to positions of fame and honour in the great modern world?

I think you will not believe that all the fostering in Wales of the Welsh culture, that the fostering by Welshmen of the idea of Welsh nationality, that the cultivation of the Welsh language and Welsh literature, that the preservation of the Welsh customs and the Welsh aspirations, are inimical, or can ever be inimical, to the strength and unity of the United Kingdom. Are we to look for excellence and progress in our civilization to the elimination rather than to the development of special types of excellence? Are we to believe that the growth of local or national patriotism implies the slightest disloyalty to the Crown, or disruption in the Empire, or is antagonistic in any way to the larger federation of British Imperial union? The living fact of the British Empire as we see it to-day gives the lie to any such doubts as that. The British Empire must be the house of many mansions, in which there shall be room for each and all to develop to the fullest his personal, or his national, contribution to the common and united welfare and strength of an indivisible whole. [Cheers.]

The history of the past gives us many instructive examples

of the strength and importance of developing local and national life. I know of no more extraordinary instance than that which was presented a little more than a hundred years ago by the people of Spain. Happy the Great Power which in the hour of peril, and not only in the hour of peril but in the long years of strain and rivalry such as we are passing through in the present day, can rely not only upon the life and opinion of the capital, but upon the new and perennial springs of energy and vitality which rise in all parts of the land. Happy indeed will be the Great Power which can achieve the necessary centralization of a modern scientific State without starving or stifling the fullest development of national and local life. [Cheers.]

W. C. BRYANT

THE PRESS

[Speech delivered at the sixty-seventh anniversary banquet of the New England Society, in the City of New York, December 23, 1872. Elliot C. Cowden, President of the Society, was in the chair, and said: "I now give you the sixth regular toast—'The Press.' It is our privilege, gentlemen, to have with us this evening one of the oldest and most eminent of American journalists—a gentleman known all over the world as a scholar, an author, and a poet of the highest rank—Mr. William Cullen Bryant, whom I now have the honour to present to you."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject which has been assigned to me this evening is a very large one, and a subject that has many ramifications. I shall take care to despatch it in a very few words.

In looking about me at the beginning of this festival, I perceived a small sprinkling of eminent individuals of the clergy. Whether any of them are here now or not, I cannot say. One of them—certainly one of the most eminent—has disappeared; but if there are any here, will they permit me to ask them, why it is that, in bearing their testimony against the sins of the times, they have never taken as the text for one of their discourses that passage from one of the Evangelists, in which it is related that certain persons came to the Saviour of the world with one sick of the palsy, that he might be healed? And then it states that they were unable to get nigh unto that exalted personage by reason of the press. [Laughter.] In some respects it is a vehicle of mischief, and what an opportunity that would have afforded the clergy to inveigh against and rebuke wickedness in one of the strongest of its strongholds; to rebuke the sacrifice

of truth for party purposes ; for the suppression of truth ; for the contradiction of truth ; for the perversion of truth ; for the deliberate exaggeration of trifles for the sake of producing astonishment and attracting the attention of readers ; for whitewashing a rogue until he has turned out as spotless as a lily ; for bespattering with dirt an honest man until he is as black as the ace of spades. It seems to me that some one might have been instructed from the text as remarkably as in the case related of a certain English divine of more than a century ago—two centuries, I think—in which he took for his text the remarkable words “ top not come down.” At that time the women wore top-knots on their heads, and he took those four disjointed words from the verse in the Scripture, “ Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of the house.” On those words, “ top not come down,” he made a most powerful discourse against the prevailing fashion.

Perhaps the reason of this may be that many of the clergy are indebted to the press, and perhaps some of them have presses of their own. Our eloquent friend who went to England to condemn the London mob, and did it, making the many-headed monster ashamed of himself, what would he do, what would he have done by way of airing his lecture-room talks weekly but for the press which prints the *Christian Union*? [Applause.] What would other clergymen do—eminent men—to secure their weekly audience if they were not announced by the press? All the religious papers at present have articles of very considerable length under the names of well-known clergymen, so that they are not only preachers, but journalists.

But, Mr. President and gentlemen, the triumphs of the press, the great marvels of the press, are not produced merely by the newspaper press, nor by the book press, important as those are. There are other provinces in which the press performs a work of great usefulness and admirable excellence. For instance : here is a rag, a worthless rag ; I might toss it upon a dung-heap and nobody be poorer ; but let the press be brought to act upon it and it becomes a bank-note. It transforms that rag into a \$5, a \$10, a \$50, a \$100, or a \$1,000 bank-note, forming a part of the currency of the country, as good a currency as we have at present, and as good as the Government will give us. I believe there are some members of the Government here, and I hope they will take pains by

and by to give us a better. [Applause.] There is one triumph of the press. It is the printing press that does this.

Here is another. An eminent artist, a man of genius, a man who has studied carefully his vocation, will produce a design of great merit after long toil; a merit that is instinct with all the glow of genius. He hands it over to the engraver, and the engraver toils upon it for months, copies every outline, every shade, and every blade of light. He evolves everything that belongs to the religion of labour, the rights of labour. The work of the engraver would be lost but for the printing press. The printing press, brought down upon the plain white sheet, and you have a perfect copy of the original design, and thousands and thousands of them are spread over the country for the wonder and admiration of millions. There is another triumph of the press.

Here, gentlemen, is a letter. There is nothing written upon it except the address of the person to whom it is directed. I go and put it in the post-office, or in the letter-box, and the postmaster takes it, throws it aside, and will have nothing to do with it. But let me put upon one corner of that letter a little piece of paper not an inch square, which the press has stamped, and it has the signet royal of the Government in the shape of the head of Washington, which at once makes the postmaster my obedient servant. He takes it with reverence in the post-office, he folds it in a wrapper, puts it in a bag, delivers it to a carrier. The carrier toils with it over mountain and valley, through forests and across rivers, until at last he delivers it to another postmaster, who is also made by the press my lackey, and he carefully delivers it to the person to whom it is directed. That is a third triumph of the press.

Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, what would the world of art do in all civilized countries but for this aid of the press? What would Wall Street, the seat of exchanges for the western hemisphere—that great mother-reservoir of currency for this part of the world—do but for its aid? What would the correspondence of this country between its own citizens and between its citizens in foreign countries do but for the aid of the printing press? Therefore, Mr. President, I say that the press is rightly remembered kindly and honourably on this occasion. [Applause.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER

THE REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

[Lecture by Henry Ward Beecher delivered in Exeter Hall, London, August 19, 1886, when making his last tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The chairman on the occasion, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, was the same gentleman who presided when Mr. Beecher spoke in the same hall at the close of his previous visit to Great Britain in 1863, in the height of the American Civil War. Upon taking the chair Mr. Scott recalled the meeting in this place twenty-three years before, and remarked that he had never regretted the part he took in it; he was present to act in a similar capacity now, as then, in response to Mr. Beecher's request.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—The noise [referring to the applause and cheers with which he was greeted, the audience standing during the demonstration] very vividly recalls twenty-three years ago, although it is of a very different kind to what it was then. Twenty-three years in a man's life corrects a great many hasty impressions, gives more solidity and more sagacity of judgment. When I look back upon all the things that happened at and before the time that I was here, I can scarcely reproach the English people for their misjudgment of the meaning of that great issue which God was trying by the arbitrament of the sword. It is not strange. At that time the thought, the feeling, the institutions, the tendency, the genius of the American people were very little known abroad; they are better understood now; and notwithstanding the temporary and not unnatural irritation which prevailed when England was neutral, to say the least, with the passing away of that cloud a better feeling prevails everywhere. The pride of heritage comes to every generous American bosom; we are a younger oak than you are, but you bore the acorns which were planted for us, and we are of your lineage and of your

blood, and if you are not proud of us we will make you so before we have done.

It has been the effect of modern investigation to throw light without illumination upon the most interesting period of human history. When the old chronology prevailed, and it was thought that this world was built about six thousand years ago, men had of necessity one way of looking at things; but now it is agreed upon all hands that we cannot count the chronology of this world by thousands, more likely by millions, of years. Nor was the system of immediation in creation which prevailed at the time favourable to the discovery of truth. God who dwells in eternity has time enough to build worlds which require millions of years; and whatever may be the cause of the origin of the human race, and I have my own opinion on that subject—confidential, however—I think it may be said that the earliest appearance of man upon earth was in the savage condition. He began as low down as he could and be a man rather than an animal, and the question of profound interest is one that can probably never be answered except by guess—and guess is not philosophy altogether—How did man emerge from that savage condition?

There were then no schools, no churches, no prophets, no priests, no books, presses—nothing. Wild tribes in the wild wilderness, how did they come toward civilization? You say that the first industries were those that supplied appetite—food, shelter, clothing. That is doubtless true, although we only infer it. But how did the brain, which is the organ of the man, begin to unfold—not the simple knowledge that lay close in the neighbourhood of every man, but how did it come to build institutions, found communities, and develop them, till now the human race in civilized countries are as far removed from their ancestors as their ancestors were from the animals below them? It is on this broad field that light falls, but not illumination. But later down, supposing that industries were educators, supposing that men were educated by war itself, by combinations required by skill and leadership, by ten thousand forms of growing social life, by the love of property, the instinct that is fundamental to human nature—suppose that all this indirectly evolved the intelligence of the human family, how do we come at length to the period in which the unfolding of the hidden powers of the human soul became an object of direct instruction?

The earliest attempt to develop men, on purpose, was in Egypt, so far as we know. The Egyptian school has all the marks in it of antiquity and of primitive development, for it was limited in the numbers admitted and limited in the topics taught. Only the royal family could go to the schools of Egypt. That included, of course, the priesthood; and putting aside some slight mathematical teaching, it is probable that mysteries and superstitions were the whole subjects taught, and that mainly to teach men how to be hierarchs or rulers of some sort. When we cross over the sea to Greece, at a period much later, though how much we know not, we find that schools had developed, and that the idea of making more of men than natural law makes of them, or the casual influences of human society—the attempt directly to train intelligence and to produce knowledge—was farther advanced; for anybody could go to a Greek school that had the means to pay—anybody but slaves and women: they trained very near together in antiquity, and they are not quite far enough apart yet. And yet I am bound to correct myself when I say that women were not privileged; they were.

It is probable that in no period of human history have more pains been taken with the education of women than were taken in Greece. In all their accomplishments, in learning, in music, in the dance, in poetry, in literature, in history, in philosophy, even in statesmanship, women were very highly educated, provided they were to live the lives of courtesans. The fact is simply astounding that in the age of Pericles intelligence and accomplishments were associated with impudicity and were the signs of it, and that ignorance and modesty were associated ideas. If a woman would have the credit of purity and uprightness in social relations she must be the drudge of the household, and if any woman radiant in personal beauty and accomplished, fitted for conversation with statesmen and philosophers, appeared, it was taken for granted that she was accessible.

We have a side-light thrown on this subject in the New Testament, not well understood hitherto. That noble old Jewish book, the Bible, reveals a higher station to womanhood in the ancient Israelitish days than in any other Oriental land; and from the beginning of the Old Testament to the end of it there is no limitation of a woman's rights, her functions, and her position. She actually was public in

the sense of honour and function ; she went with unveiled face if she pleased ; she partook of religious services and led them ; she was a judge, she was even a leader of armies ; and you shall not find, either in the Old Testament or in the New, one word that limits the position of a woman till you come to the Apostle's writings about Grecian women ; for only in Corinthians and in the writings of Paul to Timothy, who was the bishop of the Greek Churches in Asia Minor, do you find any limitation made. Knowing full well what this public sentiment was, Paul said : " Suffer not a woman to teach in your assemblies, let your women keep silence." Why ? Because, all, in that corrupt public sentiment, looking upon intelligent teachers in the Christian Church, would have gone away and said : " It is all done of licentiousness, women are teaching " ; and in a public sentiment that associated intelligence and immorality, it is not strange that, prudentially and temporarily, women were restrained.

But that has all gone : woman has risen, not only in intelligence, but as the universal teacher ; not alone in the household, but in the school ; not alone in common schools, but in every grade, till she has attained professorships in universities and even presidency in women's colleges—at least in our land. She is the right hand of the charities of the Church ; she walks unblushing with an unveiled face where men do walk ; and she is not only permitted in the great orthodox Churches of New England to speak in meeting, but when they send her abroad, ordained to teach the Gospel to the heathen, there she is permitted to preach ; and when they come home women may still teach in a hall, but not in a church, and dear old men there are yet so conservative that they are reading through golden spectacles their Bibles, and saying : " I suffer not a woman to preach."

We hardly can trace the unfolding of human intelligence after it plunged into that twilight or darkness of the Middle Ages. Then we begin to find intelligence developed through mechanical guilds, and in various ways of commerce ; but schools, such as we now understand schools to be, are very imperfectly traced out in the Middle Ages. But when that new impulse came to the moral nature, and the civil nature, and the intellectual and philosophical nature, to art, to literature, to learning—when the Reformation came, whose scope was not ecclesiastical alone by any means—it was a resurrection of the human intelligence throughout its whole vast

domain—schools began to appear to be, as John Milton says—

“Raked embers out of the ashes of the past,”

and they began to glow again. And from that time on, the progress of the efforts to develop, by actual teaching, human intelligence grows broader, brighter, and more effectual down to our present day; and to-day in the principal nations of Europe education is compulsory, the education not of favoured classes, not of the children of the wealthy, not of those that have inherited genius, but the children of the common people.

It is held that it is unsafe for a State to raise ignorant men. Ignorant men are like bombs, which are a great deal better to be shot into an enemy's camp than to be kept at home, for where an ignorant man goes off he scatters desolation; and it is not safe to have ignorant men, for an ignorant man is an animal, and the stronger his passions and the feebler his conscience and intellect, the more dangerous he is. Therefore, for the sake of the commonwealth, our legislators wisely, whether they be republican institutions or monarchical institutions or aristocratical institutions, have at last joined hands on one thing—that it is best to educate the people's children, from the highest to the lowest everywhere. [Applause.]

And what, in connection with various other general causes, has been the result of this unfolding of intelligence among the common people? It has not yet gone down to the bottom; there is a strata of undeveloped intelligence among the nations of Europe certainly; I am not speaking now of the residuum that falls down from the top like the slime of the ocean, but of those who are reasonable and honest and virtuous and useful. It may be said that, as the sun touches the tops of the mountains first and works its way downward through the valley later and later in the day, so there is very much to be done in Europe yet to bear knowledge and intelligence, which is better than knowledge, to the lowest classes of the common people. But even in this condition, what has been the result in Europe of the education of the common people? All those heavings, all those threatened revolutions, all those civil and commercial developments that are like the waves of the sea, are springing from the fact that God in His providence has thrown light and intelligence upon the great under-mass of society; and the under-parts of society, less fortunate in every respect than those that are advanced, are seeking room

to develop themselves ; they are seeking to go up, and no road has been found along which they can travel as yet.

I do not believe in Nihilism in Russia. If I had been born and brought up there, and had felt the heel on my neck, I would have been a Nihilist. I am poor stuff to make an obedient slave out of ! Nevertheless, they are like blind men trying to find their way into the open air, and if they stumble or go into wrong departments, are they to be derided and cursed ? Because they are seeking to construct a government after they shall have destroyed government and made a wilderness, are they, because they are doing the best they know how—are they, therefore, to be cursed ? or pitied, better directed, emancipated ? When they come to America to teach us how to make commonwealths, we think they are out of place, decidedly. Well, that is our trait. We thank Europe for a great deal—for literature, ancient and modern ; we thank Europe for teachers in art, in colour, in form, in sound ; we are grateful for all these things ; but when the Socialists of Germany, and the Communists of France, and the Nihilists of Russia come to teach us how to reorganize human society, they have come to the wrong place. Their ignorance is not our enlightenment. [Applause.]

The main cause of all this, the cause of causes, lies in the swelling of the intelligence of the great, hitherto neglected, and ignorant masses of Europe. They are seeking elevation, they are seeking a larger life, and as men grow in intelligence life must grow too. When a man is an animal he does not want much except straw and fodder ; but when a man begins to be a rational and intelligent creature, he wants a good deal more than the belly asks ; for reason wants something, taste needs something, conscience needs something ; every faculty brought into ascendancy and power is a new hunger, and must be supplied.

No man is so cheap as the brutal, ignorant man ; no man can rise up from the lower stations of life and not need more for his support from the fact that he is civilized and Christianized, and although he may not have it individually, the community must supply it for him. He must have resources of knowledge, he must have means of refinement, he must have limitations of taste, or he feels himself slipping backward, and as I look upon the phenomena of society in Europe it is the phenomena of God calling to the great masses of a growingly enlightened people, "Come up" ; and they are saying

"Which way? By what road? How?" And they must needs pass through the experiment of ignorance, tentative ignorance, and failure in a thousand things. They must pass through these preliminary stages, for as it was necessary when they came out of the bondage of Egypt that the children of Israel should go through the wilderness for forty years, so all people have to go forty years and more through the wilderness of mistake, through the wilderness of trials and attempts that fail; and it may be said, indeed, that the pyramid of permanent society is built up on blocks of blunders, and it is mistakes that have pointed out the true way to mankind.

Now what has taken place among the common people? Once they thought about their own cottage and their own little steading; they have gradually learned to think about the whole neighbourhood. Once they were able to look after their own limited affairs; they recognize the community of men, and are beginning to think about the affairs of other men—as the Apostle said: "Look ye every man on his own things, but also every man on the things of others." They are having a society interest among themselves. Once they had limited thoughts and bits of knowledge; now they have the mother of knowledge—intelligence; they are competent to think, to choose discriminately; they are competent to organize themselves; they are learning that self-denial by which men can work in masses of men; they are beginning to have a light in light transcendently higher than the old contentment of the bestial state of miserable labour in miserable Europe. [Applause.]

Such are the results, briefly stated, to which God in His providence has brought the masses of the common people, and the promise of the future is brighter even than the fulfilment of the past. What the issues will be and what the final fruits will be God knows and man does not know!

Now, if you cross the sea to our own land, my own land, the land of my fathers, we shall find that there are influences tending to give power to the brain, alertness, quickness; to give to it also a wider scope and range than it has in the average of the labouring classes in Europe. Here and there are communities, which if transplanted on the other shore, will scarcely know that they were not born and brought up there; but this is not true of the great mass of the common people of all Europe. Our climate is stimulating. Ship-masters tell me that they cannot drink in New York as they do in Liverpool.

Heaven help Liverpool ! There is more oxygen in our air. It has some importance in this, that anything that gives acuteness, vivacity, spring, to the substance of the brain prepares it for education and larger intelligence. A dull, watery, sluggish brain may do for a conservative ; but God never made them to be the fathers of progress. They are very useful as brakes on the wheel down-hill ; but they never would draw anything up-hill in the world. And yet, in the fanatic influence that tends to give vitality and quickness, force and continuity to the human brain, lies the foundation for the higher style of manhood ; and although it is not to be considered as a primary and chief cause of smartness, if you will allow that word, yet it is one among others. And then, when the child is born on the other side, he is born into an atmosphere of expectation. He is not out of the cradle before he learns that he has got to earn his own living ; he is hereditarily inspired with the idea of money. Sometimes, when I see babies in the cradle apparently pawing the air, I think that they are making change in their own minds of future bargains. But this has great force as an educating element in early childhood : " You will be poor if you do not exert yourself " ; and at every future stage it lies with each man what his condition in society is to be.

This becomes a very powerful developer of the cerebral mass, and from it come intelligence and power of intellect. And then, up side of that, when he goes into life the whole style of society tends toward intense cerebral excitability. For instance, as to business, I find in London that you may go down at nine o'clock and there is nobody in his office ; at ten o'clock the clerks are there, at eleven o'clock some persons do begin to appear. By that time the Yankees have got half through the day. And it is in excess ; it is carried to a fault ; for men there are ridden by two demons.

They desire excessive property—I do not know that they are much distinguished from their ancestors—they desire more than enough for the use of the family, and when a man wants more money than he can use he wants too much. But they have the ambition of property, which is accursed, or should be. Property may be used in large masses to develop property, and co-ordinated estates may do work that single estates cannot do ; I am not, therefore, speaking of vast enterprises like railroads and factories. But the individual man thinks in the beginning, " If I could only make myself

worth a hundred thousand dollars, I should be willing to retire from business." Not a bit of it. A hundred thousand dollars is only an index of five hundred thousand: and when he has come to five hundred thousand he is like Moses—and very unlike him—standing on the top of the mountain and looking over the promised land, and he says to himself, "A million! a million!" and a million draws another million, until at last he has more than he can use, more than is useful to him, and he won't give it away—not till after his death. That is cheap benevolence. [Applause.] Well, this is the first element of mistake among large classes of commercial life in America.

The second is, they want it suddenly. They are not willing to say, "For forty years I will lay gradually the foundations, and build the golden stones one above another." No; they want grass lands. They want to win by gambling, for that is gambling when a man wants money without having given a fair equivalent for it. And so they press nature to her utmost limits till the very diseases of our land are changing; men are dropping dead with heart disease; men are dropping dead—it is paralysis; men are dropping dead—it is Bright's disease. Ah! it is the violence done to the brain by excessive industry, through excessive hours, and through excessive ambition, which is but another name for excessive avarice.

But outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is politics. Now, you in this insular and cool climate are never excited in politics at all; but we are in our sunshiny land. Especially are we so once in four years, when the great quadrennial election comes off, and when the most useless thing on God's earth is built on God's earth—namely, a political platform, which men never use and never stand on after it is once built. Then the candidates are put forth, and every newspaper editor and every public-spirited citizen and elector goes before the people and declares to them that the future existence of the Government depends on the election of both parties. [Laughter.]

Now, nations have a wondrous way of continuing to live after they are doomed to death, and we contrive to get along from four years to four years. Nevertheless the excitement is prodigious. Men say these wild excitements are not wholesome, I say they are the best things that can happen to the community. I say the best speeches of the community scattered through the land, discussing finance, taxes, edu-

cation, are the education of the common people, and they learn more in a year of universal debate than they would in twenty years of reading and thinking without such help.

Well, outside of that there is still another excitement, and that is in the Church, which is the hottest place of all. I do not mean a torrid heat ; I do not mean a fuliginous kind of heat ; I mean simply this—honest—that, even under its poorest administration, religion brings to bear upon the human brain the most permanent and the most profound excitements that are known to humanity.

Now, if you take denominations as they are now, you could not illustrate much by them, for they are mere incidents in the history of time, and they are no permanent, cohesive, systematic developments. You must shuffle the cards and have a new deal for an illustration, and I divide all Christian denominations into three sections : those that work by doctrines, those that work by emotion, and those that work by devotion. The men that work by doctrines are men that think they have found out the universe ; they have not only got it, but they have formulated it ; they know all about the Infinite, they have sailed round Eternity, they know all about the Eternal and the Everlasting God, and you will hear them discuss questions of theology : “ Now, God could not, consistent with consistency, do so-and-so.” They know all His difficulties ; they know how He got round them. One might easily come to think that God was their next-door neighbour. Well, after all, whether it is true or false—their systematic views, their dogmas—the pedagogic views are very important to teach young and middle-aged and old to attempt, by philosophic reasoning, to reach into these unfathomable depths. They produce a power upon the brain of most transcendent importance ; they in their way may not increase the sum of human knowledge, but they increase the capacity of the human brain for profound thought and investigation.

Then there are the joyous churches, that love hallelujahs, songs, hymns—revival churches, Moody and Sankey movements, Methodist movements of all kinds. I need not undertake to show you that this emotion tends to produce cerebral activity, and has an educating force in regard to the facility with which the brain acts.

Then there come those churches that run on devotion, formulated prayers, printed services. One would not think

that stereotyped prayers read in the dim light of a painted window would produce great conflagration! Nor, indeed, do they. But when you come to the inner life [a Voice: "We cannot hear!"]—that was a part I did not want you to hear [laughter]—when you come to look at the interior life of these churches, you shall find that their charities, their sense of responsibility to the weak and the poor and to the ignorant, are perpetually acting as an inward fire, and developing intelligence in ways not common to the other forms of religious worship.

Well, what has been the result of all these influences which have been superadded to those universal stimuli to which all the civilized world outside of our land has been subject? What has been the result on our side? We have 60,000,000 men, women, and children in America; we have common-schools for every living soul that is born on that continent—except the Chinese. Now, in the States where, twenty-five years ago, it was a penitentiary offence to teach a slave how to read, we are sending out a thousand educated coloured teachers to teach schools, to practise law and medicine through the coloured population of the South; the Government is enlisted in their behalf, and the States are proud of their coloured schools that a little time ago would have burnt a man who dared to advocate the education of the slave. We are the harbour to which all the sails of the world crowd with emigrants, and we bless God for it. Their letters go back thicker than leaves in autumn, to those that are left behind; and we have a vast population from Spain, from Portugal, from Italy, from Hungary, from Austria, from Germany, from Russia; we have a vast population from all the Scandinavian lands, from Scotland, from England, and occasionally from Ireland. Let them come; if you don't want them we do. It takes a little time, you know, to get them used to things; but whenever the children of foreign emigrants—of whom we have 8,000,000 born and bred in our land—whenever these children have gone through our common-schools, they are just as good Americans as if they had not had foreign parents. The common schools are the stomachs of the Republic, and when a man goes in there he comes out, after all, American.

Well, now, we are playing the experiment before the world on a tremendous scale, and the world does not quite believe in it. I do. They say: "With regard to your success in government of the people, by the people, for the

people, in the language of the Liturgy, you are dependent upon extraneous conditions ; it is not philosophically to be inferred from the principles of your government ; you have got so much land, wait till the struggle for existence takes place, as in the denser populations of Europe, and then you will find that self-government will be but flimsy to hold men's passions in check, and then, by and by, you will go from anarchy to a centralized and strong government." I do not blame them for thinking so. If I had been brought up as they have been, perhaps I should think so ; but they do not understand it ; they do not understand the facts which actually are in existence, and are fundamental. For we are not attempting to build Society ; we are by Society attempting to build the individual. We hold that the State is strong in the proportion in which every individual in that State is free, large, independent.

You have a finer educated upper class than we ; you have nobler and deeper scholars in greater numbers than we have ; you have institutions, compared with which ours are puny ; you are educating the top, we are educating society from the bottom to the top ; we are not attempting to lift favoured classes higher ; we are not attempting to give to those that already have ; we are attempting to put our hands under the foundations of human life, and lift everybody up. That is a slower work ; but when it is done and its fruits are ripe you will never doubt again which is the wisest and best policy.

I do not suppose that if you were to go and look upon the experiment of self-government in America you would have a very high opinion of it. I have not either if I just look on the surface of things. Why, men will say : " It stands to reason that 60,000,000 ignorant of law, ignorant of constitutional history, ignorant of jurisprudence, of finance, and taxes and tariffs and forms of currency—60,000,000 people that never studied these things—are not fit to rule. Your diplomacy is as complicated as ours, and it is the most complicated on earth, for all things grow in complexity as they develop toward a higher condition. What fitness is there in these people ? Well, it is not democracy merely ; it is a representative democracy. Our people do not vote in mass for anything ; they pick out captains of thought, they pick out the men that do know, and they send them to the Legislature to think for them, and then the people afterward ratify or disallow them.

But when you come to the Legislature I am bound to confess that the thing does not look very much more cheering on the outside. Do they really select the best men? Yes; in times of danger they do very generally, but in ordinary time "kissing goes by favour." What is that dandy in the Legislature for? His father was an eminent judge, and they thought it would be a compliment to the old gentleman to send his son up to the Legislature, not because he knows anything, but because his father does. It won't do to make too close an inquisition as to why people are in Legislatures. What is that weasel-faced lawyer doing there? Well, there may be ten or twenty gentlemen who wanted legislation—that would favour their particular property interest instead of the commonwealth, and they wanted somebody to wriggle a bill through the Legislature; and so he sits for the commonwealth. That great blustrous man squeezing on the front seats; what is he there for? He? He could shake hands with more mothers, kiss more pretty girls and more babies, and tell more funny stories in an hour than any other man in a month, and so they send him up to make laws. [Laughter.]

When they get there it would do your heart good just to go and look at them. You know what the duty of a regular Republican-Democratic legislator is. It is to get back again next winter. His second duty is what? His second duty is to put himself under that extraordinary providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. The old miracle of the prophet and the meal and the oil is outdone immeasurably in our days, for they go there poor one year, and go home rich; in four years they become money-lenders, all by a trust in that gracious providence that takes care of legislators' salaries. Their next duty after that is to serve the party that sent them up, and then, if there is anything left of them, it belongs to the commonwealth.

Some one has said very wisely, that if a man travelling wishes to relish his dinner he had better not go into the kitchen to see where it is cooked; if any man wishes to respect and obey the law, he had better not go to the Legislature to see where that is cooked. This, I presume, is entirely an American point of view. [Applause.]

Well, there are a great many more faults in self-government, but time will not permit me to enumerate them all, and yet I say that self-government is the best government

that ever existed on the face of the earth. How should that be with all these damaging facts? "By their fruits ye shall know them." What a government is, is to be determined by the kind of people it raises, and I will defy the whole world in time past, and in time present, to show so vast a proportion of citizens so well off, so contented, so remunerated by their toil. The average of happiness under our self-government is greater than it ever has been, or can be, found under any sky, or in any period of human history. And the philosophical reason is not far to find; it belongs to that category in which a worse thing is sometimes a great deal better than a better thing. William has been to school for over a year, and his teacher says to him one day: "Now, William, I am afraid your father will think that I am not doing well by you; you must write a composition—you must send your father a good composition to show what you are doing."

Well, William never did write a composition, and he does not know how. "Oh, write about something that you do know about—write about your father's farm"; and so, being goaded to his task, William says: "A cow is a useful animal. A cow has four legs and two horns. A cow gives good milk. I love good milk.—William Bradshaw." The master looks over his shoulder, and says: "Pooh! your father will think you are a cow. Here, give me that composition, I'll fix it." So he takes it home and fixes it. Here it reads: "When the sun casts off the dusky garments of the night, and appearing o'er the orient hills, sips the dewdrops pendant from every leaf, the milkmaid goes afield chanting her matin song," and so on, and so on. [Applause.]

Now I say that, rhetorically, the master's composition was unspeakably better than William's; but as a part of William's education, his poor scrawly lines are unspeakably better than the one that has been "fixed" for him. No man ever yet learned by having somebody else learn for him. A man learns arithmetic by blunder in and blunder out, but at last he gets it. A man learns to write through scrawling; a man learns to swim by going into the water, and a man learns to vote by voting. Now we are not attempting to make a government; we are attempting to teach 60,000,000 of men how to conduct a government by self-control, by knowledge, by intelligence, by fair opportunity to practise. It is better that we should have 60,000,000 of men learning through

their own mistakes how to govern themselves, than it is to have an arbitrary government with the whole of the rest of the people ignorant.

Thus far I have spoken of the relation of the development of the common people—their relations to political economy and to government and politics, but I have left out the more important, the less traversed part. I affirm that the intelligence of the great mass of the common people has a direct bearing upon Science, upon Art, upon Morality, upon Religion itself. It would not seem as though the men that were superior in education and knowledge could receive anything from those below; perhaps not, perhaps yes, for that which education gives is more nearly artificial than that which is inspired by the dominant sense and lower condition of the human mind that unites people in greater mass. Why, two hundred years ago there was but one doctor in the village; nobody but him knew anything of medicine. To-day, hygiene and physiology are taught in our schools, are spread abroad by newspapers, or in lectures, or from the pulpit, and the common people, at any rate in our land, have their dividends of human knowledge. A woman that has brought up six children knows more about medicine than the village doctor two hundred years ago did. Two hundred years ago nobody knew anything about law but the judge and the counsellors. To-day everybody knows something about law. We have broken open the arcana, we have distributed its treasures of knowledge, and the labourer knows something about law, the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant—everybody has an elementary knowledge of law. Has it destroyed the profession of the law? There never were so many highly educated men as now in the profession of the law, never were they more trustworthy and honourable, never had larger interests put into their hands, never had larger fees, and never were more willing to have them than they are now. They do not suffer by the intelligence of the common people which comes from distribution of the elementary forms of professional knowledge.

Well, how is it with regard to the Church? Just the same; just the same. Three hundred years ago there was but one Bible in a parish in England, and that was chained to a column in the church; and there was but one man to read it—the priest. And the people did not understand it then, and it was a part of official duty to go from house to house on the theory that the average parent did not know

enough to teach the children the first principles of morality and of religion. Go to-day over the same community, and on the Sabbath morning you shall see the girls and the young men with Bibles under their arms, themselves teachers, going down to mission schools, going down to instruct their inferiors. The profession has distributed its functions among the common people. Has it destroyed the profession? It never was stronger, never was as strong as it is to-day.

Thank God, as to mere professional nomination, say by ordination, say by some endowment from without, there never was a time when they had so little influence since the Advent as they have to-day: and it is growing less and less, and with the ages they will grow so pale that they cannot cast a shadow. There never was a time when the man of God, because he was a man moved by the Holy Spirit of God to unfold his own moral consciousness, living among men, tied to them by no other ties than the sympathies of love, there never was a time when he had so much influence as he has to-day. [Applause.] And let me say that with regard to the title "ministers of the Gospel" everywhere, who have great and proper influence, it is not the paraphernalia, but it is the man inside of all these things that is the power. An ennobled manhood is coming into a position of influence in this world that it never had in any other period, nor in any other nation. This great English stock is the root, as the Germanic from which it sprung, of the grandest manhood that ever has been; but the stature has yet to be greater, and the power and the character are yet to be greater. Now, has it changed the economy of the Church? has it destroyed it? The Church was never so strong as it is to-day. It is not the pastor's business any longer to go from house to house as if the people were ignorant. Fathers and mothers of children have now more knowledge than three hundred years ago the minister himself had, and the families are the bulwarks of the Church. It may be said that the Church has protected the family, but the Church itself has had its life from the family emancipated and made larger and nobler. Well, has it promoted morality? Yes! Of all the schools on earth where intelligence and piety dwell together, the father lip and the mother love have been the instructors of the children. There is more in these centres of real purity, and staunch honesty, and thorough integrity, than in any other institutions that are upon the earth.

Well, has it made any difference with theology? Yes, thank God, a great deal of difference. Theology in every age is the best account that men can give of the relations of the human family to God, and the types must be the types that society in those periods is best acquainted with; and when men thought that the King was divinely King, and that the channel of instruction to mankind came through the King, it was almost inevitable that the God should be nothing but a superhuman King, having no consideration for the individual, but only thinking about His law, and about the universe, and about the national life, not the individual life; and that theology underlays much of their Evangelicism, and men are running round it or creeping over it, or running against it and knocking their brains out. Well, what has the education of the common people done in that regard? It has taught men the meaning of the first sentence of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father." The old theology is from the forge, from law, from government among men; the New Testament theology takes its centre in the Fatherhood of God and in the Divine love.

And how has that theology been changed? If there be one thing which the family can teach men it is the doctrine of love, and if there be one priestess that can teach it above all others it is the mother. Hers are the sufferings that precede the child's existence; through the pangs of the mother it comes to life. She is the food of the child, she watches it. If it is sick, she is the nurse; if it suffers, she suffers yet more. She gives up all her natural liberty, she accounts no assembly so full of pleasure, and nowhere else is her life so sweet to her as by the side of the cradle or with the babe in her lap. For this she suffered, for this she gives all her knowledge; and as it grows up step by step she feeds it, and she becomes its knowledge and its righteousness, and its justice and its sanctification; she stands for it, and out of her it lives. And when the father even has lost out of his ear the funeral bell when the child is gone, the mother hears it toll to the end of her life.

Or, when, misled and over-tempted, a child in ascending years breaks away from family influence and goes down step by step to disgrace and misery, and at last is afar off, the dear child sends back word: "Oh, mother, may I come home to die?" there is no reproach, the one word, that rings out like an angel's trumpet, is: "Oh, my child, come home," and the mother's knee to the returning prodigal is the most

sacred place in the universe this side of the feet of Jesus Christ ; and if there be one single creature out of heaven or on the earth that is able to teach the theologian what is the love of God, it is the mother. [Applause.] And that work has but begun. And both the teacher, the preacher, and the Church are to see balmier and better days in the time to come, when at last we shall have a theology that teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Men are alarmed ; they want peace. Well, you can find it in the graveyard, and that is the only place. [Laughter.] Among living men you can find no peace. Growth means disturbance ; peace means death in any such sense as that of non-investigation, not changing ; and if men say, " If you give up the old landmark you do not know where you will land "—I know where you will land if you do not. Do you believe in God ? I do. Do you believe that He has a providence over human affairs ? I do. And I believe that that hand that has steered this vagrant world through all the dark seas and storms of the past has hold of the helm yet, and through all seeming confusions He will steer the nations and the people to the golden harbour of the millennium safe. Trust him, love Him, and rejoice. [Applause.]

LORD HERSCHELL

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

[Speech of Lord Herschell at the 130th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 15, 1898. Lord Herschell was present as President of the Joint High Commission appointed to arbitrate the dispute between Canada and the United States relative to the Bering Sea seal fisheries. Alexander E. Orr, President of the Chamber, proposed the toast to which Lord Herschell spoke: "The Future Relations between Great Britain and the United States—a determined union of heart and purpose will carry the forces of justice and humanity the world over."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—I assure you that I am most deeply sensible of the warm welcome that you have extended to me, and grateful for the manner in which you have received the words which were uttered introducing me to you. But I can assure you that I rejoiced to hear the cheers with which this toast was greeted, not merely because they were a compliment to myself, but because I was satisfied that you were regarding me rather in the character of a representative of my country, and that there rang in those cheers sentiments of good will to the country that I have the honour to represent to-night. [Applause.] And I heard in them something more than that—they indicated to me a conviction that in the continuance of good relations between your country and mine, there were involved blessings, priceless blessings, to the countries we love so well. [Applause.]

I can assure you that all my countrymen reciprocate the feeling which has been expressed; that they desire, as you do, that the cordial relationship should continue, and that they have toward the United States of America nothing but

feelings of good will and a desire for its welfare and progress. [Applause.]

I have said—all my countrymen. I ought, perhaps, not to have been so bold. There are some fools in all lands. [Laughter.] They are the product of every soil. No nation has a monopoly of them. [Laughter.] But with these exceptions, I can speak, I think, for all my countrymen. The echoes of those now distant events of a century and a quarter ago, which left much soreness behind them, have died away in England. [Applause.] We can rejoice, as much as you rejoice to-day, in the fact that you are one of the leading nations of the world. [Applause.]

And there is to me a peculiar interest in the fact that I, who have had the honour to fill the office of Lord Chancellor, should be here as the representative of my country engaged in negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. A century and a quarter ago or more, a predecessor of mine in that high office made a most unfortunately foolish prediction. He said, with reference to these [at that time] colonies: "If they withdraw their allegiance, we shall withdraw our protection; and then they will soon be overrun by the little States of Genoa and San Marino." [Laughter.] I am happy to say—I must say it for the credit of the office—that there was even then a distinguished lawyer who was to succeed the Lord Chancellor to whom I have referred, who made a speech at which to-day neither I nor any one else need blush. But I could not help thinking of those words when I reflected that I was here negotiating with the representatives of a mighty nation of seventy millions of people, who have not been overrun by the little Republics of Genoa and San Marino [laughter], although undoubtedly, in a sense very different from that which the speaker intended, you may have been overrun by the natives of some of the Italian towns. [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, there is to-day in my country, as in yours, a pride in the United States. We cannot forget that if you won your independence, if you achieved your liberties, if you laid the foundations of your constitution, if you prepared for such a nation as exists here to-day, you were at that time colonists of Great Britain. The men who laid the foundation stones of the United States, in which you to-day glory, were those who had gone out from amongst us, who had in the country of my birth imbibed for the most part

their traditions of liberty, and their desire and determination to achieve it; and, therefore, with no misgiving, with nothing but a feeling of pride, we may rejoice in your success and in your progress. We long ago admitted the follies and the wrong-doings of those times, as freely as you could insist upon them yourselves. [Applause.]

I am not going to dwell upon that aspect of the case to-night, because I am quite aware that sometimes the ready admission of wrong-doing is rather irritating than soothing. [Laughter.] I remember once hearing a learned counsel, who was conducting the trial of a case before a judge of great ability but not of the best of tempers, put a question of a character such as to shock any one accustomed to be guided by the rigid rules of evidence. Strictly in confidence, I don't think he had the least idea that it was a wrong question, but the learned judge interposed and said: "That was an improper question, Mr. So-and-so." "Yes, my Lord, it was very improper." "Yes," said the judge, "you ought not to have put the question—a most improper question." "Yes, sir; I ought not to have put it; a more improper question never was." And the more the judge reproached him the more submissive he became, until he drove the judge nearly mad. [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, there has been a great deal of discussion lately as to the exact nature of the bond which united Great Britain and the United States. Some one says blood is thicker than water, whereupon another with perverse ingenuity begins at once to analyze the blood and discovers that the elements are not, when resolved, precisely the same. That, it is said, is the bond of the Anglo-Saxon race; whereupon a Scotchman insists, or a Welshman insists, that it is not all Anglo-Saxon, that there is something Celtic in its constitution, and that to speak of it as the Anglo-Saxon race, either in my country or in yours, is not in strictness historically accurate. Another finds that they are the great English-speaking peoples, whereupon an ingenious man points out that there are people in Great Britain and its dependencies to whom the English language is not the most natural means of communication, and that not every inhabitant of the United States is a perfect master of the English tongue. [Laughter.]

Well, then, I saw an ingenious argument the other day to prove that it is a gross impropriety to speak of England as the mother country; that the two countries were really in

the relation of sisters, and that we ought to call them sister countries, and not speak of them as mother and daughter. I am not going to enter into any of this controversy to-night. The probability is that none of these suggested explanations is a completely adequate explanation of the bond that binds the two nations together, but that in each of them is to be found some element of truth. I am not going to dwell on them to-night ; I prefer a practical rather than a theoretical view of any subject, and they all agree in this : a tacit assertion of the fact that there is a bond which unites Great Britain and the United States such as unites no two other nations [applause and cheers] ; and they express a realization of the fact that there is a very close relationship between the two countries.

Now, undoubtedly we have at times said nasty things of one another [laughter] ; but then that is not proof that we are not near relations. [Laughter.] Indeed, it might, perhaps, be cited by some as evidence the other way. We have sometimes seemed to be very near serious—what shall I say ? —attacks upon one another. But, again, that is no proof that a close relationship does not exist between us. It is not impossible that at some future time, when we are either of us menaced by the intervention of some third party which seriously threatens our existence or our prosperity, we may find that, whatever differences arise amongst ourselves from time to time, we shall be ready to unite in defence of each other against a stranger. [Applause and cheers.]

A friend of mine who is a great champion of woman's rights, and a man of the most chivalrous disposition, when walking home one night, found a man and a woman, husband and wife, in serious controversy, and the man was just about to strike his wife. With his usual chivalry he intervened between them. In a moment they were both upon him [laughter], and he had much ado to withdraw himself from their clutches. May not that, perhaps, be an indication of the kind of action which relations may show who are not always perfectly peaceably disposed toward one another ?

Gentlemen, I rejoice to think that I am here to take part in an endeavour to compose such differences as exist at present between the two nations. There is another bond of union beyond the natural one to which I have alluded, and that is the commercial interests of the two countries. I know there are some who think that no country can gain in

commercial prosperity or make real progress in commerce except at the expense of some other. I believe that to be a profound mistake. I do not, of course, deny that a particular interest here or there—perhaps many interests—may suffer from the stress of international competition, but I think we take too narrow a view when in gazing on the industrial world we fix our eyes upon this local spot or that, and consider how this or that particular place may be affected. Our interests are more widespread, strike deeper roots, roots in more different directions than we are at all times ready to admit or to conceive. And of this I am perfectly certain, that where two nations are so closely bound up in commercial intercourse as we are, neither of those nations can possibly progress in commercial prosperity, without a reflection of that commercial prosperity upon the other nation with which it deals. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, many of the events which to-day bulk largely in our eyes will look strangely insignificant when seen through the vista of time; but of this I feel satisfied, that if the men of to-day by their actions can do anything to put upon a permanent basis cordial friendly relations and co-operation between your Republic and the British Empire, these actions will grow in men's estimation larger rather than smaller, and generations to come will rise to call those blessed who put the relations of the two countries upon a sound and satisfactory footing. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, however successful we may be, as I trust we shall be successful, in composing such differences as now exist—in the nature of things it is impossible but that difficulties from time to time will arise—in the future, how are we going to treat them? In what spirit shall we meet them as they arise? It sometimes seems to me strange that nations which, after all, are but collections of individuals, should deal with their differences in a manner in which sensible men as individuals never would dream of treating them. [Applause.] We seem, somehow, when once we have taken up a position, to feel as if it were impossible to withdraw from it. We must adhere to it, whether originally we took it up wisely or unwisely, whether it was sound or unsound. We lash ourselves into a white heat over the differences that arise, although the relations that they bear to our national life and our national interests may be of comparative insignificance. If an individual were to deal in that way,

always to stand out in every case for his strict rights, always to be prepared to contest everything, to adhere always to what he claims as his right, to get into a rage with his neighbour because he would not see as he saw himself—well, we should call that man an intolerably quarrelsome fellow who was not fit for civilized human society [cheers]; and yet, as nations, apparently there seems nothing strange in our doing that which, as individuals, we should be the last to dream of doing.

A friend, a former colleague of mine—now, alas! no more—told me that he was, many years ago, travelling up to London with an owner of race-horses who was accompanied by his trainer. When they arrived at the station near the metropolis where the tickets are collected, the ticket-collector came, and my friend said, "My servant has my ticket in the next carriage." The ticket-collector retired and presently came back rather angry and said, "I cannot find him." My friend said, "He is in the next carriage—or the next carriage but one; he is there." As soon as the ticket-collector retired for the second time the trainer leaned forward and said, "Stick to it, my Lord, you will tire him out." [Laughter and cheers.] Is not that sometimes a little indicative of the spirit in which we are inclined to act nationally when we have taken up any position, even though it be a false one?

Gentlemen, it seems to me that these questions of our future relations with one another are questions of special moment just now. You are at a parting of the ways. It would be presumptuous, as it would be unwise, in me to forecast or to attempt to forecast the decision at which you will arrive on questions that have yet to be solved. But, putting these questions that remain for solution aside, and dealing only with the events as they are now known and fixed, it is impossible not to feel that this year marks an epoch in the history of the United States, and the relation which the United States is to bear to Great Britain and the relation which Great Britain is to bear to the United States; and the spirit which is to animate those two peoples becomes of more importance than it ever has been before. I rejoice to see those flags joined as they are around this room to-night. [Applause.] God grant that they may never be flaunted in defiance of one another. [Applause.] I rejoice to see them united in concord, not in any spirit of arrogance

toward other peoples, not as desiring to infringe the rights of any other power, but because I see in that union a real safeguard for the maintenance of peace in the world [applause], and because I see more than that—I see the surest guarantee of an extended reign of liberty and justice. [Prolonged applause.]



RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON, P.C.

Defies the Government.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

IRELAND

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a complimentary dinner given to Justin McCarthy by the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association at New York, October 2, 1886. Judge Edward Browne presided. The response to the toast, "Ireland," was assigned to Mr. Depew. The following lines by John Boyle O'Reilly were selected for the motto:—

"God scatters her sons like seed on the lea,
And they root where they fall, be it mountain or furrow ;
They come to remain and remember ; and she
In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-morrow."

MR. CHAIRMAN :—The first of my ancestors reached this country about 250 years ago. Many of them came afterward. [Great laughter.] The result is I am selected to stand in the presence of every nationality as one of American blood. [Renewed laughter.] One of my ancestors left Ireland over 125 years ago, and I left it three weeks ago. [Laughter and applause.] He never returned, but I expect to take my seat in the strangers' gallery of the Irish Parliament [A voice : "There will be no strangers' gallery in the Irish Parliament "]—unless I should be elected a member from County Cork. [Great laughter and applause.]

It affords me unusual pleasure to begin the festive exercises of the winter by joining in a welcome to our distinguished guest to-night. In his versatility, his marvellous capacity to move in many directions, and all acceptable to himself and his friends, he seems to me to be more than any man on the other side peculiarly an American. [Laughter.] He has impressed himself upon the American people as a literary man by possessing that facility which alone secures from them a reading. In his romances he seems to be reciting history, and his histories are romances. [Great laughter.]

But we welcome him to-night, not because he has touched the chord which is responded to by every cultivated American—and every American is cultivated [laughter and applause]—but because he represents a principle with which every American agrees with him. [Applause.] In England, during the recent canvass and elections, a Tory member of Parliament said to me: "Does anybody in America take any interest in the question which Mr. Gladstone has precipitated upon us except the Irish?" I said to him: "There are no cross-roads in the United States where the question is not watched with the same eagerness with which we watch a Presidential canvass and election. There is no cross-roads hamlet, village, or city in America where the Irish question is not talked about day by day, and the only difference between an ordinary Presidential election with us and this election is, that our voices and our votes are all on one side." [Long-continued applause.]

"Well," he said, "that is because you are not informed." I said to him: "It is because we are educated on that question, and England proper is not." The principle of Home Rule starts from the town meeting, starts from the village caucus, starts from the ward gathering, reaches the County Supervisors, stops at the State Legislature, and delegates imperial power only to Congress. [Great applause.] The whole genius and spirit of American liberty is Home Rule in the locality where it best understands what it needs, and it is only on general matters that the general government controls. [Applause.]

With all our English-speaking race, whatever may be its origin or its co-mingling with other races, there is at the bottom a savage spirit, a brutal spirit, by which we seek to gain what is necessary to our power or our pelf by might, and to hold it no matter what may be the right. Under the impetus of that spirit, the English-speaking race have trodden upon rights and liberties and secured privileges until they virtually circle and control the globe. We ourselves, in our own country, are no strangers to the spirit in the manner in which for a century we trampled upon the rights of the slave, and in the manner in which we to-day trample upon the rights of the Indian. [Applause.] But, thank God! in the evolution of the moral principle of human nature, in the enlightenment which belongs to the race of which we are so proud, in the exercise and in the power of the Church within and without, there has grown up in our race a conscience to which an appeal can be successfully made.

[Applause.] It is the appeal to that conscience which came within seventy-five thousand votes of carrying the election for Home Rule in Ireland.

The middle-class Englishman, whatever may be the prejudices against him in Ireland and in this country, is a hard-hearted but conscientious, moral, and family-loving man. [Applause.] All he needs is to be educated to a realization of what is right and what is wrong, and he will rise to the emergency. [Applause.] He had followed Gladstone for a quarter of a century, and when Gladstone said this is the right road, believing it not to be the right, he followed Gladstone. [Applause.] When Gladstone and those who are behind him have educated him, within two years from to-night he will turn around and say to the Tory government, to Union-Liberal government, to Liberal government, to Radical government: "Justice to Ireland, or you cannot stay in power." [Great applause.]

Now, I thought I would talk to these people. The Yankee doesn't amount to much unless he asks questions—and I am a Yankee—that is, an Irish Yankee. I said to a Tory of some note: "Why do you oppose Mr. Gladstone's bill?" "Why," said he, "because it would confiscate, by the Irish Parliament, every bit of property there is in Ireland, and the Protestant minority would be crushed out and driven from the face of the earth." I said to the Union-Liberal: "Why do you oppose Home Rule?" He said: "Because it would lead to the disruption of the British Empire—the same question you had to contend with in America." I said to the English manufacturer: "Why don't you help Ireland by taking over your capital and developing her capacities?" He said: "Because the beggars won't work." I said to the English squire, who is alive to-day, but who is simply the mummied representative of his ancestors of the fourteenth century: "Why are you opposed to Gladstone and Home Rule for Ireland?" "Why," said he, "because the Irish are children, and must have a firm hand to govern them."

Well, gentlemen, all those questions are answered successfully either in America or Ireland to-day. The fact that some of the noblest, the most brilliant, the most magnificent contributions to the forces of human liberty, not only in Ireland but in the world, which have been given in the last century, have come from the Protestant minority in Ireland, answers the question of Irish bigotry. Through that an-

cestor who left Ireland 125 years ago, I come from that same Presbyterian stock which is represented to-day by Parnell, and which dared to take its chances with Home Rule among its fellow-citizens.

What have the Irishmen in this country done? Whenever they are free from the distressing and oppressing influences which have borne them down for centuries in their country, they do work. They have built out great public works; they have constructed our vast system of railways; they have done more than that; they have risen to places of power and eminence in every walk of industry and in every avenue which is open to brains and to pluck. The only complaint we have against them is, that they show too much genius for government and get all the offices. I have some ambitions myself, and I am for Home Rule in Ireland, because I want these fellows to go back to give me a chance.

I read in one of the leading papers this morning—I shall not state which for fear of exciting an irruption here on this platform, but it was the leading paper—that the Prime Minister of Austria [Count Taaffe], who was a member of the Irish Peerage, under some name which I now forget, had been engaged through his agent in evicting some hundreds of his tenants. It seemed to me to preach the most pregnant lesson of Irish difficulty and Irish relief.

The Prime Minister of Austria, as all the world knows, is a man of pre-eminent ability, of extraordinary power in the management of international questions, of profound and magnificent patriotism to Austria. But engrossed as he is in the great question of how the peace of Europe is to be preserved with the position of Russia on one hand and Germany on the other, how is he to perform his part as an Irish citizen toward the people who are dependent upon him for support or encouragement, for that sympathy which should flow between him who holds the land and him who tills it for a price? The world has come to recognize that property has its obligations as well as labour. The world has come to recognize that he who has, if he would enjoy, must reciprocate with those who have not, and with those who are dependent upon him. But as all wealth springs from the earth, and as all national prosperity comes from the soil, if there is in any country—as, thank God, there is not in ours—a system by which the tenant's title goes down from generation to generation, unless the lord is there in his castle, so that between

the castle and the cottage there is an indissoluble tie, in sickness and in health, in poverty and prosperity, each sympathizing with the other's woes, each sharing the other's joys—he has no place in that land, and the law should say to him, not, “We will strip you of your possessions without price,” but “With a price that is fair, we will give them to the tillers of the soil.”

I was the other day—three weeks ago—in an Irish city; and as I was passing along the street, I saw on the lintel of a door the emblems of mourning. There came out two solemn-looking persons whom I judged from their conversation to be the doctor and his assistant. They walked along seeming to feel very bad over the misfortune that had befallen the family or the falling off of their revenues, but when they reached the opposite corner of the street, they turned, and one said to the other: “Mr. O’Flynn, we did the best we could.” “Yes,” says he, “Mr. O’Brien, and it was a melancholy pleasure.” Now I have attended a great many funerals in my life; I expect to attend a great many more; and there are many obsequies to which I go which afford me a melancholy pleasure. I feel melancholy in outward aspect out of respect to my surroundings, and have great pleasure in the event; and the funeral of the passion and the prejudice of England, which for ages have cursed Ireland, I shall attend with a melancholy pleasure.

The difficulty about Ireland and the United States is, that while the Americans have talked—as we have all to talk upon the stump and platform, some of us for votes, and some of us because we feel it, about the rights and wrongs of Ireland—the difficulty with us has always been that we did not know what Irishmen wanted. We have reached an age when sentiment is gone. We are no longer a sentimental people. We have come to a period when passion can no longer be torn to tatters, unless there is a foundation for the cloth. When we believe a people to be suffering from tyranny and injustice, then we can be full of sentiment in our sympathies, and intensely practical in our assistance. In the divided councils of the past we could not learn what the Irish wanted for Ireland, but the full lesson has been taught us by the same great leader who has consolidated the opinions and the purposes of his countrymen—Charles Stewart Parnell.

I doubt if the justice and strength of Mr. Parnell's position would have been so thoroughly understood, and so unani-

mously approved, by the American people, except for the conversion and resistless advocacy of an English statesman who has for years held the first place in our admiration and respect. Americans recognize genius everywhere, and neither race nor nationality is a barrier to their appreciation and applause. Beyond all other men in the Old World, one Englishman of supreme ability, of marvellous eloquence, and varied acquirements, has fired their imaginations and enthusiasm—William E. Gladstone.

During the fifty years he has been in public life, there have been other English statesmen as accomplished and eminent in many departments of activity and thought; many whose home and foreign policies have received equal, if not greater, approval from their contemporaries. Two hundred years from now none of them will be remembered but Gladstone. His fame will rest upon the great achievement of having saved the Empire he loved from a policy, based upon ignorance and prejudice, which would have destroyed it, and the greater triumph of having liberated a noble people, for centuries oppressed, who will forever keep his name alive with their gratitude.

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